

Collier's

JULY 24, 1948

TEN CENTS



**Roosevelt and Molotov come to grips
over a second front in Europe**

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

ROYALTY—OUT OF WORK

PAGE 22

July 24, 1948

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Dream car for a heavenly honeymoon!

THIS HONEYMOON actually is a threesome, believe it or not. Look close and you find that there's a welcome "third" on the trip. It's that thrill-packed new Studebaker convertible!

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goes, it rides low, wide and handsome straight into a special place in the affections of discriminating Americans!

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STUDEBAKER

First in style...first in comfort...first by far with a postwar car

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South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

Are you chained
to your Whisk-Broom?

The "Bottle Bacillus"
Pityrosporum ovale



Flakes?

Scales?

Germs?

IF YOU'RE USING a whisk-broom to get after those embarrassing telltale flakes of the infectious type of dandruff you're fighting a losing battle.

There's a better way . . . a tested way . . . that has helped countless men back to better scalp health.

It's Listerine Antiseptic and massage used regularly. It treats infectious dandruff as an infection should be treated . . . with germ-killing action.

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If you have the slightest evidence of this condition—flakes, scales, or germs—start with Listerine Antiseptic now! Douse it full strength on the scalp, and follow with persistent and vigorous fingertip massage.

As Listerine Antiseptic spreads over the scalp it kills literally millions of scalp germs, including the "bottle bacillus" (*P. ovale*), a causative agent of infectious dandruff in the opinion of many noted dermatologists.

Quick Results!

You will be delighted to see how quickly ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear, how readily itching is alleviated. Your scalp feels so clean, so cool, so healthy.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

Incidentally, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.



INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF? LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC — Quick!

P.S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?



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Improving on Nature, florists now fasten gardenia leaves to make corsages better. One of the largest growers upped his production SIX TIMES with Bostitch stapling machines. Workers are happy and costs are down.

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COLLIER'S

July 24, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

THE PERENNIAL ASTOR

DEAR SIR: Re your editorial on Lady Nancy Astor (You Needn't Ask for It, June 12th): Why waste space and irritate Anglo-American relations with such petty nonsense? If you must print such rubbish why tell only half a tale? Why not continue to tell your readers that the Astor family is an old American one and that Nancy Astor was born at Miradon, Virginia, in 1879? Perhaps the "advice and manners" were home-grown in this case.

T. W. HARVEY, Temple City, Cal.

... As a Britisher I wholeheartedly agree that Lady Astor is a difficult alien who came to Britain and had the bad taste to mingle in politics. She sure has caused us a lot of trouble.

We don't claim her as one of us and you don't want her back, for that, nobody can blame you.

JOHN BULL, New York, N. Y.

IS YOU IS OR IS YOU ARE?

DEAR SIR: Here I am on a business trip, parked in a lonely hotel room, far, far away from my Oakland, California, and I'm down to reading about international affairs. It irks me to pick up a grammatical error such as John Foster Dulles made in Can We Guarantee A Free Europe? (June 12th), when he says, "None of the special circumstances which exist are important enough, etc." John should have said, "is important enough."

JAMES C. PRINDIVILLE, Salem, Ore.

Webster's International states: "As subject, 'none' with a plural verb is the commoner construction."

SPEECH SHE ARE FREE

EDITOR, COLLIER'S: In your editorial Wallace Should Be Heard (June 12th) you say Henry Wallace is peddling the Communist party line and anybody who votes for him knowingly or unknowingly next November will be voting to sell the United States down the river to Joe Stalin. But you say Wallace should be heard. I do not agree.

Article IV Section 4 in the Constitution says the United States shall guarantee to every State a Republican form of government. Do you think the two articles above are consistent? Why raise hell with a few actors who have no great amount of political influence, spend time and money investigating their alleged Communistic leanings by Congress and give a free pass (Continued on page 57)

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-and ONLY Chevrolet-

IS FIRST!



You'll do yourself a real favor if you remember *this* fact when you buy your next car: Quality without economy falls short of value, and economy without quality is unsatisfying, indeed! Chevrolet brings you *both* of these essentials of value—sterling goodness and money-saving economy—because it alone offers BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST.



Official nationwide registrations—and seven independent nationwide surveys prove that:

More people drive... more people want Chevrolets than any other car!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN



Bruce Harlan's phenomenal sense of balance gained him his gyroscopic label and the intensive coaching that made him a diving champion

turned three more somersaults and made perfect two-point landings on the whippy board each time. "Kid, you're a human gyroscope," Kiefer declared.

After that, wherever Harlan went in the Navy, Kiefer saw to it that his gyroscopic protégé had plenty of coaching. Lieutenant Jack Smith and Wave Lieutenant Helen Perry, both ex-diving champs, tutored Bruce at the Jacksonville, Florida, naval air station.

Within a year Bruce won the South Atlantic States junior title. Then he captured the 1945 national springboards, the 1946 national three-meter, and swept the national three-meter and platform titles last summer.

Considering his youthful handstanding, it is not surprising that Bruce has done his best diving outdoors. Indoors, his Ohio State teammate, Miller Anderson, usually wins. Not that they are much more than a soft splash apart in any meet. Bruce beat Miller for the national three-meter title last summer by 5/100 of a point—198.35 to 198.30.

Anderson, a P-47 dive-bomber pilot, was shot down near Rome on his 112th mission. In bailing out, his left leg was almost torn off by the P-47's whiplashing tail. When Miller limped back to Ohio State in 1945, doctors ordered him to stay out of the water until his left knee—riveted together by silver plates—healed completely. Miller made the shattered leg strong enough to challenge Harlan for the Olympic title by practicing take-offs—into a sand pit.

► CONNIE'S KID

Back in the middle 1930s, Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics stopped en route from Florida for an exhibition game in the mule-trading town of Kannapolis, North Carolina. A local citizen buttonholed a newspaperman.

"Who is that," the fan wanted to know, "Connie Mack's older brother?"

The fan was pointing to Earle Mack, Mr. Mack's son and heir apparent for 24 years.

It is not true that Earle has been around the A's long enough to be Connie's older brother. It just seems that way. Earle Thaddeus McGillicuddy was born February 1, 1892, and did not enter upon the Shibe Park scene until 1910. Earle was listed as a catcher, but he played one game without proving it. Then began a wearying trek through the minors with sporadic returns to Philadelphia. Even though Connie loves Earle dearly, the record book testifies that Earle participated in only five American League contests.

Meanwhile, Earle was meeting with some minor-league managerial success. He maneuvered Moline to a couple of Three-I pennants and steered Martinsburg to the Blue Ridge flag in 1923. Next spring, he was rewarded with a Philadelphia coaching post and designated Connie's successor.

When Connie took Earle off the first-base coaching line this spring, someone asked if it was because of age.

"That's it," Connie laughed. "You know he's getting up in years." (Continued on page 45)

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HUMAN GYROSCOPE BY BILL FAY

AT THE audacious age of sixteen, Bruce Harlan grasped the railing of Media Bridge near Philadelphia, flipped forward and upward, found a smooth spot for his head and, balanced comfortably thereon, enjoyed a unique and inverted view of the Pennsylvania countryside—300 feet below. Several weeks later, still looking for upside-down worlds to conquer, Bruce executed a handstand on the rooftop ledge of an Ocean City, New Jersey, hotel.

Either performance might have launched Bruce prematurely on the

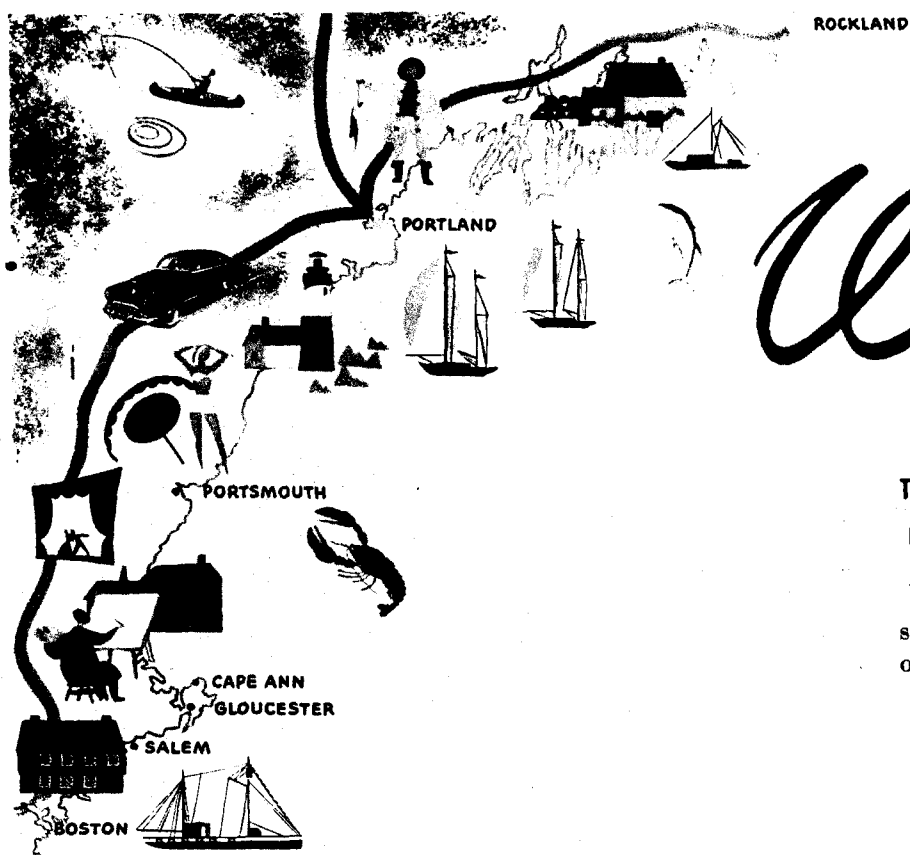
diving career which has made him the national platform and low-board champion. Fortunately, neither did and there were no encores. Parental pressure brought him down to earth, or close to it.

During the next two years Bruce merely crossed his bridges when he came to them. Meanwhile, he pole-vaulted 12 feet—a stratospheric height for a fellow only five feet six inches tall—and won the Philadelphia interscholastic wrestling title by throwing three 112-pound opponents in four minutes and one second. Around

Lansdowne High School they expect Bruce's record to last forever.

In 1944, shortly after his eighteenth birthday, Bruce went into Navy boot training at Bainbridge, Maryland, and accidentally executed his first dive—without hitting the water. He wandered onto a diving board, bounced a bit and—intrigued by the springy action—casually rolled into a somersault.

Swimming instructor Adolph Kiefer, the former world backstroke champion, couldn't believe it. "Do that again," Adolph ordered. Bruce



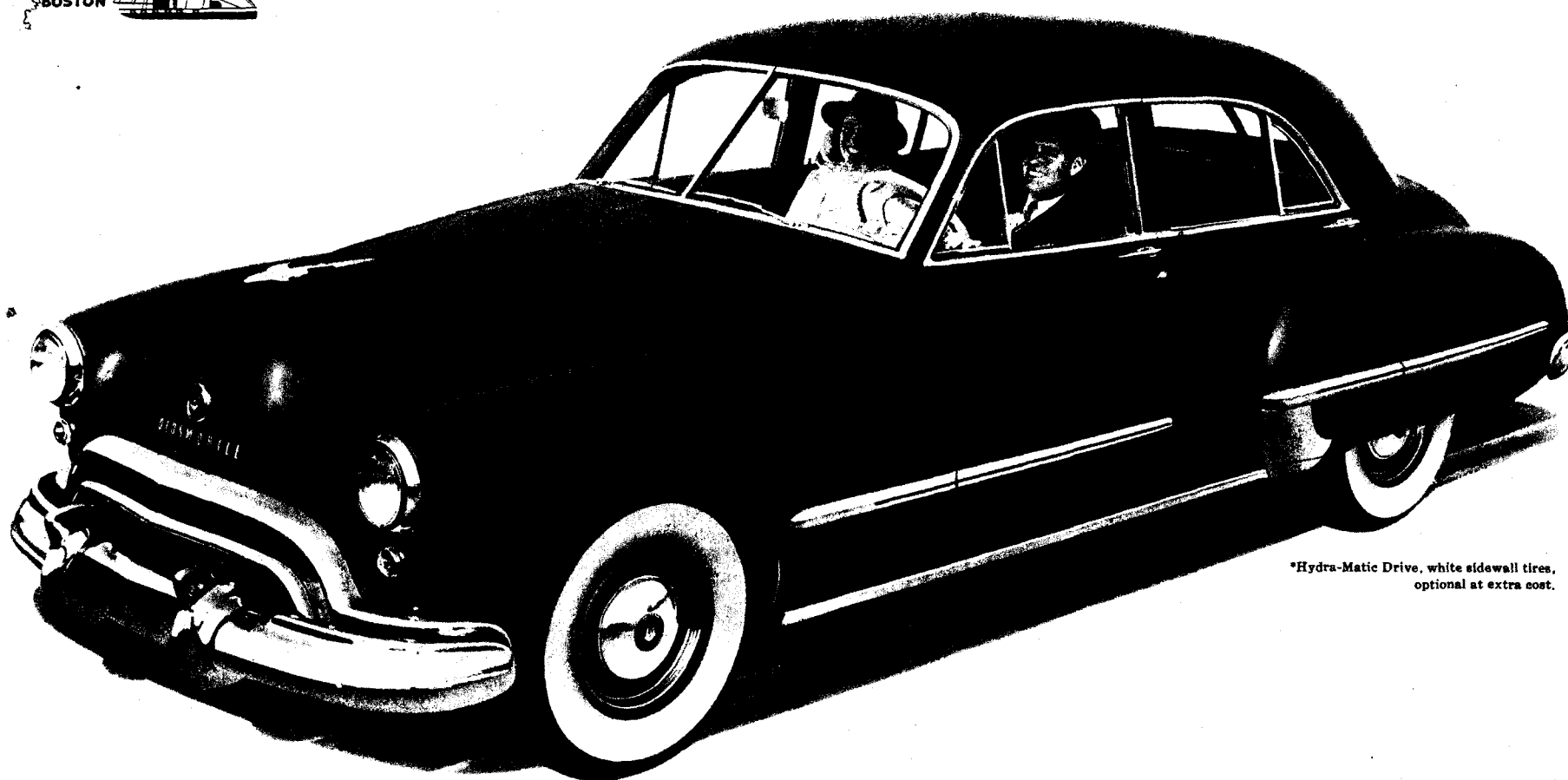
Whirlaway

on your vacation!

TAKE THIS "DRIVE" FOR REAL MOTORING PLEASURE



Enjoy a Hydra-Matic "drive" along the beautiful New England coast. It's an ideal vacation . . . from work and worry . . . from clutch pushing and gear shifting, too! And thanks to "Whirlaway," you always have a blazing burst of pick-up available . . . for passing . . . for hills . . . for emergencies!



*Hydra-Matic Drive, white sidewall tires, optional at extra cost.

Here is the car that's really *going places* this year . . . the Futuramic Oldsmobile "98." And everywhere it goes, people "go for it"! They admire its Futuramic styling—the follow-through smoothness of those Futuramic fenders—the fast-moving look of the whole Futuramic silhouette. They like its extra visibility, too—and the tasteful luxury of those smart Futuramic interiors. But most of all, it's the "Futuramic feeling" of driving this car that appeals to people on the go. *Hydra-Matic Drive**—with the marvelous simplicity of its "no-clutch, no-shift" operation. And "Whirlaway"—the plus-performance safety feature that adds a new thrill to all your driving!

FUTURAMIC
OLDSMOBILE

HER HUSBAND IS MAKING A FORTUNE



Her husband's income provides every luxury. Fine home. Cars. Vacations at smart places. Private schools for the children. But without her husband, all family security would vanish. For he has never found time to plan his family's future. He need not risk this failure.

HER HUSBAND HAS CHARTED A FUTURE

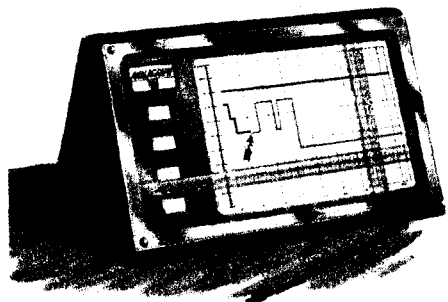


Her husband makes a modest salary. With foresight he has a step-by-step plan for family security, college for his children, a debt-free home, his own retirement. It's based on savings, war bonds, life insurance, Social Security. His success is charted the Analograph* way.

Don't guess about your future...

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• You, yourself, chart your family's future on the Analograph. You, yourself, set the goals...protection for your family, education for your children, a



debt-free home. On your Analograph you see how much income all your assets will bring...for your loved ones if you should die...for your own retirement if you live.

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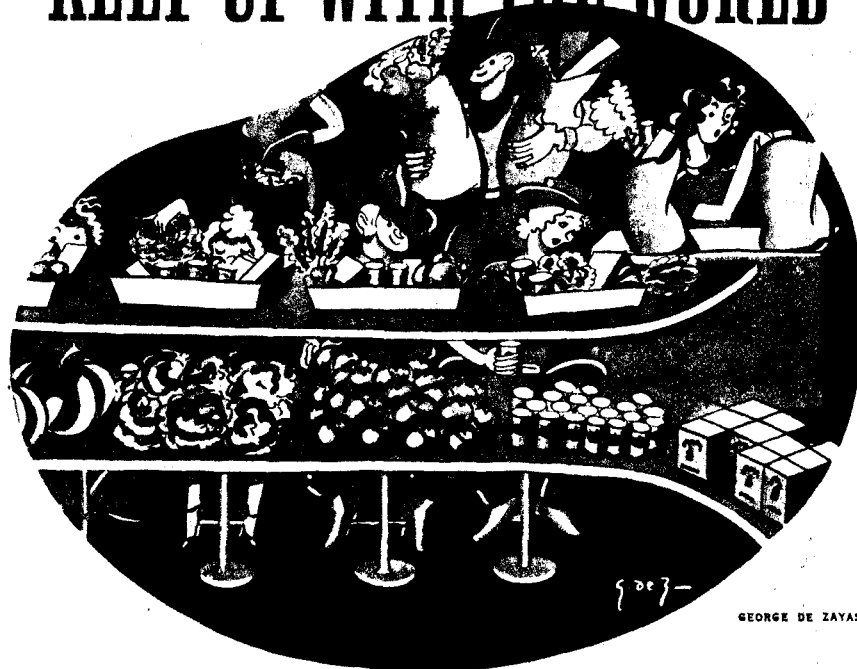
ORGANIZED IN 1845



NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

*TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

Shoppers in a new type of grocery store, opened recently in Houston, Texas, sit in chairs facing a long counter and select their foods from the variety passing before them on a moving belt. After taking off all the items wanted, the customer places them, with a slip bearing her name, on another belt slightly higher which carries them to a desk where they are checked, wrapped and delivered.

An unusual attraction touring the United States this year is the Dunn Bros. Circus, a miniature model that required 18 years to complete and is built on a scale of one-half inch to the foot. With its electric lights, public-address system and animated sections controlled through a panel, the circus occupies a platform 34 by 83 feet and contains, besides scores of cages, trucks and ticket booths, 54 tents, 3,500 animals and 4,500 performers, employees and spectators.

American slang terms whose use is confined almost wholly to a particular region or occupational group include, for example, City Juice (water), Dazzle Dust (face powder), Skull Doily (a wig), George Washington (a hatchet), Fire Drill (a henna rinse), and Flame Thrower (a man successful with the ladies).

No known record for siring offspring equals that made by the Holstein bull, Rag Apple, before his untimely death on February 29, 1948, at the headquarters of the New York Artificial Breeders' Co-operative in Ithaca, New York. During the three years and four months Rag Apple was in service, he sired, through artificial insemination, more than 15,000 sons and daughters (an average of 87 a week), or 150 times as many as he would have produced through natural breeding.

During the Revolutionary War, George Washington used 19 houses as his military headquarters at various times for periods of several weeks. A recent checkup of these houses shows that 15 are still in existence and are being preserved by government agencies or patriotic societies.

Of the \$450,000,000 worth of fur coats and fur pieces retailed in the United States last year, at least \$400,000,000 worth were manufactured within an area of eight square blocks in New York City.—By Mrs. Justin M. Voorhees, Bethel, Conn.

The longest serial ever written is Love's Perilous Path by Adele Garrison, which has been published in daily installments in U.S. newspapers for the past 33 years and shows no signs of dying out. With some 20 permanent characters, the story concerns the experiences of a family named Graham, and so far has comprised 10,000,000 words, or the number that would be used in 125 full-length novels.—By Irene E. French, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

At least 20 unsuccessful attempts have been made, in the past 25 years, to repeal or amend the Connecticut and Massachusetts laws, both passed in 1879, that prohibit a physician from giving birth-control advice, even to married women whose health would be gravely endangered by pregnancy.

In May, 1940, in Tanganyika Territory, South Africa, a lone and penniless prospector, John T. Williamson, found after a four-year search what he had been seeking—an incredibly rich diamond mine. Located in the village of Mwadui, this mine today employs 6,000 natives and 200 policemen and will yield in 1948 about \$15,000,000 worth of diamonds. Eventually, it is expected to make Williamson, a Canadian bachelor now forty-two, one of the world's wealthiest men.

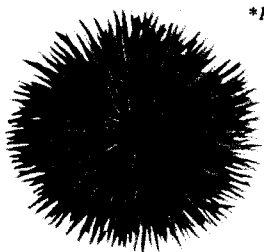
Of the 3,000,000 Bibles that have been placed in hotel rooms by the Gideons since 1908, approximately 1,000,000, or all the copies distributed in the past 10 years, have had plastic covers that cannot be stained by liquor.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

Collier's for July 24, 1948

*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

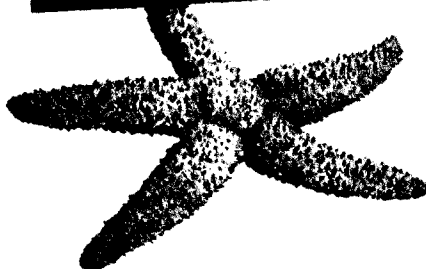
A set of spines that make him look like a pincushion identify the **SEA URCHIN**.



When you're at the beach
THE "TRADE-MARKS"
OF NATURE *
 identify what you see
 by the sea



The **HERMIT CRAB** is identified by his house—usually an empty snail shell.



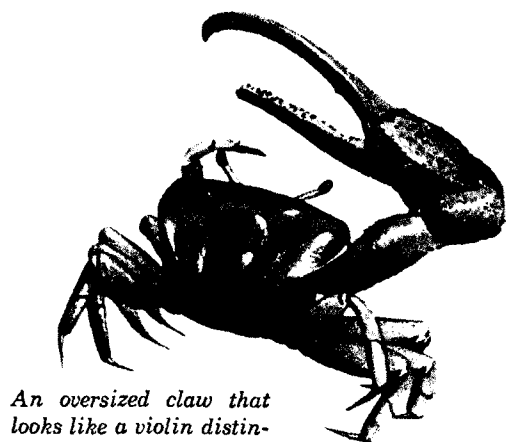
Nature has so clearly identified this sea animal that you couldn't possibly call it anything but a **STARFISH**.



The **VOLUTA MUSICA** is identified by the "music" that appears to be written on the shell.



The identifying mark of the **BLEEDING TOOTH** shell is on its inner lip—a copy of a human tooth which seems to be set in a bleeding gum.



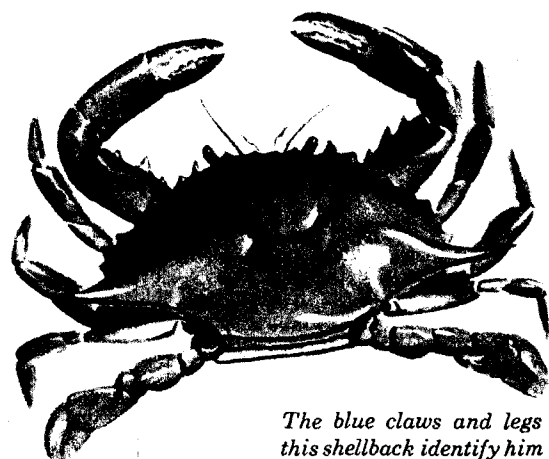
An oversized claw that looks like a violin distinguishes the **FIDDLER CRAB**.



Its shell resembles the handle of an old-fashioned straight razor. No wonder it's called the **RAZOR CLAM**.



You can spot a **PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR** because it looks like a ship under sail. This jellyfish can deliver a terrific sting.



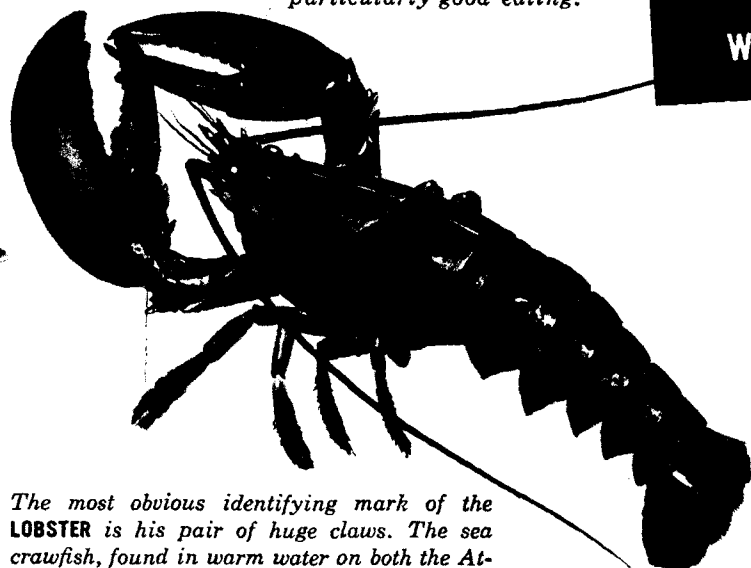
The blue claws and legs of this shellback identify him as a **BLUE CRAB**—a species that's particularly good eating.

When you buy gasoline...
THE "TRADE-MARK"
"ETHYL"
 identifies gasoline stepped up
 with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid



To get the best performance from your car, use high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid—the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

To show you their best gasoline contains "Ethyl" antiknock compound, oil companies display "Ethyl" trademarks on their gasoline pumps. "Ethyl" fluid is made by Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York.



The most obvious identifying mark of the **LOBSTER** is his pair of huge claws. The sea crawfish, found in warm water on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, has only small pincers.

Working Out with Bobby Riggs

"Retriever" Riggs—the man who returns the impossible! U.S. Pro Tennis Champ '46, '47. Puts in 3 tough practice hours a day. Bobby's court workouts under sizzling sun are mighty tough on his hair—so he plays safe with Vitalis.



HE'S HOTTER'N
A FIRECRACKER!

"My hair stays in great shape in spite of summer sun and soaking showers—thanks to the Vitalis '60-Second Workout," says Bobby Riggs. Don't let summer give your hair a licking! Take care of it like top-flight men all over the map. Get Vitalis today!



Product of
Bristol-Myers

here's how the

Vitalis

"60-Second Workout"

keeps hair summerproofed and handsome



Massaging Vitalis' pure vegetable oils on sun-baked scalp protects hair from harmful, drying effects of sun, wind, water. Routs loose dandruff. Helps check excessive falling hair.

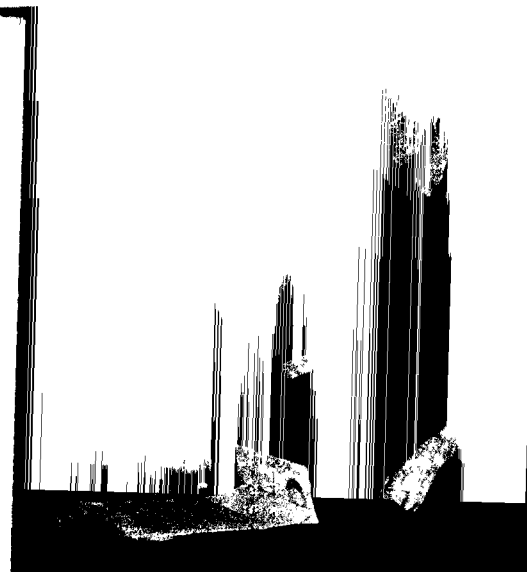
Now hair is no longer dull, brittle, hard to handle. Looks naturally well-groomed. No greasy, "patent-leather" shine—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. For a complete summer hair-conditioning, use Vitalis!

P.S. Your barber is an expert. He knows how to keep your hair looking its best for summer. Ask him about Vitalis and the individual, sanitary Sealtube application.

Vitalis and Sealtube are Bristol-Myers trade marks

THE WEEK'S WORK

Igor Cassini and his beautiful wife Elizabeth, lately acquired



IGOR CASSINI (see dissertation on current unemployed royalty—Royalty in Wraps, p. 22) is grandson of Count Arthur Cassini, for whom Port Arthur was named, and who became first ambassador of Russia to Washington. Igor was born in Sebastopol, Russia, in 1915, was educated in Switzerland and Italy, arrived here in '37 with \$11 in his pocket. He started writing for a New York Italian paper, and improved his English sufficiently to found These Charming People, a society column in Washington's Times Herald.

Uncle Sam then called Igor, who treated the Army brass for Stars & Stripes just as so many Charming People. On his discharge William Randolph Hearst drafted Igor for the post of Cholly Knickerbocker, social chatter writer. Now Igor dissects society with a capital S-s-s! for millions of anxious syndicate readers.

"**MY NAME** is Max Shulman. I write all kinds of stuff," the author of The Small Time, strictly a yamola of a Broadway yarn (p. 14), assures us. "In fact, I write nearly everything except radio scripts. That is because comedians go around talking about 'my writers.' Like 'my neckties' or 'my ulcers.'"

The Shulman writing is done in an office in downtown Westport, Connecticut, from ten to four thirty, on a typewriter, using paper. This takes the Shulman mind off the distractions of the home: three sons, one wife, the phone and doorbell, the noise of the kids hacking away at the foundation, and the hiss of crab grass popping through the flagstones. "How can you concentrate on how the Boy gets the Girl when your mortgage hangs directly over your typewriter?" he cries.

The Small Time is a Shulman office-done job, and he wrote it because he was touched by the would-be entertainers who, having panicked 'em in the senior-class play, flock to the theatrical agents with stolen material instead of sensibly going directly into the insurance business.

Mr. Shulman's knowledge of Broadway, he says, is recent. He's from Saint Paul, Minnesota, University of Minnesota '42, and among his classmates were Tom Hegggen and others now writing instead of working for a living.

Mr. Shulman has several zany books to his credit, adapted one of them, Barefoot Boy with Cheek, to the musical comedy stage, collaborated with Tom Hegggen on the first draft of the play Mister Roberts.

SEVERAL years ago a friend of Lewis Nordyke's, out hunting armadillos for basketmaking, saw one disappear into a hole in the ground, and grabbed what he thought was the animal's tail. It turned out to be a

rattlesnake, which promptly initialed the man's shoulder. He lived after a struggle and it impressed Mr. Nordyke so, Mr. N. stopped pulling armadillos out of holes, and began studying them. He chucked armadillos into lakes, learned that in order to float they pumped themselves up by gasping in air; even devised the theory that the reason armadillos are so well armored is because in Texas things are never done halfway.

One day when Mr. Nordyke surprised an entire tank corps of the hardened little beasts in a Texas woods, the idea for The Amazing Armadillo (p. 48) was born. "Fifteen years of observation went into it," he says.

Mr. Nordyke's a native Texan, a graduate of the U. of Missouri, is now writing Texas politics for the Amarillo (Texas) Globe-News. His affinity for animals and writing of them springs from the days of his trapping youth. "I've since learned there's more profit in the former activity," he says.

DAVE GRUBB, racking up fiction story number eight for himself in Collier's (The Lodge Brother, p. 28), is immoderately West Virginian. Born in Moundsville, he skinned through school by his teeth, graduating with the distinction of both having invented the A-stink bomb and earned his teacher's conviction that such an ornery, lazy person could grow up only to be a Republican.

Thereupon Mr. Grubb got himself fired as a waiter in an ice-cream parlor for "loping" as he served; entered journalism as a paper carrier for the Moundsville Daily Echo; then worked his way through art school stuffing birds in a museum. At the end of a year he found he was color-blind, so he became a golden-throated announcer for WBLK, at Clarksburg, West Virginia. It was but a gradual ascent to writing.

The Lodge Brother was inspired by observations of conventions at Clarksburg's Waldo Hotel and talks with a New York oysterman. "But I love my state," he says. "There is nothing better to smell, hear and see than the Ohio River at night in the spring—from the West Virginia side. My pet hate? People who think Richmond is in West Virginia. My ambition? To marry a brunette, raise six kids and run a poolroom in the Ohio Valley."

This week's cover: Isn't *Insomnia* Awful! Edward Patston dropped into a friend's, tiptoed into the bedroom, found the cover situation of the sleepless doll in real life, couldn't resist making a photograph of it. The little girl is Janet White, four, of New Milford, New Jersey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. White. Born while her dad was overseas, he didn't see Janet until she was nineteen months old. . . .

TED SHANE



Mrs. William Budge,
the former
Miss Willa McNear
of San Francisco,
painted by Eznar Hansen.

With starlike splendor, the engagement diamond
shines its blessing on life's most cherished contract.
To fulfill this proud tradition your diamond,
though it may be modest in cost, should be selected with
care. Color, cutting and clarity, as well
as carat weight, contribute to its beauty and value.
A trusted jeweler is your best adviser.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

ONE-QUARTER CARAT

\$90 TO \$210

ONE-HALF CARAT \$260 TO \$525

ONE CARAT \$665 TO \$1165

TWO CARATS \$1615 TO \$3470

The prices above for
unmounted quality stones
were averaged from a great
many stores in February, 1948.
Add Federal tax.

H. W. AYER & SON



A handsome new Philco radio-phonograph console with

Genuine Philco FM

Now, in this exquisite new Philco 1606 radio-phonograph, you may hear
your favorite programs on glorious, static-free FM as well as standard AM. Thrilling
tone from both radio and records. Ingenious new Philco automatic record-changer...smooth,
gentle. Liberal album-space, too, in a smart mahogany console. **\$19995***

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

*Slightly higher Denver and West



DURING one great corporation's work week recently, a middle-aged executive, tears streaming down his cheeks, told his superior, "I'm just no good." He complained of stomach pains and asked unhappily for several months' rest. An ex-G.I., nursing an aching back, eyes haggard with fear, fainted dead away for the second time in two days. A welder, protected by asbestos mitts, burned himself for the third time and angrily demanded a change to another shift.

Yet the crying executive, the fainting ex-G.I. and the unhappy welder stayed on their jobs. The company had a cure for what ailed them. It worked so well that the executive took a rosier view of his abilities and stopped having stomach-aches. The veteran told his backache and fainting spells goodbye. The welder had no more accidents.

The cure? Medical care for the sufferer's tangled emotions, for his corked-up fears, his resentments and shames. The care was administered by a doctor specializing in mental health—a psychiatrist, one of a handful pioneering in this work in industry.

When the veteran's plant doctor sent him to the company psychiatrist, the veteran exploded. "I got an honest-to-goodness backache," he protested. "I don't need a nut doctor. I'm no nut."

To the psychiatrist, the vet's ailment looked suspiciously like G.I. backache. Caused by fear and tension, it had been responsible for the phrase, "Oh, my aching back!"—an Army byword.

"What are you afraid of?" the psychiatrist asked.

The veteran, it turned out, was receiving monthly Veterans Administration checks for a back disability, and lived in daily dread of being fired. When the foreman suggested that the veteran learn a less taxing job, the fainting spells began.

The psychiatrist called the foreman. "There's nothing organically wrong with your man's back," he said. "His fears are making him ache, just like a cat would ache if it arched its back all day in fear. Give him a couple of months to make good at his job."

It worked. Three weeks later the veteran was trying out for the plant baseball team.

So rewarding are the results when emotional snarls are untangled that large companies have added psychiatrists to their medical staffs, to keep normal people normal and on the job.

At E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, Inc. (which has two full-time psychiatrists), at the American Cyanamid Company, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and at Eastman Kodak, psychiatrists are doing a preventive-medicine job with normal folk who have manifestations of mental disease. Through their offices daily pass the quietly desperate people, the nearly happy men and women whose burden of emotional ills cramps their work and infects those about them with insecurity and unhappiness, maladies that are more catching than the common cold.

The companies have thus become testing grounds for something new in medical care: mental health aid for the many, as against treatment either for the insane or for the few who can afford costly and time-consuming psychoanalysis. The companies are also a testing ground for psychosomatic medicine. In practice this involves the use of psychiatry to root out the

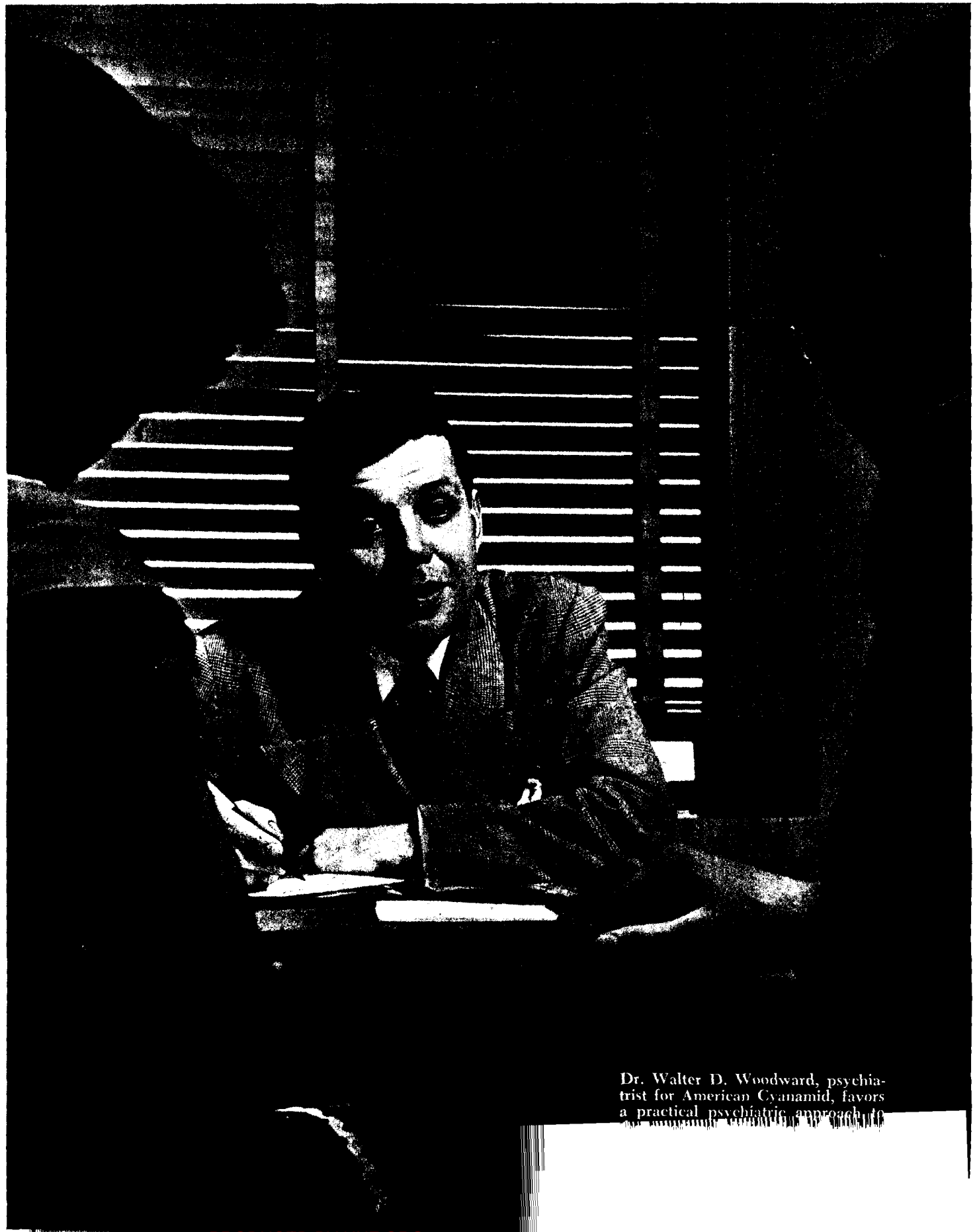
(Continued on page 68)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY JERRY COOKE

Does your job make you SICK?

BY LESTER VELIE

Staff psychiatrists of big corporations, experimenting in mass mental health, may change our whole concept of round pegs and square holes and of why some people fail or are unhappy in their jobs. It's most apt to be due to emotional troubles seldom connected with their work



Dr. Walter D. Woodward, psychiatrist for American Cyanamid, favors a practical psychiatric approach to

The sheer energy of Boy's performance broke the audience down. The harder Boy worked, the harder they laughed.



BY MAX SHULMAN

Nancy had class. She was beautiful—she was phony as a seven-dollar bill. In fact she was a Boy Malverne-type girl, he thought

BOY MALVERNE had an important business engagement, so he put on his conservative suit—the one that didn't glow in the dark. He chose a circumspect crimson and canary cravat which he tied into a knot the size of a baseball. Then he clipped the six inches of necktie that hung below the knot to his white-on-white shirt with a horse's-head clasp. In his flaring lapel he inserted a gold-plated discharge button with a small zircon in the eagle's eye. Boy was a veteran of three years' malingering in domestic Army hospitals.

On his jet-black hair, freshly retouched at the temples, he put a gray Homburg, one of the only two Homburgs in New York with a Tirolese brush in it. Boy had the other one, too. He examined himself closely in the cracked mirror, baring his porcelain-capped teeth in a practice smile and, satisfied, he left his six-dollar-a-week room and went blinking into the morning sunlight.

Boy was a comedian who had started in burlesque as a candy butcher, became a straight man and finally a second comic. After he caught pneumonia one night from getting squirted with Seltzer in a drafty theater he quit burlesque in favor of night clubs, building his act out of stuff stolen from a hundred comics. In the early years of the war, business was good and he prospered. But the Army inconsiderately interrupted his career and then at the end of the war there was a wholesale closing of night clubs. All the fly-by-night cellars that Boy used to work in were being used again for coal.

On this Monday morning in October, Boy was on the way to see Monte Apple, his agent, to discuss means of eating. He strode down Forty-sixth Street with high head and springy step, happy in the delusion that passers-by were commenting on his youth. Boy, born Alfred, was thirty-seven years old, but admitted only to twenty-five. And he looked no older except that his flat blue eyes were about as youthful as a cobra's. Only the eyes betrayed him. His face was firm and unlined; his tall body was as lean as a man's who took exercise.

Boy swung around the corner up Broadway. He entered a grimy building where Monte Apple had his office. The tiny lobby was jammed with actors lying to one another and bailiffs repossessing office furniture. Boy elbowed his way into the open-grille elevator and went up.

"Hiya, Monte," he cried cheerily as he entered his agent's cubicle. "Got a sensational idea for a new bit."

Monte received the news calmly. To understand how rare that was, one must first know Broadway. It is a street where, at intervals of six feet, one can see little groups of people standing and screaming at one another, their necks thrust forward, their arms gyrating wildly. Tourists sometimes stop and wait for the battle to begin. But it never does. These volatile demonstrations are nothing but casual conversation. On Broadway to be publicly passionate is to be normal.

But Monte was always calm, even serene. He never raised his voice, he never leaped about, he never grew red in the face. And something that distinguished Monte even further from his colleagues was his scrupulous honesty.

"Listen," Boy continued loudly, pacing the six-foot length of the office, "it's dynamite. It'll kill people. I do a bit on how to dunk a cruller. What yocks I'll get. What yamolas. Everybody will fall down."

THE agent, fat and impassive, indicated a chair beside his roll-top desk. "Sit down, Boy," he said gently. "Red Skelton was doing that bit fifteen years ago."

"But I got a switch," protested Boy. "Skelton used a doughnut. Mine is with a cruller."

Monte shook his bald head. "Don't knock yourself out, Boy. It'll be a long time before you're working. You'll steal something better by then. I have confidence in you. There isn't a better thief in the business."

Boy took the chair. "No jobs, huh?"

"You know how night-club business is."

"Well, how about a Broadway show? I'd like to do something legitimate."

"That would be a change," Monte observed. "No, Boy, there's nothing in your line. Only two shows are casting. Maurice Evans is doing another Hamlet, which is hardly your type show, and George Abbott is doing a college musical."

"How about the Abbott show? I could do that."

"If you did," said Monte, "you'd be the oldest actor ever to play an undergraduate."

"Whaddya mean?" asked Boy heatedly. "How old do you think I am?"

"Please," said the agent. "I got your Social Security card."

Boy changed the subject quickly. "And nobody else is doing a show?"

"That's right," replied Monte. "Times are tough in the legitimate theater too. Lots of people want to do shows, but they can't get a bankroll."

"Then where did Nelson Estabrook get the dough for that new turkey of his?" Boy demanded.

Boy was referencing to a musical comedy called Let 'er Rip which had opened only two weeks before, and it had already been announced that it was closing soon. The star of Let 'er Rip was Chick Hagen who had once been one of the country's great comedians. Back in the twenties and early thirties Chick had appeared in one smash hit after another, and had earned and spent fabulous sums of money. Then in 1934—Chick had been forty years old and at the peak of his success—he had suffered a heart attack. He had scraped up what was left of his money and retired to California. Nothing was heard of him until 1944 when all the papers carried stories of his marriage to a twenty-year-old Hollywood starlet named Nancy Faricy. Soon came an announcement from Nelson Estabrook, a minor Broadway producer, that Chick was returning to Broadway to co-star with his wife in a revival of Let 'er Rip, one of Chick's great successes. The revival was a resounding flop. Although everybody wished Chick well, they had to admit that age and sickness had robbed him of his talent. As a performer, he was washed up.

"Where did Nelson Estabrook get the dough?" Boy asked again.

Monte shrugged.

"I coulda told Estabrook," Boy smirked. "It hadda flop. It don't make sense, diggin' up a broken-down comic like Chick Hagen when the town is full of bright young comics lookin' for work."

"Like you?" suggested Monte.

"Sure," replied Boy defiantly. "I can do anything Chick Hagen can do."

"You can do anything that Groucho Marx and W. C. Fields and Bert Lahr and Bob Hope and Phil Silvers can (Continued on page 64)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

WINDOW TO THE UNIVERSE

BY IRA S. BOWEN AS TOLD TO JIM MARSHALL

Palomar is furnishing the biggest look man has ever had at his more distant surroundings. In this article the director of the observatory describes the operation of the 200-inch mirror

IF MAN were to develop a jet plane as fast as the speed of light—a highly improbable feat—it would take four or five years to travel the distance between Earth and the nearest star. But he could never complete his journey because he would be burned to a whiff of gas long before he got close to his objective. So, no matter what he does about getting around the neighborhood of our own little solar system he will have to be content with *looking* the rest of the way.

This is where the big mirror atop Mount Palomar comes in. Palomar is the world's newest window to the universe. It's the biggest yet—200 inches in diameter, as everyone has read. It will furnish facts about our universe and countless other universes that no other instrument ever discovered before. From what it reveals, human brains can construct new theories about creation, and prove or disprove old ones. We hope to be able to photograph and examine objects a billion light-years away.

When we try to discover basic facts about the stars, we are handicapped by the impossible distances. We have to bring star facts down to earth. To do it we use a light-ray traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

The ray is trapped in the astronomer's mirror which concentrates its brightness into a tiny dot and photographs it, or, by means of a simple triangular prism, makes it write in colored lines what the star is composed of and to some extent how hot it is, how far away, and in what direction it is traveling.

The astronomer studies the photographic plate and a spectrograph and says: "This star is a whirling mass of gas; the surface temperature is 3,000 degrees Centigrade; it contains helium, oxygen, hydrogen and so forth; it is 62 light-years away, about 400 times as large as our sun, and is traveling away from our solar system in such and such a direction at about a quarter-million miles an hour."

Most people know that the distance of an object can be measured by triangulation. We have all seen surveyors do it. From one end of a base line they measure the angle between the base line and a line pointing directly to the object. Then they go to the

other end of the base line and measure that angle. By a simple formula, they calculate the distance to the object.

The farther away the object, the longer the base line has to be for accurate results. The longest base line we can get, using the earth alone, is about 8,000 miles. This is the distance between two points opposite each other on the earth's surface. But this base line is so short that we have to invent something longer. So we find the angle of a star on a certain night, and then wait six months, until the earth is exactly halfway around on its yearly journey. Then we take another angle. This gives us a base line 186,000,000 miles long, which is still far short of what we really need, except for stars comparatively near us. But it is the longest we can possibly get.

Gauging Distances to Less Remote Stars

Proxima Centauri, the nearest star to our solar system, is about twenty-five million million miles away. To realize how difficult it is to determine this distance, imagine a silver dollar set up, facing you, at a distance of four miles. Then try to find the angle between lines leading to the right and left sides of the dollar. It is almost zero—in mathematical terms—not much over one second of arc.

With such microscopic measurements, the distances of our nearest star neighbors have been worked out fairly accurately. (The sun is the only star in our solar system.) But only a few hundred stars have their distances known.

How about the billions of suns, solar systems, nebulae on the outer fringes of space?

There is another method of measuring. If you stand on a hill and look at a row of street lights running into the distance you notice that they fade away by regular gradations. By a simple formula, we know just how much a given distance decreases the apparent brilliance of light. So, if we know that each light we are looking at is rated at a thousand watts, and then measure the amount of light we get from each lamp, we can figure out almost exactly how far away each light is from us.

Now if all the stars were of the same brightness,

our job would be easy. All we would have to do is compare the rest of them with Sirius, the brightest star in the sky, whose distance from us is known fairly accurately. But stars vary all the way from a dull red to an intense blue or white. So a dim star near to us may seem brighter than a brilliantly shining star that is far away.

The task is complicated still more by the fact that a star does not always maintain uniform brilliance. Some go from high to low intensity in a few hours; some take several years. These are the so-called variable stars. There are thousands of them.

One thing has been found that gives us a clue to working out star distances: All stars composed of the same materials and having the same type and period of light-variation have the same absolute brightness, or candle power.

Now, suppose we want to find out how far away we are from a giant nebula. Far out beyond the Milky Way, which is our little nebula, are many others. No one knows how many. If we take pictures by telescope over a series of nights, we may find that one or more stars in the nebula we are studying will change their brightness, and finally we will be able to put them on a definite schedule.

The next step is to find a variable star, relatively close to the earth, whose characteristics and distance we know and whose fluctuations are the same as the stars we are studying far, far away. Then we can calculate the ratio of the distance of the two stars. All we have to do then is multiply the distance of our near-by star by the ratio figure, and we get the distance of the nebula.

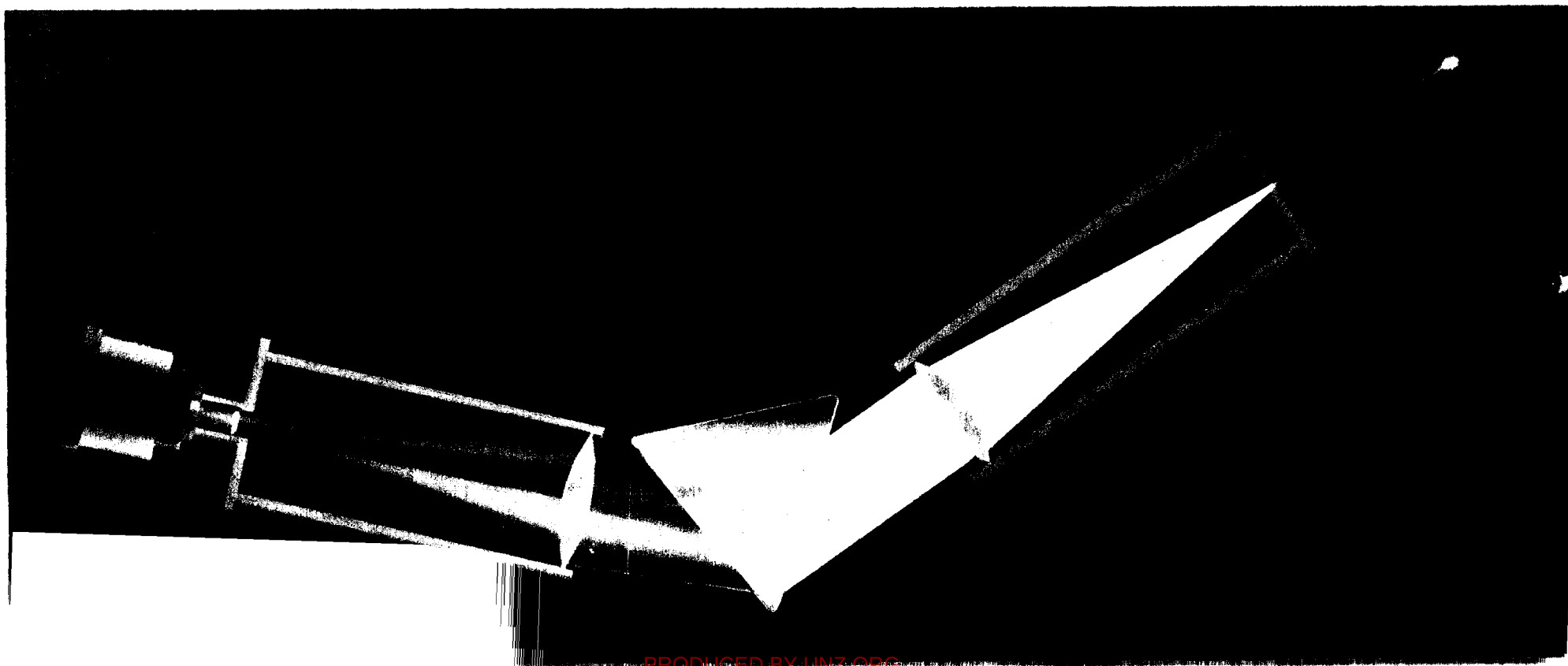
Besides speed and brilliance, light from the stars has color, or a combination of colors. Most of us have seen a glass prism split up light into a spectrum, starting with red at one end and running through orange, yellow, green and blue, to violet at the other end. If the light-source is a hot, glowing solid, like the filament in an electric bulb, the colors blend into one another. This is known as a "continuous spectrum." But if it comes from a glowing gas under low pressure the spectrum is broken up into bright, disconnected and parallel lines. If we get our light from a solid that is shining through a cooler gas placed between (Continued on page 50)

DRAWING BY T. W. VOTER

Light-rays from celestial bodies are collected by the 200-inch mirror and directed through a narrow slit of the spectroscope. By means of a lens

they are made parallel. Then a prism or a series of prisms disperses the light into a spectrum. Other lenses focus the spectrum onto a photographic

plate for spectrographic study. The spectrum of Sirius, below, shows how the light from a star looks when broken up into its component colors



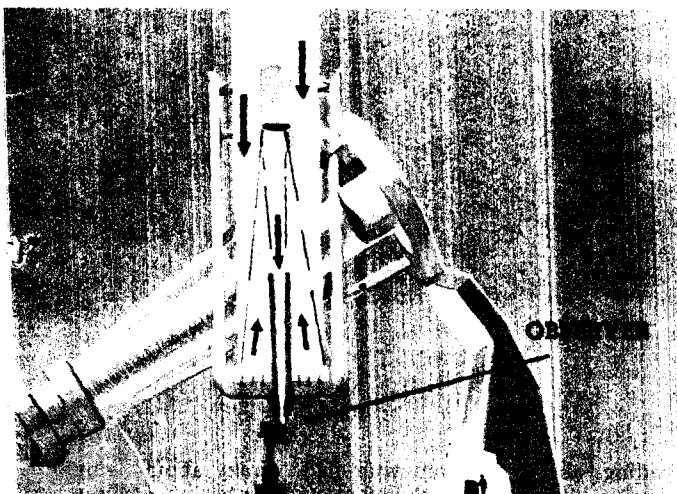
← OBSERVER AT
PRIME FOCUS

17

The astronomer with his photographic plate sits in the prime-focus cage within the telescope tube. He is in constant telephonic communication with his assistant at the control desk on the main floor. Under the astronomer's instructions, the assistant sets up the co-ordinates of a star to be studied, and the telescope is then moved into position

In the prime-focus housing is a microscope for finding, centering and guiding the telescope through long photographic exposures. The astronomer sets the cross hairs of the eyepiece on a guide star and makes minor adjustments to follow the star as it progresses from east to west with the rotation of the earth

When extra-large magnification is desired, the observer is stationed as shown below



The 200-inch mirror at the lower end of the telescope tube has a 40-inch hole in the center to allow a supporting tube for the diagonal mirror. Light from a star is reflected by the big mirror up to an auxiliary mirror, then down to a diagonal mirror, thence to the constant-temperature room used for spectrographic photographing

LIGHT FROM STAR

PIECE
OF STAR

MIRROR

← DIAGONAL

You'll Find Out

BY CHESTER L. SMITH, JR.

Predicament of a rash young man who made his colonel suffer, his general mad, and himself miserable—for a girl



THE other pilots in the squadron flew up to the new base in Maine on Monday, but the colonel left me behind to wait for the mechanics to finish checking the new jet that had just arrived from the factory.

So I said goodbye to Jean, Evelyn, Marilyn, etc., and the following Monday, when the plane was ready, I took off, circled back for a last fond look at the big city, and then swung around and headed north.

I reported in at our new field about noon, found my quarters, tossed my bag on my bed, and then started out for an inspection of the new base.

As I walked up to the door of the Officers' Club, I heard somebody call, "Hey, Jim!"

I twisted my head around and spotted Ed Robinson, one of the other captains in my squadron, coming up the walk behind me. He was wearing a flying suit and was carrying an oxygen mask in his left hand.

"Hi, Ed. Been flying?" I said, taking his hand and grinding his knuckles together.

"Test hop," he said, gently slapping my face with the oxygen mask. "Just get in?"

"Right," I said. "And how are Mary and Ed, Jr.?"

His tanned face brightened. "Fine," he said. "We've got a nice little cottage about a mile from the field that we were pretty lucky to get. Got it pretty cheap, too."

"Glad to hear it. How's the rest of the town?"

"Well, it's got a nice theater."

"Great," I said bitterly.

"And how did you leave Jean?" he asked tactfully.

"Single," I said bluntly.

"And Evelyn?"

"The same."

"And—?"

"The same."

He nodded his head thoughtfully. "Good," he said. "None of them was the right girl for you."

I stared at him suspiciously, and he shifted his long legs a little uneasily. Here it comes, I thought. Ed and Mary have picked out another girl for me.

"Incidentally," he said casually, "Mary has an old school friend, Joan Walters, coming up next week end to visit her for a couple of weeks. Why don't you drop around Saturday?"

"Now look, Ed—"

"Now, Jim, Mary says she's a very attractive girl. Been singing or something the last four years and—" He dropped all pretense and gave me a firm, man-to-man look. "Anyway, can I help my instructions?" he said.

I was lost. "Well, all right. I'll be around." I stopped and then added, "But just to help you out."

And we shook hands on it.

The rest of the week passed slowly. I spent my days getting a squadron training program organized and my nights reading historical novels. I

got pretty tired of reading about beautiful women, preferring them closer at hand, so by Saturday afternoon I felt rather pleased over the prospect of meeting a new girl.

I came up the walk to Ed's house, skirted carefully around a pair of roller skates lying on the front steps, and knocked on the door. No answer. I walked around in back, and prepared my best half smile when I spotted the auburn hair that rose slightly above the back of a white lawn chair.

"Hello," I said. "Ed and Mary home?"

THE auburn hair swung around, revealing a slender face and warm, blue eyes. All thoughts of Jean, Evelyn, and Marilyn vanished from my mind.

"They're shopping," she said, letting a book—poetry, I noticed—drop into her lap.

"I'm—"

"Jim Nelson," she finished. She was smiling.

"Why, yes. I take it Ed and Mary told you about me?" I said. "Ed insisted that I drop over."

"Ed insisted, did he?" she repeated slowly, inspecting me from the top of my head down to my not very well polished shoes. The warmth in her eyes vanished and was replaced by a rather cool look. "Yes, they told me about you," she said. "All about you. Captain. War hero. Lots of money.

From your dad. Crazy about flying jets so you stay in the service. All the vices except alcohol. Like women. Lots of them. They like you."

"Well . . ."

"And, as you just pointed out, Ed practically had to drag you over here," she said flatly, "but when you saw me you were pleasantly surprised and felt that I might as well be the next conquest."

I couldn't say anything.

She took a deep breath. Her eyes flashed. "I came up here for a rest," she said, emphasizing each word, "a good, long rest. I don't want to have any more passes made at me. I don't, specifically, want you to make them. I don't want to get married. I don't, specifically, want to get married to you." She picked up the book, opened it, and started to read.

I coughed, groping despairingly for something to say. "Ed's out shopping?" I said.

"Yes," she said, "I'll tell him you called." She continued to read.

"Well, thank you," I said.

She turned the page. "Good day." "Oh—good day."

A few minutes later I was back at the field, sitting at the bar in the club, staring at myself in the mirror. Straight nose. Firm chin. Nice tan. No previous gripes.

I glanced down the bar and there was Art, the bartender, staring at me curiously. "What'll it be, Captain?" he said. "The usual ginger ale?"

Collier's for July 24, 1948

I opened my eyes
blurted the first
of: "Are you going



"No!" I said, slapping my hand on the bar. "Give me whatever is in that bottle that's in your hand."

"But this stuff is—"

"That's okay."

"Well, all right. It's your body."

The next afternoon, I was standing in our Squadron Headquarters reading the bulletin board, when the adjutant told me that the colonel wanted to see me. I hastened down to the colonel's office at the end of the corridor, walked in briskly, held my salute until he looked up from the letters he was signing, and stood at attention in front of his desk.

"At ease, Captain," he said, returning my salute.

"Yes, sir," I said, and I very smartly shifted my left foot out a few inches and clasped my hands behind my back.

THE colonel carefully put down his pen, leaned back in his chair, stared out the window, and ran his fingers through his graying hair. "Captain," he said in a quiet voice, "I've known you for a long time."

"Yes, sir."

"To be precise, about six years."

"Yes, sir."

"And, Captain, I remember the day you got your fifth plane—and a neat job it was—and became the first ace in our squadron."

"Yes, sir. I remember, sir."

"And how you brought your plane back that day with oil all over your

windshield, half your right aileron shot away, flaps jammed, wheels wouldn't come down . . . Yes, a neat landing, Captain."

"Thank you, sir."

"And to celebrate you bought everyone drinks that night, Captain."

"Yes, sir."

"But you drank ginger ale."

"Yes, sir."

"And in the six years I've known you, Captain, whenever liquor was being served, I've never seen you drink anything but ginger ale."

"That's right, sir."

"But, Captain, you weren't drinking ginger ale last night."

"No, sir."

"And, Captain . . ."

"Yes, sir?"

"I know now why you have always drunk ginger ale."

"Yes, sir."

"And you owe the club some two hundred dollars for a new mirror."

"Yes, sir."

"And you'd better apologize to Major Smith's wife."

"I didn't—?"

"Yes, you did."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"So is Major Smith."

"I'll do it immediately, sir."

"Thank you, Captain."

"Will that be all, sir?"

"No, one more thing. You are to see Doctor Rasmussen, our new psychiatrist, this afternoon."

"Yes, sir."

"Good day, Captain."

"Good day, sir."

I breathed a little easier once I was outside; it hadn't been as bad as I'd expected. Age was mellowing the colonel.

I walked over to Doctor Rasmussen's office, wondering why the colonel wanted me to see him. Routine checkup, probably.

WHEN I walked into the doc's office I found myself facing a square-jawed man of about thirty-five with gray streaks in his hair that gave him a rather distinguished look.

I coughed uneasily. "I'm Captain Nelson. The colonel sent me," I said.

"Yes, I know," he said, surveying me with piercing, black eyes. "Sit down, please," he said, pointing to a chair at the side of his desk.

I sat down, noticing that the chair left me sitting a little lower than the doc. We sat there a few seconds. No one said anything.

"Just tell me what's happened to you in the last few days," he said helpfully.

I was a little puzzled, but I started in anyway and told him about Jean and Evelyn and Marilyn; the training program I was organizing; the girl visiting Ed; what had happened last night. He just sat there, his chin resting in his hands, nodding his head, staring at me, saying nothing. I finished and waited for him to speak. He didn't say anything.

"Well, what do you think, Doc?" I said finally.

"Rather simple," he said. "And it's none of my business. But you'll find out."

"Find out what?"

"Good day, Captain," he said.

"Good day?"

"Good day," he said again.

I stared at him for a few seconds, amazed. Then I said disdainfully, "Well, good day, Doctor," and I got up and left. Everyone kept saying "good day" to me. The doc certainly was no help. . . .

The next week didn't go any faster than the first week. We started to fly a little and I took a few hops to look over the countryside. It started to look pretty much the same. In the evenings I kept on reading historical novels. They were pretty much the same.

That girl kept coming into my mind. Ed had been sent away for a week on special duty, so I couldn't see him and find out anything. Somehow, in the evenings, it didn't seem quite right that she should be reading and that I should be reading.

On Friday, the colonel's wife called up to invite me to a party she was giving Saturday night. I very truthfully assured her that it would be a pleasure. Of course, it didn't make much difference; you more or less have to go to those things anyway.

I got there well after the party had
(Continued on page 45)

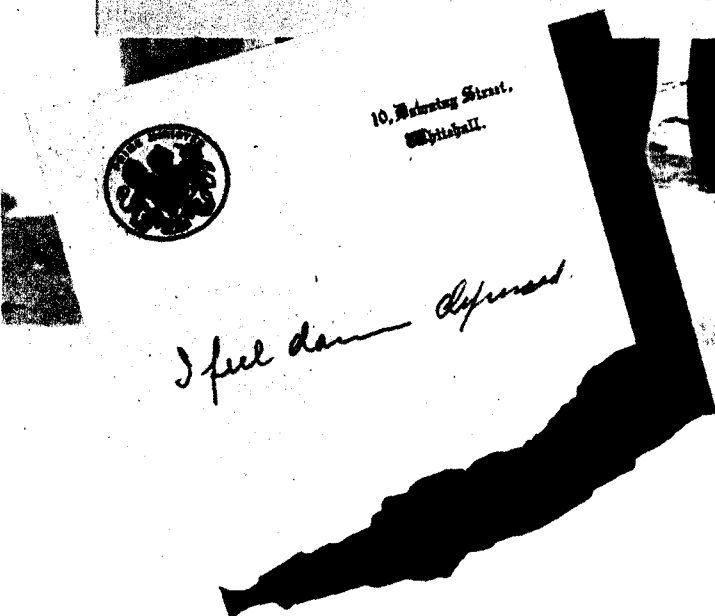
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON



THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

The Soviet Foreign Minister and Roosevelt agree on a second-front effort in Europe in 1942, but Churchill turns the war toward North Africa



It was pretty difficult to break the ice when Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov arrived in Washington to discuss with Roosevelt our plans for a second front in Europe. But the visit ended on a pleasant note. Shown here, left to right: Marshall, Hull, King, Molotov and Litvinov. (Left) Hopkins passed this note, "I feel damn depressed" (presumably to Marshall), at a London meeting with Churchill to plan the African push

INTERNATIONAL

PART IX. MOLOTOV DEMANDS AND GETS AN ANSWER

ON MAY 29, 1942, Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov arrived in Washington for important second-front talks with President Roosevelt.

Harry L. Hopkins and Samuel H. Cross, professor of Slavic Languages and Literature at Harvard University, were present at Molotov's first visit to the White House, and Cross made an official record:

Mr. Molotov expressed his intention to discuss the military situation fully. He had covered it in detail (in London) with Mr. Churchill, who had not felt able to give any definite answer to the questions [especially regarding a second front in Europe to relieve Nazi pressure on the Red Army] Mr. Molotov raised, but had suggested that Mr. Molotov should return through London after his con-

versations with the President, at which time a more concrete reply could be rendered in the light of the Washington discussions. . . .

To Mr. Molotov's remark that Hitler was the chief enemy, the President noted his agreement and mentioned his repeated statements to the Pacific Conference that we should remain on the defensive in the Pacific until the European front was cleared up. It had been difficult, he added, to put this view across, but, in his opinion, it was now accepted.

Hopkins' personal record of this same meeting included the following:

It was pretty difficult to break the ice, although that did not seem to be due to any lack of cordiality and pleasantness on the part of Molotov.

The President had two or three memoranda which I had never heard

of before, which were obviously given him by the Department of State, in which the department was offering their good offices in alleged difficulties between the Russians and the Iranians on the one hand and the Russians and Turks on the other. I gathered Molotov was not much impressed. He raised the point that they thought they knew a good deal more about their relations with Iran and Turkey than we did. I confess I did not see in what way our good offices were to be executed. . . .

The conference seemed to be getting nowhere rapidly and I suggested that Molotov might like to rest.

Maxim Litvinov (the Russian ambassador) acted extremely bored and cynical throughout the conference. He also made every effort to get Molotov to stay at the Blair

House tonight but Molotov obviously wanted to stay at the White House at least one night, so he is put up in the room across the way.

I went in for a moment to talk to him after the conference and he asked that one of the girls he brought over as secretaries be permitted to come and that has been arranged.

The group reassembled in the Oval Study for cocktails and dinner and conversation that lasted until midnight. Roosevelt talked a great deal of his desire to start the process of disarmament after the war, maintaining arms only for the purpose of policing the world, particularly Germany and Japan to make sure that they would not regain powers of aggression. It was his persistent belief that world economy could not recover if all

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THE EMIR'S FOUNTAIN PEN

COLLIER'S



He was relieved when Ibn-Abdul took him aside one evening. "Tomorrow morning, effendi, the Emir will sign"

BY ALAN JENKINS

SOMEWHERE between the Euphrates and the Sinai Peninsula lived the Emir Mahmoud, Descendant of the Prophet, Defender of the Faith, Protector of the Poor, Paramount Lord of the Two Deserts, and Honorary Master of Arts of Cambridge University.

Scarsdale arrived there in the Emir's 1948-model American limousine, driven by the Emir's Italian chauffeur, and accompanied by Ibn-Abdul, the Emir's Secretary for Foreign Trade, a lean, pale-skinned Arab in full regalia.

The reception tent, pitched specially for the occasion, was a rich blaze of enormous carpets hung upon a wooden scaffolding. The deputation from the Anglo-Arabian Canal Company, of which Scarsdale was the leader, sat there sipping sugarless black coffee of great strength, waiting for the Emir and his retinue to appear.

Ibn-Abdul had conducted them briefly round the city of tents which was the Emir's mobile headquarters.

"As you see," he had said carelessly, "we have every modern convenience—telephones, wireless, cinematographs, automobiles—everything except houses. And houses we do not need."

"Well," Scarsdale said, scratching his head. "I notice that your automobiles and many of your mechanical possessions are of American manufacture. Since you do so much trade with us, wouldn't you prefer a British model?"

"British goods last too long," Ibn-Abdul shrugged. "And they are not expensive enough. You do not understand Arabs, effendi. They impose a severe way of life upon themselves, but they love luxury. They are impressed by a great and splendid exterior."

"You mean," Scarsdale grinned, "that if a British manufacturer were to produce a car with a television set in the dashboard, and a short-wave radio transmitter in the steering wheel, and—"

"You could sell fifty straightaway to the Emir's personal staff!" the Arab snapped. "Even so, your ideas are too small. Diamond-studded wheels—a bonnet of beaten gold—emeralds. That would persuade my people beyond all doubt that the car was superior to any other make. You forget our pride in ownership, effendi! We like to be sure that what we own is the best in the world."

They went into the conference tent. "Remember," Ibn-Abdul was saying, "that our king, the Emir Mahmoud, is wealthier than any Anglo-Saxon millionaire who pays supertax. Not only is he master of thousands of square miles of territory but he has leased concessions to foreign oil companies for enormous sums of money. Would it not therefore be below the dignity of the Emir to buy anything that was cheap, merely because it was built to last a long time?"

Scarsdale, quite speechless with astonishment, had no time to reply. He and the British delegation stood up respectfully as the Emir Mahmoud himself entered with his retinue.

Leisurely and courtly greetings followed. Gifts were exchanged, then huge piles of steaming food were brought in with French wines. There were long speeches of welcome and mutual flattery, and finally dancing girls, acrobats and a fat woman who sang for four hours.

Next morning the British and Arab delegations, belching reminiscently, settled down to business. "You have heard, O Powerful One," Scarsdale began, "that men speak of new rivers to be made in these parts of the earth. Rivers that would link the Persian Gulf with the eastern Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Now that the Suez Canal is ceasing to be the free gateway from east to west—"

"I understand, effendi." "It is thought, O Mighty King, that these man-made rivers could most conveniently be cut through your illimitable domains, which they could scarcely avoid."

"Very true, effendi."

FOR several days this kind of dialogue went on. The Emir and his entourage were in no hurry; and, neither were the British. There were nightly entertainments for the visitors. Autographs and souvenirs were constantly exchanged. The British negotiators were perplexed to find that their signatures were not regarded as true autographs. It was their thumbprints that the Arabs treasured. The Arabs explained that signatures could be forged, but thumbprints never. Therefore they were more valuable.

Life with the Emir was pleasant and timeless. Nevertheless Scarsdale was getting anxious; and after a week or two began to press for a decision. He had brought with him an agreement to be

signed, and until he had the Emir's signature on it he could not feel at ease.

He was relieved, therefore, when Ibn-Abdul took him aside one evening. "Tomorrow morning, effendi. The Emir will sign."

"Splendid!" Scarsdale beamed. "You know, I was beginning to fear he wouldn't give us the concession."

"You Anglo-Saxons are always in such a hurry!" Ibn-Abdul said reprovingly. "We like to combine business with pleasure. Haven't you enjoyed your stay here?"

"Tremendously. But I remembered that last year the Emir refused our invitation to London, and I thought—"

"Have you ever considered what it is like to have lived all your life in a tent in the flat desert?" Ibn-Abdul interrupted. "Here we have no stairs, effendi. Do you know that when I was in London I could not walk up steps like your people? I was forced to go on all fours like a beast in order to negotiate them, effendi. And I was ridiculed. It was not pleasant for me to be ridiculed; but for the Emir Mahmoud it would be an everlasting shame!"

"I never thought of that," Scarsdale muttered. He felt as if he were being held upside down by his ankles. The impact of West upon East had never before seemed so grotesque. Only the other evening the Emir had proudly shown him an elaborate television set.

"But surely, O Mighty One, there's no television transmission anywhere in this area?" Scarsdale had objected.

"No," The Emir smiled with a dignity of perfect simplicity. "But is it not nice to have a television set, even so?"

The Emir's vacuum cleaners, his dish-washing machine, his numerous gold cigarette lighters (he was a strict Moslem, and did not smoke), his golfing and yachting clothes (which he never wore), his library of hand-illuminated books, his private cinema—all were possessions wherein he took a delight and pride which had nothing whatever to do with their utility.

Next morning, the day of the signing of the agreement, the Emir was in excellent humor. His secretary, a young Arab graduate of the American University at Beyrouth, read the document aloud.

Did this—fear suddenly stole up Scarsdale's spine—did this mean that the Emir

himself could not read? He had often spoken contemptuously of reading. For if he could not read, then he could not write. And if he could not write, he could not sign the concession. Certainly no one else's signature would be valid.

The clerk's voice ceased. From the many folds of his robes the Emir drew forth a gleaming new fountain pen. Scarsdale gave a sigh of relief. So it was going to be all right after all.

THE Emir did not hurry. "See, Scarsdale Effendi," he smiled, rolling the pen on his palm. "This is my newest toy. The very latest thing from America, made specially to my orders."

It was made of pure platinum. The gold nib was set in a ring of sapphires. The cap was scrolled and embossed in exquisite tiny designs, and the tapering cylinder was engraved with the Emir's full tribal and family names in Arabic characters.

"It needs to be filled only twice a year," the Emir whispered reverently. "The ink can be changed to any color I choose. See, there is an attachment at the top which lights up so that one can write in the dark; and the manufacturers guarantee that the pen is waterproof, and will write equally well at the bottom of the sea!"

The Emir's eyes caressed the fountain pen for several seconds more; then he bent over the agreement. The tension of the British delegation grew acute. Write, you damned old rogue, Scarsdale thought; you perfumed savage, write!

But the Emir did no such thing. Tongue sticking out of the corner of his mouth, absorbed as a child, he pressed a button at the top of the cylinder with his left forefinger. A small blot of ink fell onto the paper, directly underneath the typewritten matter. With a fastidious gesture he pressed his right thumb firmly into the blot.

A servant appeared with a bowl of water and soap to wash the ink off his hands. The clerk poured fine sand onto the thumbmark to dry it.

The Emir leaned back and regarded his mark with deep satisfaction. Beaming, he handed the document to Scarsdale. And Scarsdale, adding his own precise little signature beneath the bold smeared whorls of the thumbprint, felt that it looked curiously insignificant by comparison. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

Royalty UNDER WRAPS

BY IGOR CASSINI

Playboy or recluse, rich or poor, exiled monarchs have one thing in common—their dreams of returning to a world that has crumbled. A famous society reporter tells about them

THE incessant taxicab din filled the drugstore, and busy New Yorkers pushed hurriedly in and out of the establishment. None of them, not even those who rubbed elbows with her at the lunch counter, knew the sad-faced woman in black was the former Empress Zita of Austria and Queen of Hungary. She ate her sandwich and coffee and ignored the shoppers, too.

The empress wouldn't have been much news had the passers-by recognized her, or even known about her. She is just one of those of the world's royalty who have been uprooted from the lands of their former rule and booted unceremoniously into the cold outer world. Dispersed in this way are 36 jobless monarchs, all of whom still hope to regain the thrones from which they once reigned so regally—"by the grace of God," sometimes, and sometimes by the will of the people.

Today the only European sovereigns still ruling are those in England, the Scandinavian countries, the Netherlands, Greece, Luxembourg and the tiny operetta principalities of Liechtenstein and Monaco. And Greece is ridden with civil war.

Some of the "eject" are wealthy. Others, like the Empress Zita, are not. Since the day her world crumbled Zita has been entirely dependent on a modest subsidy from the Catholic church, which is not forgetful of the fact that her late husband, Emperor Charles, was "His Apostolic Majesty." She has brought up her eight children—three daughters and five sons—in almost monastic simplicity. But she never permits them to forget who they were and what they may again someday be.

Her daughters, the Archduchesses Adelaide, Charlotte and Elizabeth, are employed in social work in New York. They use the inconspicuous name of the Misses de Bar. The Archduke Otto, her oldest son, is never permitted to forget that he is pretender to the throne and head of the Hapsburg dynasty. But there is nothing regal about his quarters. The thirty-five-year-old Otto and brothers Felix, Karl-Ludwig and Rudolph (Robert is in London) occupy a small suite in a Washington, D. C., hotel. Here, surrounded by faithful aides and followers, they plan the reconstruction of a Federation of Danubian States—and do their own laundry.

Otto's uncle, His Royal Highness, Prince Gaetan de Bourbon-Parma, a brother of Empress Zita, did more than just wash his socks. He lived in a New York basement, owned by a charitable friend, with a cot, a chair, a table and an income of \$20 a week, which he drew from the government as an unemployed ex-G.I. When the government aid ran dry, Bourb (as his

Army pals called him), unable to find a job, went to Europe to visit relatives.

A bit more to the taste of the New York socialites is Prince Abdul Medschid Khan, who can technically aspire to the sultanate and caliphate of Turkey. He is the nephew of the Red Sultan, Abdul Hamid, so called because he killed so many Armenians and Greeks. The prince moved from Paris to New York some ten years ago with his wealthy Greek wife. At present they are separated.

A roly-poly *bon vivant*, Abdul and his younger brother, Prince Omar Farouk, unlike their rugged ancestors, are two very peaceful citizens, whose most militant activities consist of attending cocktail and dinner parties.

While these forlorn and forsaken royalties have taken a back seat and quietly accepted their position as has-beens, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor have been acting as if they just made their debut yesterday. Their life is an endless round of parties, to the delight of America's snobility. And to the press, too, which never ceases to be fascinated with David and Wallis.

On the other hand, the recently arrived Yugoslavs, twenty-three-year-old King Peter and his twenty-four-year-old Queen Alexandra, a lovely and shy creature, don't expect any of this adoration from New York society. They would like Americans merely to accept them.

Peter Karageorgevitch looks more like a schoolboy than a king. Slick-haired, short and slender, he has the build of a jockey. But he fools you. He has tremendous hidden energy and courage. He proved this in training as an R.A.F. pilot during the war.

A King Banished by Communists

Another young king who hit New York like a ton of marshmallows was twenty-six-year-old Michael of Rumania, recently dismissed by the Communists and deprived of his Rumanian citizenship and all his properties at home. Michael came here with his mother, Queen Helen, whom King Carol divorced when he fell in love with the striking red-haired Magda Lupescu.

Michael—who recently married the Princess Anne de Bourbon-Parma—was invited by the State Department, who told him not to worry about expenses; they would be taken care of.

U.S. taxpayers' money, however, didn't pay for his suite at the Waldorf-Astoria and for his traveling expenses. Uncle Sam unfroze just enough of the Rumanian gold stored in this country to take care of all this. But not a penny more.

Socially, Michael's visit wasn't much of a show. He wasn't a bit interested in going to parties.

As for café society, it never even got a glimpse of Their Rumanian Majesties.

Michael's father, Carol of Hohenzollern, would have given his royal eyeteeth to have received the courteous welcome accorded his son here. Carol tried to overcome the U.S. official reluctance by seeking the good offices of Elliott Roosevelt and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., son of the New York social czarina. But they were of little help. And when he tried to pave his entry into the U.S. with a wave of good publicity by hiring press trumpeter Russell Birdwell, it was a definite flop.

Carol was eager to come to America to get his hands on the sizable amount of Rumanian gold frozen in U.S. banks. But he failed and he and Magda contented themselves with the bows and scrapes of society in Mexico, Cuba and Brazil.

Today, Carol and Magda, whom he elevated to the title of Princess Helena after their "deathbed" marriage in Rio de Janeiro, live in Estoril, 30 miles from Lisbon, Portugal. They lead a secluded life because Carol doesn't feel that his Magda is being treated with the proper respect.

So far as money goes, however, Carol is considerably better off than his son Michael, for he managed to take out of the country enough gold and jewelry to cover leaner days.

Carol is not the only ex-king or pretender to have settled in Estoril. Today, this once sleepy, seaside village has become the sanctuary of royal refugees. The Portuguese government's attitude is one of compassion and amused sympathy. This is remarkable because Portugal cashed its own royal family in 1910 by revolution. Since then there has been a law in Portugal prohibiting the use of titles, but the once reigning House of Braganza limps painfully on, headed by Dom Duarte, the Portuguese pretender, who maintains a villa in Estoril and calls himself the Duke of Braganza.

Dr. António de Oliveira Salazar, Portugal's "silent dictator," allows the Duke and House of Braganza to remain. He feels that so long as Dom Duarte and, for that matter, all the other guests behave, there is no harm in having them stay. The only thing the doctor will not tolerate is political talk.

Of all the Estoril colony, the Spanish pretender, Don Juan, finds it most difficult to control his tongue. That's probably because he can almost smell the royal palace in Madrid, once occupied by his father, the late King

Alfonso XIII, and now taken over by General Franco.

There was a time, not so long ago, when Don Juan could have gone back to Spain as king. Franco made it plain he was willing to call back the Bourbons if they would promise to play ball with him. But the pretender thought he could dictate terms. When Franco sent an emissary to Estoril, Don Juan bluntly told him that he would consent to set foot in his country only if Franco left.

Franco was angry then and began to encourage the Carlist pretender to the Spanish throne, young Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, younger brother of the Archduke Franz Joseph of the House of Hapsburg. Don Carlos is permitted to live in Spain, unmolested by Franco's police.

Old Law Exiles French Royalty

An incurable romanticist and a pretender who has almost no chance ever to reign is the Comte de Paris, who keeps a bowl of French soil on his mantelpiece so that La Belle France may always be within his reach. The Comte de Paris is forbidden access to French territory by an old law exiling the heads of former French ruling families and their direct heirs.

That puts him in the same basket with Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, who as head of the Napoleonic dynasty is also banished from France. The prince, enormously wealthy, having inherited the entire fortune of the late Empress Eugénie, resides peacefully and undisturbed in Brussels, Belgium, only mildly interested in the small but still active Bonapartist movement in France.

The Comte de Paris, however, hasn't given up his monarchic aspirations, and he has slipped into France more than once in defiance of the authorities.

In 1942, traveling as a Lieutenant Bertrand, he turned up in Algiers to help direct the liberation of North Africa following the American landings. President Roosevelt and General Eisenhower, however, weren't quite ready to turn conduct of the war over to the Comte de Paris and he was ordered to beat it, which he did. Unlike Don Juan, who has to watch his budget, the *comte* is really loaded. Besides money he has a farm. He has a wife and 11 children.

Financially speaking, the fate of Umberto di Savoia is a bit more precarious. The tall, good-looking ex-King of Italy, also known as the "King of May" because he reigned only for a few weeks in that month, has an estimated \$8,000,000 frozen in England. The English as yet show no

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MIRROR FEATURES

The Comte de Paris takes a walk with ten of his children. The Comte, barred from France, lives at Estoril, Portugal. He clings to his monarchic aspirations

At Estoril: Umberto di Savoia, Comtesse de Paris, Don Juan, Queen Maria de las Mercedes, Comte de Paris, Princess Elizabeth d'Orléans Braganza

MIRROR FEATURES



Wedding in exile. Former King Michael of Rumania weds Princess Anne of Bourbon-Parma in Athens. With them are Queen Frederika and King Paul of Greece

INTERNATIONAL





About Rama, a country elephant who went to the city

A BEAST FOR

THE road winds like a black snake through the hills to Kandy.

At first it runs straight; as though to escape as quickly as possible the teeming crowds, the street calls, the smells and bazaars of Colombo—that low, sprawling port on the southern coast of Ceylon. Then it lifts itself eagerly into the hill country. Through the terraced tea plantations, lush with glossy leaves and white flowers, it goes. Up and up into the bracing air blowing down from Adam's Peak; through forests of cashew nut, satinwood, ebony, tamarind, kittul and cinnamon it stretches its steady climb. It curves around mountain spurs and burrows through the hillsides when it can find no other passage. It flows past insubstantial palm huts and solid-stone dagobas, those towering, bell-shaped monuments to Buddha that have stood for two thousand years and have not yet begun to age.

At last the road climbs the last height and slips quietly into the ancient city of the kings of Ceylon. There it stops before a building marked out by millions upon millions

of people as the holiest spot in all the world. The road has reached the Temple of the Tooth.

There, in a building within a building, is enshrined a true tooth of Buddha. It is enclosed in a framework of silver—bell-shaped, with ropes of pearls and gems woven about it. Inside that is another covering of gold and gems, then another and another—seven in all before the tooth is revealed. Although the tooth is carried by elephants in procession very occasionally and shown only to kings and very holy priests, it is a magnet to the faithful, drawing them through the mountains, up the road to the old and beautiful city.

Bayini, the boy, and Bayin, his father, went up the road this morning on their way to Kandy. Bayin walked ahead, a slight, slim figure of a man. His only garment was a red skirt, wrapped tightly around his waist. The sheath of cloth fell elegantly to his delicate ankles. His straight, shining black hair was gathered into a neat bun at the nape of his neck. Like all Singhalese, Bayin was tiny. From his bare soles to the top of his graceful,

birdlike head was no more than a few inches over four feet. He stood straight and walked with the unconscious fluency of a woman or a wild thing. But his fragility was deceptive. That small, lithe, perfectly proportioned body was as hard as steel. Bayin lived by the labor of his hands.

FOR hundreds of years Bayin and his fathers had planted and harvested the same fields. The land belonged to the Temple of the Tooth, twenty miles away in Kandy. Rice, coconuts, tea and cinnamon—most of the produce went to the temple where it was used by the priests or sold for profit. But Bayin was given his fair share and enough rupees besides to buy the things he could not grow. He was content with the arrangement. His son would be content and his sons and their sons so long as there was land and the temple.

Today, however, Bayin was troubled. There was no hint of it in his steady walk; no sign in his oval face that was the color of cinnamon bark. But small clouds drifted over his mind and would not go away. He should

be elated this morning on his way to Kandy. It was not often that he took this trip, usually not more than once in every two or three years. What was more, he was taking Bayini for the first time up the winding, macadam ribbon to visit the temple. It was a great occasion, for himself as well as the boy, but still Bayin was uneasy. He glanced behind him for a moment to look fondly at his son. Bayini did not walk behind him. The boy was perched above the broad, domed forehead of a shambling elephant, resting securely on the lofty head, looking with calm curiosity at the exciting scenes all about him. He rode the elephant with casual confidence, rising and descending, as the animal moved beneath him, like a small sea bird on the crest of a wave. Bayini was as delicate as his father; brown, small-boned and pert. Contrasted with the huge bulk of the elephant, he seemed even more elfin. His slim legs straddled his mount's ponderous neck, his body sat straight and bold on its eminence above the road, unknowingly proud and regal.

Like his father's, Bayini's frailness

Collier's for July 24, 1948



THE TEMPLE

BY RICHARD WILCOX

was misleading. With a nudge of his knee he could command the thousands of pounds of bone and sinew beneath him to do his slightest bidding. A word from him was enough to set the great mass in motion—that stupendous body would haul tree trunks, stamp out clearings, topple mahogany forests, load wagons or, at another word, probe daintily into a tree or bush to pluck a flower or a fruit for his young master.

It was Bayini who had given the elephant his name—Rama, the name of a king. Rama and Bayini had grown up and played together in the clearing before Bayin's hut. Rama had been a part of the boy's world of games and sudden, fierce affections. He had learned to come when the boy called, to swim with him in the pool at the bottom of Bayin's fields, to obey him when they were both of an age and size to help in Bayin's work. It was as if the two lived only for each other. And now, thought Bayini, their companionship has come to its end.

Today, at the temple, he must deliver Rama to Mahinda the overseer

and come back with his son from Kandy alone. Ten years ago, Mahinda had brought the elephant to him as a hairy baby, captured in a kraal far in the northern jungles of Ceylon. He had been dedicated to the temple as a ceremonial beast then, because of his promise of unusual size and magnificence. Now, thought Bayin, looking at his gray bulk, he was indeed a glorious animal. Ten feet tall he stood, the dome of his forehead curved like a dagoba, the ears perfectly placed, the long tapering trunk without a blemish. He was tuskless, like all Ceylonese elephants, smooth-sided and immense. Mahinda would be proud of such an elephant. But what would Bayini say when he learned that Rama must go?

Smiling, he called to his son. "Come down and walk with me, little man. Let me tell you about the sights on the road."

Bayini bent forward and hissed softly into Rama's fanlike ear. Slowly the sinuous trunk twined up, wrapped itself around Bayini's waist, lifted him through the air and placed him gently at his father's side. The soft, pink tip

of the trunk rested affectionately on the boy's shoulder as the three of them began to walk once more.

"It is such a smooth road, Father," Bayini's soft, black eyes were round with wonder.

"Yes. It is made of tar for the motorcars to ride swiftly from Colombo to Kandy," said Bayin. "But once, many hundreds of years ago, our people made roads as smooth as this. At Pollanarus, which was a city thirty miles long and four in breadth, there were roads paved with blocks of stone. They ran straight through the city and beside them were buildings with gilded towers whose brightness shone again in the waters of the lake below. Now there is nothing there but the vines and trees of the jungle."

BAYIN was silent and they went quietly up the road. Now and then they passed huts nestled at the foot of slender coconut trees. There were occasional roadside fruit stands with bunches of small, red bananas and spiky pineapples hanging on display—trays of dates and mangoes piled on crude tables. Bayin did not talk

again. He was trying to think of a way to break the news to the boy gently. At last he decided that he would wait until they reached the temple. Perhaps Mahinda would let them keep the elephant for a little more time. If he did not, the boy would have at least seen the temple before his day was spoiled.

They glided on together, hand in hand, Rama shuffling along behind. At times his trunk reached up into a tree by the side of the road, stripped the leaves from a branch and tamped the wad into his mouth with a grunt. Usually he paced behind them placidly, blowing softly on the boy's back through the wavering tip of his trunk.

The traffic was slight this morning. Now and then a Tamil in a white turban passed them, sedately pedaling his bicycle, jangling the bell importantly. Braces of water buffalo pulling big-wheeled carts came down the road and slowly passed them. At times, far up or down the road, they would hear the imperious honking of an automobile clearing its path. Then it would swish past them, blaring
(Continued on page 51)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS



It wasn't a very even battle, nor a spectacular one. Slim grabbed me. Ernie let his gun drop and swung

CONTINUING A NOVEL OF TENDER LOVE AND DESPERATE CRIME

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

The Story:

STEVE BLAKE, young engineer on trial for the murder of JEFF NULTY, manager of the Casa Linda night club, is saved from almost certain conviction by the testimony of beautiful Mrs. PATRICIA KINGSLEY, who swears that she is Blake's mistress, and that she was with him the night of Nulty's murder. Steve is astounded; Mrs. Kingsley is almost a perfect stranger to him.

Steve is acquitted, but he knows that many people, including MARTY WALSH, tough detective, think he is guilty; for one thing—Jeff Nulty was killed with a .38 revolver, and Steve cannot explain the disappearance of his own .38 revolver.

Steve feels sure Mrs. Kingsley can lead him to the real murderer, so when she asks him to escort her in public so she can avoid the charge of perjury, and says that her husband, REX KINGSLEY, will not interfere, Steve consents. He even moves into the Casa Linda Apartments, where Nulty was killed, and where the Kingsleys live.

The following Saturday night Steve and Pat go to dinner in the Casa Linda club, which is on the first floor of the Casa Linda Apartments. Gradually their party grows. Among the arrivals are: WADE RAMSAY, owner of the Casa Linda Apartments and club; PETE CONNOLLY, escorting Ramsay's blond, voluptuous secretary, RUSTY MASON, who is making an obvious play for Steve; CONCHITA MONTERO, petite Cuban rumba dancer, who is in the floor show, and who likes Steve very much. During the evening, Steve notices a man in gray staring at him.

Conchita leaves, briefly, to search for some pictures in a closet in Rusty Mason's office, but she soon returns, obviously disturbed, and whispers to Steve that she must see him. He agrees to meet her outside his apartment in a half hour. When Steve and Pat go to meet Conchita, she is not there. Then Steve opens the door and they look into his apartment. Conchita is lying on the floor, dead.

III

FOR a few seconds we stood staring down at what had been Conchita Montero. Then we knelt beside the body and felt for the pulse that wasn't there. There was no blood. Pat pointed to some ugly red bruises on Conchita's throat and looked at me inquiringly. I nodded. That must have been what did it. She had been choked to death.

We stood up. I felt as though I might be sick; Pat was beginning to tremble. Her slender body started shaking all over. So I put my arms around her and held her tight. It wasn't a caress. It was a crude effort to keep her from breaking down completely. I said, "Steady, kid—steady."

She nodded. Finally she withdrew from my arms and said, "I'll be all right, Steve."

I didn't like what I saw in Pat's eyes. There was more than horror; there was fear, too. Of what or for what, I couldn't guess, and this was no time to ask. Even to an amateur this was

unmistakably murder, except the thought hit me that maybe the police might not peg me as an amateur. I was fresh out of superior court, where I'd been tried for murder. A murder which had happened in this same building.

I called City Hall and said I wanted to report a murder. That brought me a man's voice in a hurry. He fired a few questions at me: my name, my address, and said not to touch anything. Just before he cut off, I told him that Lieutenant Marty Walsh would be interested in this.

I took Pat's arm and walked her across the room. I turned a chair around so that she could sit there without looking at Conchita. She was crying. It was a quiet, terrible sort of crying, and there was nothing I could do about it.

I couldn't understand what was going on inside myself. Pat hadn't asked for her husband, or expressed any

(Continued on page 30)

ALL over the world tonight little boys and girls of a score of nationalities will eat their spinach, go to bed on time, clean their teeth, wipe their noses, tell the truth, be kind to animals, wash behind their ears—and even shuddup!—because of two magic words hurled at them by their parents:

“Roy Rogers!” . . . “If you don’t be good you can’t go to see the Roy Rogers picture. . . . If you don’t eat up all your mush I’ll write to Roy Rogers. . . . Roy Rogers always brushes his teeth before he goes to bed. . . . Roy Rogers never sassed his mother. . . . Roy Rogers . . .”

This has been going on for five or six years now, but it is still all a bit fantastic to a pleasant-faced young family man of thirty-six with three kids of his own, living in a rambling old home once owned by Noah Beery, in a Santa Monica canyon six minutes from Hollywood and Vine.

So is the \$300,000 that will roll into the young man’s treasury in 1948. Not that he will keep all of it, or even a modest percentage, but the fact that one Ohio boy can achieve that sort of thing from almost flat-brokenness in just ten years seems impossible. It just shows what you can still do in America—and the rest of the world—with a pleasant smile, a cheerful voice, and a handy way with a guitar, a six-gun and a horse.

It took seventy-seven Western musical films to put Rogers where he is. More than 80,000,000 people in the United States and Canada alone see his pictures every year. More than half the pictures he ever made are still running somewhere on earth. He makes twenty phonograph records a year, with sales up in the millions. Seven years ago he got an offer of \$750 a week for a personal appearance in a theater; today, the offer is \$15,000.

In England in 1947 the most popular movie star was not James Mason or even Bing Crosby. It was Roy Rogers. The man’s statistics are almost incredible: thirty-three days at Madison Square Garden with a rodeo for a gross of more than a million. Twelve million paid admissions to his own rodeo show in six years. A backlog of 600 American and more than 50 foreign theaters ready to lay it on the line for personal appearances. In 1945: more than 800,000 pieces of fan mail—and going up each year since. . . . The figures are endless.

Most of his fan mail comes from kids from six to fourteen years of age. The majority just want pictures of Roy and Trigger, his co-starring horse, but thousands have personal requests—some of them a bit imaginative.

“I wish you was King of England,” wrote Alan Owen Davis from Leicester, England, “and then my dad would take me to London to see you ride around Buckingham Palace on Trigger.”

And there’s the kid in Kentucky who, going blind, spent his last few remaining days of sight seeing Rogers pictures. Kids run away and head for California and Rogers’ ranch. Not long ago a whole family named Payne arrived in Galveston, Texas, from England and announced they were going to ride the range with Rogers for the rest of their lives. This almost had Roy stopped, but finally the hands on the Doodlebug, a Texas ranch, took over for him. The first he ever heard of it was a telephone call from Galveston, saying that they’d

(Continued on page 62)



Rogers rides while the world’s most appreciative audience gasps. The horse is Trigger as every kid knows

H

BY ASHTON REID

About Roy Rogers, who ran a guitar, a grin and a horse into an empire of big business, and became the idol of the world’s youth

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER’S BY HANS KNOPF

27



"Now you're a-talkin', pardner!" sings out Mr. L. T. Smyth and pokes a young girl with his cap pistol

The LODGE BROTHER

BY DAVE GRUBB

Meet L. T. Smyth, who'll slap your back all night—and cut you dead in the morning

MY MISSUS was a Curtis. That was on her mother's side. Her pap's folks was from Marshall County if there was ever so much as a whisper of censure about ary one of them. Not that me and Jessie lives fancy. I don't mean to say that. When Jake—he's our youngest—married Elsie Singletree from down at Hundred, we figured Elsie's folks was used to a little extry, so Jessie went down to Blankensop's Furniture Store and bought a dozen silver napkin rings for the dinner. But you couldn't say we was folks to put on airs. But on the other hand we're just as good as the next one and that was what made me so blamed hot at the way he served me and that's why I'll defend what I done to my dying breath even if the whole state of West Virginia says I'm a shame and an abomination to my family.

It was last July. Jessie and me never goes nowhere for a vacation in the summer so whenever the Loyal Order of Eskimos throws a convention I take her along for a little change. And when the lodge was to meet last summer me and Jessie packed up and drove down to Clarksburg and got us a room at the Travelers' Plaza.

After we et supper that evening we strolled around the lobby for a while, looking at the palm trees in the pots and directly I bought Jessie a candy bar and a movie magazine and we went back up to the room. I smoked a stogie and directly I says to Jessie, "Mother, I'm going back down to the lobby and see if any of the other brothers is driftin' in yet."

As I went down the hall I knowed there was a few had come in for I could hear them whooping and hollerin in one of the rooms. And directly a young man with a tray of ginger ale

and cracked ice steps off the elevator and right behind him is none other than Will Zerby. Well, him and me hollered and pounded each other like we hadn't laid eyes on one another since we was partners back in the barbershop at Roseby's Rock twenty-five years ago, and directly Will says, "Where you headin' for now, John?"

"Nowheres special," I says.

"Well," says Will, "then come on back to 718 with me. They're just startin' a little get-together and there's always room for one more!"

I said I didn't think I'd better since there'd be drinking and anyhow me and Jessie had drove all afternoon and was tired but Will wouldn't have it. He said if I wouldn't come with him peaceable he'd have to whip and drag me there. I wharped him a good one across the shoulder and I said, "Who's throwin' this party, Will?"

Will looks all around him like he

wants to make sure no one is eavesdropping and then he pulls me over so's he can whisper.

"Mr. L. T. Smyth!" hisses Will, all bug-eyed and wild-looking, like he was saying just about the biggest name in the U.S.A.

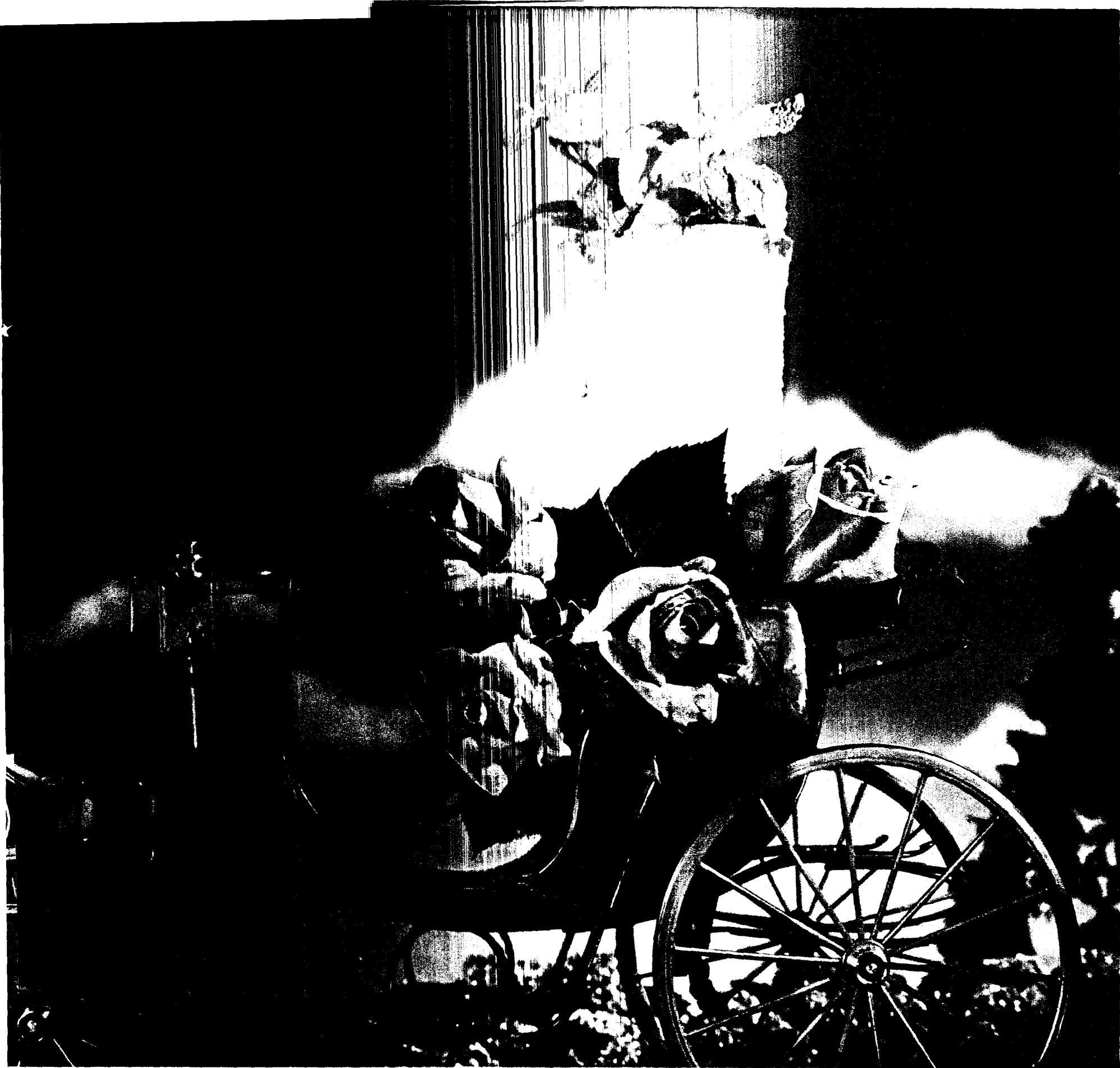
"Who?" I says.

"Mr. L. T. Smyth, you derned old fool," says Will. "L. T. Smyth—the coal bigwig. Made a fortune overnight stripping coal down in Barbour County! Worth a million if he's worth a lead cent! But, John!—just as common—just as plain! Never puts on no more airs than if he was just a garbage man!"

Well, he kept on coaxing me and pulling my sleeve and he said all the old gang was there—Fred Tonkins and E. W. Snyder and Barky Lowther—and like a fool, like the dernedest fool that ever was, I said I'd go. So we

(Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG



Ambassador from Dixie

HERE, in all its glory, is the Southland's gracious contribution to man's enjoyment on a mid-summer afternoon . . . a Four Roses Mint Julep!

However fine other Juleps may be, none possess quite the same magnificence nor the distinctive flavor of those made with *this* matchless whiskey.

Recipe for the perfect Mint Julep:

1. Cover a few sprigs of fresh, tender young

mint with powdered sugar and a little water.

2. Crush the mint (or simply stir it).

3. Place the mixture in bottom of tall glass, and fill with shaved ice.

4. Pour in Four Roses until glass is full.

5. Garnish with mint; let stand till frosty.

Now settle back and enjoy yourself.

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corp., N. Y.

FOUR ROSES



AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET



MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER

Continued from page 26

need for him. That should have surprised me, but it didn't. I couldn't make myself remember—not constantly, anyway—that she was a married woman, that she was Rex Kingsley's wife.

That made less sense than usual under these circumstances. By all the rules, I should have been thinking of Rex Kingsley. For one thing, I couldn't rid myself of the belief that Pat was covering up for him, and with that thought there came the inevitable, additional one: Why?

But the important thing was that we were in this together, though I couldn't quite grasp what it was we were in. We were alone, and that seemed right and natural. Even under these ghastly circumstances—or perhaps because of them—she had a disturbing effect on me. The sort of effect you might expect to get from a pretty, intelligent girl who was not the wife of another man.

Things happened swiftly. The sound of a police-car siren split the night. A few seconds after that I heard another car. Neither one would be Marty Walsh. He'd have to come from way downtown, and that was quite a distance. I heard the elevator door open and close, and then someone rapped on the door.

I OPENED the door. Two uniformed radio-car men came in. Both were young, stocky, efficient-looking. They asked me if I was Steve Blake and I said I was. They took a quick look at Conchita and one of them said, "Dead as a mackerel." He asked me whether I had murdered her, and I said no. He looked at Pat, and I said that she hadn't, either.

Two more men came in, men in plain clothes. One of them was tall and raw-boned and looked like a farmer except that his gray eyes had that unwavering coldness that you learn to associate with policemen. He showed me a badge and said he was Lieutenant Lane of the Hollywood Detective Bureau. The man with him was shorter, heavier, and rather handsome. He was introduced as Sergeant Ehrlich. Lieutenant Lane told the uniformed officers to stand outside the door and keep people away.

They were coldly efficient. They examined Conchita, and Sergeant Ehrlich started searching the room. Meticulously. If there was anything around that was of importance, he'd find it.

Lane's voice had a slow drawl and seemed friendly. He asked whether we weren't the same Steve Blake and Patricia Kingsley who had been in the middle of the Jeff Nulty case. I said yes. He asked who the dead girl was, and I explained. He asked, almost apologetically, whether either of us had killed her, and we said no we hadn't. He asked whether we knew who had, and we said no again.

Ehrlich had opened Conchita's bag. He jerked his head toward the lieutenant and the men went into a brief huddle. Then I heard Lane say, "We'd better leave all that for Walsh. This is his baby."

We must have killed more time than I knew. Or else Marty Walsh had driven faster than police cars usually drive, which is pretty fast. First thing I knew, the door opened and he came in. Behind him was Sergeant Vic Tremont. Walsh still looked dapper, dynamic and dangerous. The four detectives did a little quiet talking. We couldn't hear them.

Walsh walked across the room and stood looking at us. He said, "You two again, eh? How did it happen?"

I told him. I told it briefly, and as straight as I could remember it. Once or twice Pat broke in to correct me on some minor detail. The recital didn't take long because Walsh didn't interrupt. His unswerving attention was rather disconcerting; it was as though he were reading

into each sentence something that wasn't there.

When I finished, he took his time about asking questions. But once started, he did pretty well.

"No quarrel downstairs?"

I said, "No."

"You intended to come up alone to see her?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Kingsley just trailed along?"

"Yes."

"That seem odd to you?"

"No. Her apartment is next door."

Marty said, "Oh?" Then: "See anybody on this floor when you got here?"

"No."

"Just you and Mrs. Kingsley?"

"Yes."

"You can testify that she didn't kill Miss Montero?"

"But you didn't come up immediately."

"No. Rex Kingsley wanted to talk to her in his office. They left the table together."

Walsh said to Pat, "Kingsley is your husband?"

She nodded.

"He didn't get sore about your testimony in the Blake trial?"

"I don't know how he felt about it."

"Not so good, Mrs. Kingsley. Not half good enough. Something's wrong with this whole setup."

She didn't say anything. Walsh pulled up a straight chair so that his eyes would be on a level with hers. He said, "I'm not interested in morals, Mrs. Kingsley. I don't care who's playing house with who. My job is murder. You got Blake here out of a murder rap by testifying that

"Where were the others?"

"Miss Mason had gone to the powder room. Conchita was with Kingsley. I thought Brian Garland and Wade Ramsay were with Connolly."

"But they weren't?"

"Not when I saw him at the bar. He was with a group of men I didn't know."

"So nobody can say positively that you—or you and Mrs. Kingsley—didn't come straight up to the apartment and wait until Conchita came in?"

I said, "I don't know who else might have seen just what we did."

"Provided it was like you tell it. That, I ain't sure of. Maybe we can prove it's like you say, but if we can't—it doesn't mean anything." He let that sink in. Then he started again: "You are—or were—Steve Blake's mistress, Mrs. Kingsley?"

I could see that this was getting tough for Pat. I said, "That's what she testified, Marty."

"But you told me it wasn't true. You told everybody it wasn't true. One of you lied. So let's make you the patsy for a minute, Blake. Suppose it was like the jury thought, and you were simply being chivalrous. Suppose Mrs. Kingsley got jealous of Conchita falling for you . . ."

"She didn't fall for me."

"Didn't she say something about you taking her to Tia Juana?"

"That was all kidding."

He looked me over, but he didn't speak to me. He turned to Lieutenant Lane. "How you figure it, Bert?"

Lane said he didn't know.

Walsh said, "Someday I gotta study Blake's technique. Maybe he's so good, a girl might strangle another girl rather than leave her alone in an apartment with him."

I said, "You're not talking to see how it sounds?"

"I reckon I am. But it doesn't sound too bad, either."

He got up and went into a corner with Lane and Tremont. They did a lot of talking. I put my hand over Pat Kingsley's. I said, "I'm sorry, kid. But they have to ask questions."

"I know."

"You really haven't any idea who might have done it, have you?"

Her eyes flashed to mine. There was fear in them. She pressed her knuckles against her lips and shook her head. I said, "You think it was your husband, don't you?"

No answer. I couldn't guess what she was thinking. I said, "If he'd done it to you—or to me—I could understand. But why Conchita?"

MARTY walked back to where we were talking. He was holding Conchita's bag. He said, "Ever see this before, Blake?"

"Yes."

"Before you came in this room?"

"She had it downstairs."

He fished around in the bag. His eyes were hard. He withdrew his hand. With two fingers he was holding something. Something big and ugly and heavy.

It was a .38 special revolver. He dangled it in front of my eyes.

"Recognize it?" he asked.

I looked closer. I said, "Yes, I recognize it. It's my gun."

"The one you've had for years, but that you couldn't find after Jeff Nulty was killed?"

"Yes."

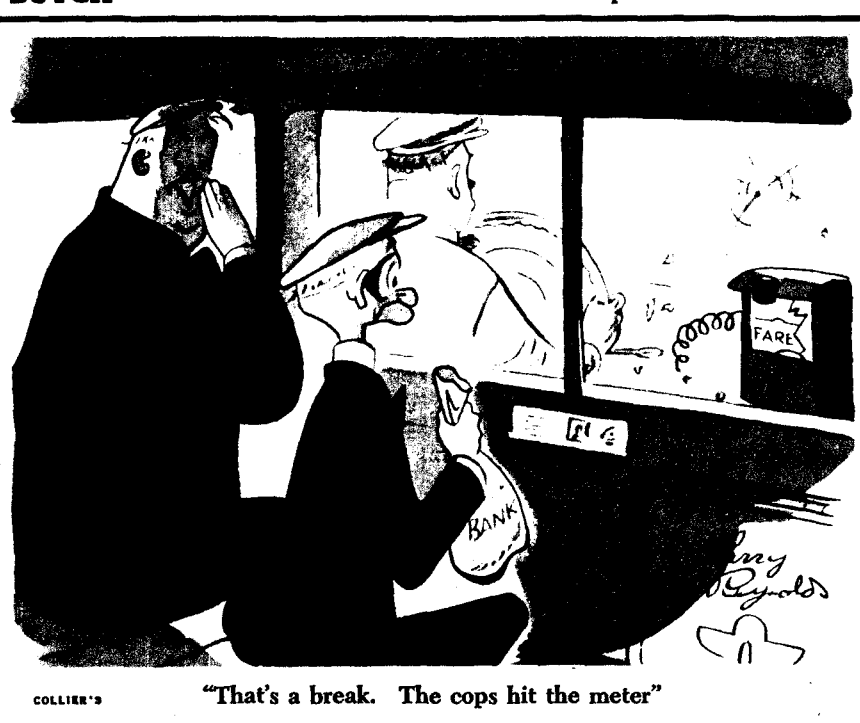
"What makes you so sure it's yours?"

"The little triangular piece that's been chipped off the grip. That was mentioned at my trial."

Walsh said, "We can check it easy enough against the bullet that killed Nulty. We've still got that. But what in-

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



"Yes."

"And you, Mrs. Kingsley, can testify that Blake didn't do it?"

Pat said, "Yes."

Marty said, "Sounds like where we came in. You two alibiing each other seems to be a habit."

I'd been thinking the same thing. I'd also been thinking that in the Nulty affair I had told Walsh that Pat's story was untrue. There wasn't anything to compel him to believe that this was different.

He started throwing questions again: "You give Conchita your key?"

I shook my head.

"But when you got here, she was inside the apartment, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"How did she get in?"

"I don't know."

"Does she live here? In this building?"

Pat Kingsley answered. "I don't think so. I'm rather sure she doesn't."

Sergeant Ehrlich wanted to know why it wouldn't be a good hunch for him to find out from downstairs where Conchita lived and then go there and shake the place down. Lieutenants Walsh and Lane thought that was a good idea. Ehrlich said he'd be back right away, and before he left, Marty Walsh told him not to tell anybody downstairs that there had been a murder.

Walsh said, "Did Conchita give you any hint why she wanted to see you alone, Blake?"

"No."

"Who suggested meeting here?"

"She did."

you were his mistress. You come back from court and move in with your husband again. Blake starts living right next door to you. You don't leave your husband, and he doesn't kick you out. You're partying together publicly in the night club your husband is running. You come upstairs together and walk into Conchita Montero. Maybe she was dead when you saw her, maybe she wasn't. Even accepting what you say, it still comes out bad. What's your idea, Mrs. Kingsley?"

Pat said, "I don't know, Lieutenant. I only know that what Steve told you was the truth."

"Okay. Something else, then: After Conchita went to your husband's office with him, did you see her again before you found her lying here dead?"

"No."

"Did you see your husband?"

"No."

"Did he hear Conchita make the appointment to meet Blake?"

"I don't know."

I said, "I don't think either of us knows how long Kingsley had been standing there."

"How long after Kingsley and Conchita walked off did you two come upstairs?"

I said, "I don't know."

"Why don't you know?"

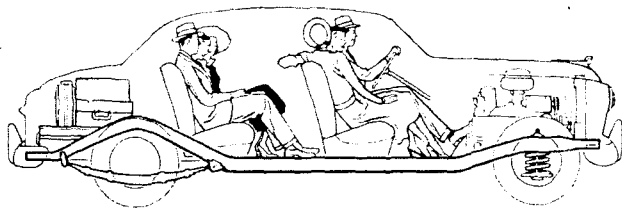
"Pat and I danced. Not long, but some. Then we went to the bar."

"Anybody see you—that you know?"

"Pete Connolly may have. He was at the bar."

Collier's for July 24, 1948

"YOU GET THE NEW
'MID SHIP' RIDE"

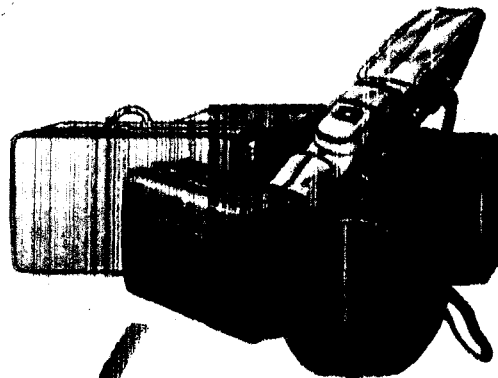


"You get the new 'Mid Ship' Ride—travel 'tween wheels where the going's smoothest! Six travel comfortably in the cradled center section. Plenty of hip and shoulder room for all!"

"IT'S GOT A 'LIFEGUARD' BODY..."



AND 'MAGIC ACTION'
KING-SIZE BRAKES THAT
OPERATE 35% EASIER!"



57% MORE LUGGAGE SPACE

The 49 Ford

"THE REAR WINDOW IS
WINDSHIELD BIG"



"NEW 'PICTURE WINDOW'
VISIBILITY."

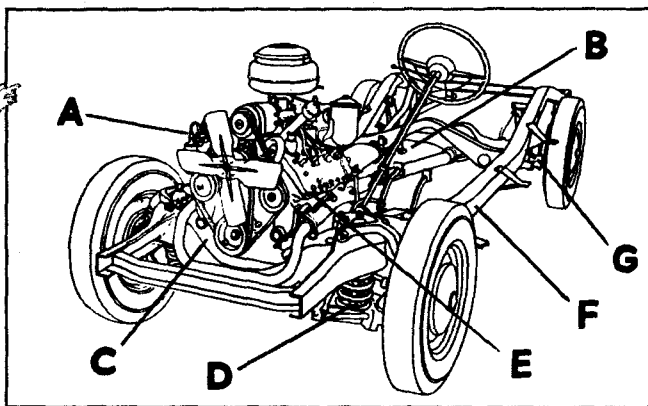


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- G New "Para-Flex" Rear springs. * optional at extra cost

NEW
There's a **Ford** in your future

terests me is this: How come Conchita had it in her bag?"

That was a hot one. I said, "You're sure . . . ?"

"I ain't just playing games, Stevie boy. Right there in her bag, it was. One shell fired."

"But she wasn't shot, was she?"

"Nope. Strangled. This gun hasn't been used for a long time. Since October 4th maybe. But finding it on her still brings up an idea."

"What sort of an idea?" I asked.

"Just suppose . . ." He was deliberately dragging it out, letting it sink in: "Just suppose you killed Nulty with this gun. Suppose you gave it to Conchita to keep on account she was crazy about you, and you thought you could trust her? How do you like that idea, Steve?"

I said, "Not very much, Marty. And besides, I've been tried and acquitted on the Nulty thing."

"Right." Walsh smiled cheerfully. "But you haven't been tried for the murder of Conchita Montero. Not yet!"

The Casa Linda was a very sound building. It was strictly prewar construction. The walls between the apartments were almost soundproof. However, noises could filter out through the doors which opened into the corridors.

THERE were plenty of noises now. Every few seconds you could hear the cops in the hall telling people to stand back, you could hear them saying that they didn't know what was happening inside, and that they wouldn't tell if they did know. Then one of them opened the door and motioned to Marty Walsh. He said bitterly, "There's a slew of reporters out here, Lieutenant. They want in. They say they got a right."

Bert Lane went into the hall, leaving the door just a little ajar. I could see his pleasant, friendly face and hear his soft voice. He asked the press boys to take it easy; there'd be plenty to say after a while, but not quite yet. He was a sharp cookie, that Lane; he knew how to handle them without making them mad. Then I heard his voice tighten. He said, "Look, Mister—nobody's allowed in."

Another voice: "But I'm Wade Ramsay. I own this building."

Lane stuck his head in the door and looked inquiringly at Walsh. Marty nodded. "Hell, yes—let him in, Bert. We need him."

Usually, Wade Ramsay looked as serene as a desert sunrise. But not now. His forehead was corrugated with worry lines, and he was mopping his face with a crumpled handkerchief. He said, "What goes on in here?"

Then he saw Conchita's body. He said something under his breath. He said, "Dead?" and Marty Walsh nodded.

Ramsay's eyes flashed to mine. Then he looked at Pat Kingsley. He didn't ask questions in words, but it was simple enough to guess what he was thinking. Bert Lane said, "We don't know anything yet, Mr. Ramsay—except that somebody killed her."

"But good Lord! Conchita! Who in the world . . ."

I knew what he meant. It was one of those things you could know and still not believe. She was—she had been—a kid—a vivacious, gay, lovely kid. She couldn't have had any enemies. Walsh was saying, "That's the way murder is, Mr. Ramsay. We're sorry. We know this is bad publicity for the Casa Linda."

"I'm not worried about bad publicity. I'm shocked, that's all." He looked again at where Pat and I were standing.

Walsh was talking: "Isn't there some place we could use as a conference room, Mr. Ramsay? The technical boys will be here in a little while."

Ramsay said, "The office, if you'd like. It's on the mezzanine."

Walsh said, "You were in the group tonight, weren't you? With Steve Blake?"

"Yes."

"I wonder whether you'd be good enough to round up the rest of 'em. Take them to your office." Walsh consulted a list he had made while Pat and I were talking. "That'll be Miss Mason, Pete Connolly, Brian Garland and Mario"—he paused for emphasis—"and Rex Kingsley. Definitely Kingsley."

I saw a strange, frightened light deep inside Pat's eyes at mention of her husband. That setup was still something I couldn't understand. Maybe I never would. Ramsay left to find the others. I said to Marty Walsh, "Have you been having me watched since I moved in here?"

Marty said, "No. What gives you the idea?"

I told him about the man I'd caught staring at me in the club, the man in gray who was wearing a blue suit tonight. Walsh said, "He's not one of our men. We're too shorthanded as it is. The people who vote the money for the police department forget we're not a village

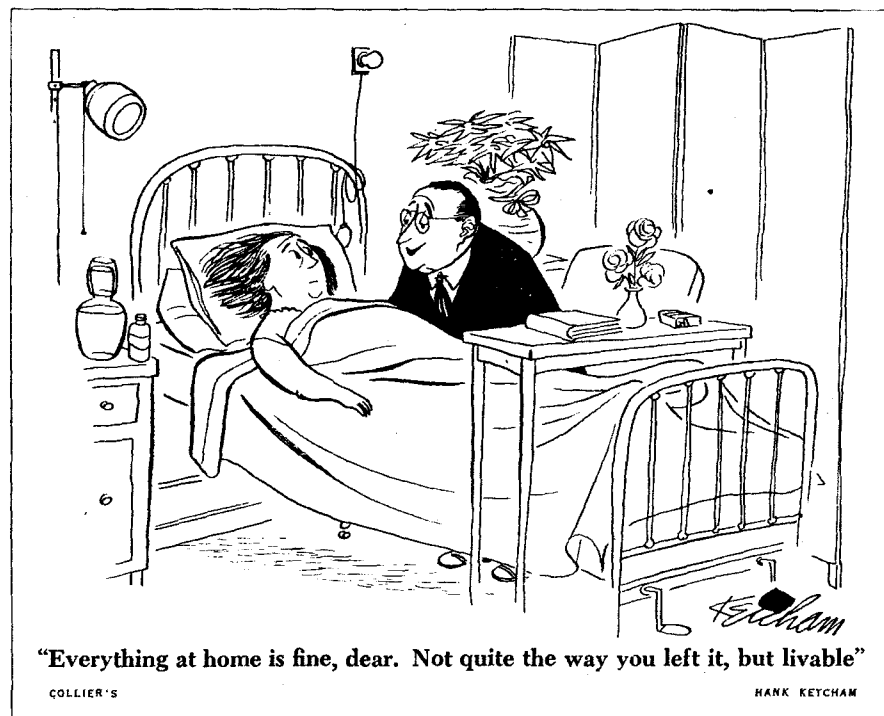
bered. Walsh said, "Miss Mason, where did you go when you left the table?"

"I powdered my nose."

"And after that?"

"I went back into the club. Our table was empty. I looked around for the others, but didn't see them. Then I found Mr. Connolly in the bar. He was with a group of men who looked important. So I waited until I could catch his eye. Then he left them and joined me. We danced."

Walsh checked with the others. The stories they told sounded plausible enough. Pete Connolly said that he had gone to the bar and stayed there until he saw Rusty waiting for him. Brian Garland stated that he'd had a couple too many and had gone outside for a little fresh air. No, he didn't see anyone he knew. No, he hadn't gone upstairs and hadn't seen Conchita. Wade Ramsay had chatted with Mario, had visited the lobby and had relaxed there long enough to smoke a cigar. He said he hadn't seen Conchita, either; nor had he seen



any more. If this lad is interested in you, it's probably just because you're a famous person. Had your picture in the paper and all. That carries a lot of weight around Hollywood."

Someone showed up from the coroner's office, and right behind him came the photographers and fingerprint men. Marty went outside and closed the door after him. I learned later that he herded the reporters down the hall and gave them enough for their stories.

Lieutenant Lane offered to stay with the body, and Walsh accepted the offer and thanked him. Then Marty led the way through the crowd which jammed the hallway. We trailed behind: Pat and myself and Vic Tremont acting as rear-guard. We rode down in the elevator, got off at the mezzanine, and went to Rusty Mason's office.

RAMSAY had worked well. The others were all there: Connolly, looking small and hard and bewildered; Rusty, gorgeous and frightened; Brian Garland, still short and portly, but looking less like a cherub than I'd ever seen him. And, leaning insolently against Rusty Mason's desk, with his arms folded—Rex Kingsley. He looked us over as we entered and said, "Again! How interesting!"

Wade Ramsay was acting like a nervous mother hen with a brood of very young chickens. He opened the door to his own office and told Marty that if there was any private talking to be done, he could use that room.

Marty checked over the events of the evening as Pat and I had related them, and asked for confirmation. Everyone agreed that was the way they remem-

bered. Walsh said, "Miss Mason, where did you go when you left the table?"

"I was in my office."

"That's on the same floor with the club?"

"Yes."

"How long was Conchita with you?"

"Two-three minutes."

"What did you want to see her about?"

"I wanted her to start rehearsing a new song. I also told her to change her rumba routines. She's been doing those same numbers too long."

"Did she like your suggestions?"

"No. She gave me an argument."

"Where did she go when she left you?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"And you stayed alone in your office? No one came in?"

"Correct."

"Then nobody can prove that you were there, can they? No one can prove that you didn't leave the office?"

Rex said, "You smart cops give me a pain. But you can't tie me up to Conchita's death."

"Maybe not . . ." Marty left that hanging. "But the fact remains that you could have walked up to the mezzanine and gone from there to the seventh floor either on foot or by the automatic elevator, couldn't you?"

"Sure. And I could have followed Conchita into Blake's apartment and killed her and come back downstairs

without being seen. Except that I didn't. I never commit murders on Saturday night."

"Jeff Nulty was killed on a Saturday."

"So he was. But I didn't do that, either. This is my sabbatical year. One out of every seven, I don't commit a single murder."

Marty Walsh's voice was hard as nails. He said, "Jeff Nulty hired Conchita, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"How did you and she get along?"

"I'm usually irresistible, but she managed to fight me off."

"Did she fight Nulty off, too?"

"I'm sure I don't know. They didn't sell tickets when they were together."

RUSTY MASON asked if she might say something. Walsh nodded. "Conchita came here from Cuba," she explained. "This was her first engagement in the States. She had picture ambitions. They all have. She and Jeff Nulty had a quarrel. I don't know what about, but I think he was making passes at her. That idea is based on things I put together from what she told me. Anyway, on the night of October 3d—that's the night before Mr. Nulty was killed—he fired Conchita. She told me about it the next day. She was terribly upset. She had a contract and would continue to draw her salary, but the fact that she had been fired promised to ruin any movie chances she might have had. Right after Nulty's death, Mr. Kingsley was made manager of the club. He put Conchita back in the show."

She stopped talking. Rex Kingsley said something, and Pete Connolly moved fast. He looked like a mosquito about to attack a leopard, but he didn't get there. Sergeant Tremont caught his arm. He said, "Take it easy, fella."

Rex ignored him. He said to Walsh, "What's all this talk about Nulty, anyway? I thought that issue was closed."

"Oh, yeah? Well, listen, Mister Kingsley: It ain't closed. For the first time we're finding out things we didn't know before. Miss Montero's death seems to tie in with Nulty. So do you. So does the Casa Linda. Mr. Blake was tried for that—and acquitted. But that's not to say that if somebody else killed Nulty, we couldn't start all over again."

Walsh turned his attention back to Rusty Mason. He asked about Conchita's pictures, and Rusty showed him the catchall closet where they had been tossed. She had described it pretty accurately. It was a mess. The floor was piled high with theatrical photos—things that had been sent in by performers and agents. At Walsh's request, Rusty got down on her knees and rooted. She came up with four excellent pictures of the dead girl. "She evidently didn't find them," she said, holding them out to Marty.

He said, "She found something. Something she recognized. Something that was more interesting to her than the pictures she wanted. She found Steve Blake's gun. I've got an idea we'll be able to prove that's the gun that killed Jeff Nulty. So it keeps right on tying in." He stopped long enough to light a cigarette. "This your office, Miss Mason?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been Mr. Ramsay's secretary?"

"A little more than two years."

"How long have you known Kingsley?"

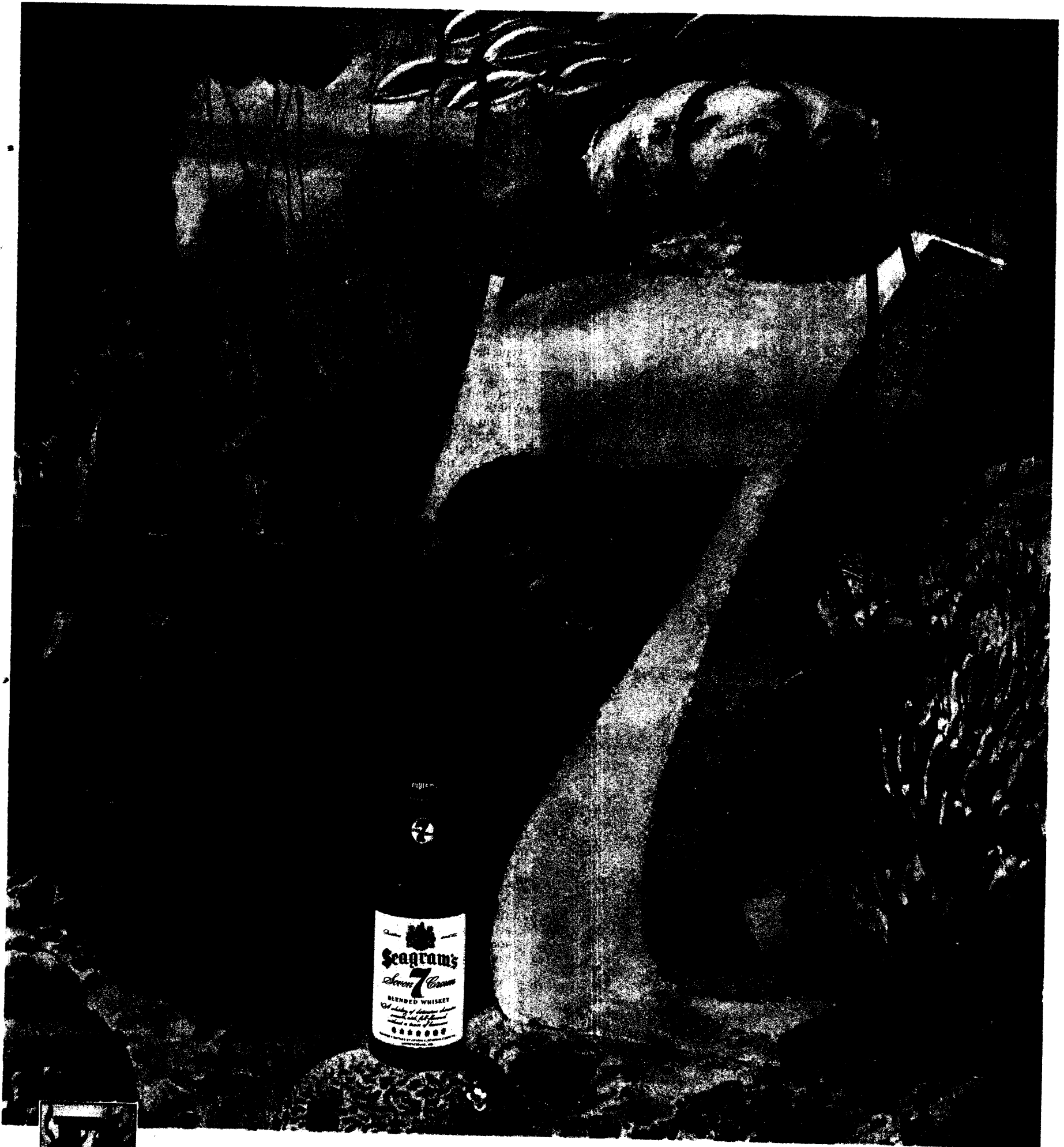
"Ever since I came to work here. He was Mr. Nulty's assistant then."

"Does he have free access to this office?"

"Mr. Kingsley? Sure. He comes in all the time to discuss business with Mr. Ramsay."

"And if Kingsley had had a gun, he would have known that the closet yonder might be a good place to hide it."

Vic Tremont said, "Conchita musta

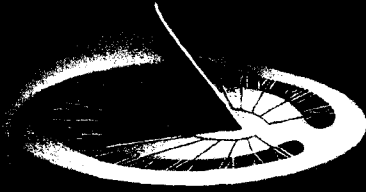


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found the gun in that closet. It adds up that way. She'd recognize it by its broken butt. If she had fell for Steve Blake, she'd wanna give it to him."

I said, "Listen, Marty. Just before Conchita left the table tonight, she dropped her bag. I picked it up for her. There was no gun in it. Nothing heavy. So she obviously found it sometime between then and when she came back to the table all excited and said she wanted to talk to me privately."

Walsh let his eyes rove over the assemblage. He asked, "How many of you heard her make the date to meet Blake in his apartment?"

Connolly said, "I did."

Pat Kingsley said, "So did I."

The others all said they hadn't. Walsh asked, "How about you, Kingsley?"

"I don't remember."

Walsh continued, as though talking to himself: "Of course, the gun doesn't have to have been in that closet at all. We don't even know for sure Conchita went there. But we do know that the last time she was seen, she was on her way to Rex Kingsley's private office. That had been Jeff Nulty's office, too. What's to say she might not have found the gun there, that Kingsley might have seen her, and that he followed her upstairs. If it was that way, then hearing her make the date with Blake would mean plenty to him."

Rex asked, "Of course you couldn't think of the obvious thing, could you?"

"Which is?"

"That the date might have been filled as planned. That Conchita could have given Blake the gun. And that he might have killed her."

"Why?"

"I wouldn't be knowing, but why couldn't it be that Blake was willing to do a second killing in order to protect a lady."

"Meaning your wife?"

"Perhaps." Rex was loving it. "After all, it wouldn't be the first time he risked his neck to protect her."

The telephone rang and Rusty Mason answered it. She said, "For you, Lieutenant."

Walsh spoke briefly, and in monosyllables. He put the phone back on its cradle and looked at us.

"We're on the right merry-go-round," he said. "That was the crime lab. Jeff Nulty was killed with Blake's gun."

AT FOUR o'clock in the morning, Marty told us all to go home. Vic Tremont had taken our names, addresses and telephone numbers. So many questions and answers had flown back and forth that none of them made sense any more. Walsh told us to hold ourselves in readiness for the inquest. He said it might be Monday or Tuesday.

Someone asked him about discussing the case, and he said we could use our own judgment: Some of us were going to talk anyway, and it was silly to try to put the brakes on. He shooed us out of Rusty's office.

There were two elevators. Rex Kingsley pressed the down button on one. Where he was going or why, I don't know, and was too tired to care. Wade Ramsay poked his forefinger on the up button of the second elevator and let Pat get in first. He and I followed.

Pat and I got off at the seventh floor and walked slowly down the hall. At my apartment I took out my key and looked at her. Fatigue showed in dark circles under her eyes. She looked completely drained out. I said, "Does coffee keep you awake?" and she said that nothing could keep her awake now. I suggested that she come in my place.

The apartment looked different. Not even a dead body lying on the rug. The cops and technical men hadn't done a perfect job of leaving things neat, but it was pretty good. I motioned Pat to a chair, gave her a cigarette and went into

my little kitchen. I put coffee in the percolator and started it going. I stood in the doorway while it perked.

I said, "It's none of my business, Pat—but I still don't get it."

"You don't get what?"

"How you can live with a louse like Kingsley. Why you went to bat for me while I was on trial. Why you didn't walk out on your husband right afterward, or why he didn't kick you out. Why he led with his chin tonight and got the cops sore. Why you came in here with me, knowing he might come upstairs any minute and discover we're together. What there ever was between you and that sort of stuffed shirt to begin with."

Far back in her eyes a little glint of amusement tried to break through. She said, "Is that all you don't understand?"

"Not quite."

The percolator started making little bubbling noises. A delicate, tantalizing aroma began to fill the tiny kitchen and seep through into the other room.

"Maybe," I said, "he's a hot-shot in his own league. But that isn't where you belong."

"What makes you so sure?"

"You're out of different molds. No matter why you've made this peculiar move, you're not that way basically."

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Sitting on the porch at Shangri-La, in the Maryland hills in August, 1942, a tired F.D.R. marks for Sherwood the last verse of the 39th Psalm, "O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more."

And he's just an ex-hoover with a limp."

There was a touch of color in her cheeks. She was silent for about a minute, studying the tips of her fingers intently, as though she'd never seen them before. She looked very lonely, very weary and very lovely.

I poured two cups of coffee and placed them on the coffee table. That left us sitting side by side on the couch.

She said, suddenly, as though no time had elapsed since my broadside of questions, "I've been Rex's wife for more than three years."

"To marry a man," I said, "you only have to be wrong once. For a very little while." I drank some of the coffee. It was still too hot, and it scalded my throat. But it tasted good. "It isn't economic necessity that keeps you together," I continued. "You've probably got all the money you need."

She nodded.

"It must be love, then." I didn't like the way that sounded. "Perhaps the old biological urge got off the track and stayed off."

She spoke softly. "I don't love him," she said. "I haven't for a long time."

"Then why . . . ?"

"It's no use, Steve. There are some things I'm not talking about. To you or anyone else. You don't know me well enough to understand. Probably nobody does. I've already told you more than I intended to tell. That's because I'm worried about you."

"Why should you be concerned?"

"I . . ." Her eyes met mine. Held. Then the color mounted to her cheeks again, and she turned away abruptly. "Skip it."

"Let's not skip it. What's going on between us? Why should we worry about each other? Why should I be concerned over what might happen to you? Why should you be bothered about me?"

She said, "I don't know. I don't think I want to know."

"Well, I do." We had put our coffee cups on the table. I reached out and turned her toward me. I didn't do any thinking. I pulled her close and kissed her. She didn't pull away.

I had no feeling of guilt, no feeling that I had kissed another man's wife. I kissed her again. Then I released her and stood up. I felt no regret. But I was definitely embarrassed. I said, "I'm sorry, Pat."

"I'm sorry, too."

"I don't know why I did it."

"I could have stopped you," she said steadily.

"Why didn't you?"

Instead of answering, she got up. She picked up her bag and started for the door. "For some reason," she said, "you're sorry for me. That's nice to know. But it still isn't your affair, Steve. I'd be happier if you kept out of it."

She put her hand in mine and said good night. We were standing close. But she wasn't inviting me to kiss her again. I said good night, too, and opened the door.

REX KINGSLEY was in the hallway. He was leaning against the wall opposite my door. The door to his own apartment, 7-A, was open.

He said, too sweetly, "Time for us to go home, darling."

He took her arm. I went back into my apartment and closed the door. Mr. Kingsley was becoming highly unpopular with me. With a few words he had caused something which had seemed beautiful to turn sour.

I knew I didn't have a chance of sleeping. I turned in as a matter of routine. I hit the sack and didn't know anything more until ten in the morning. I heated up the coffee I'd made the night before, smoked a cigarette and picked up the Sunday papers outside my door.

Conchita's death had happened very late but the boys had made the most of what they had, and the first pages had been remade. The headlines were 8-column and they sizzled.

After I had bathed and dressed, I called the operator and asked for the penthouse. Wade Ramsay answered the phone. He didn't sound sleepy, and in answer to my suggestion, he told me to come right up. I went.

Ramsay looked somewhat punch-drunk, but otherwise okay. He told me he'd checked out of his regular Sunday morning foursome: didn't feel quite up to it—particularly the inevitable questioning—after what had happened last night. That brought me right into the subject of my visit.

I told him how sorry I was. I said, "But what I'm really concerned about is that you're involved, Wade. What hap-

pened last night only proves that I was right. It was all unfinished business. I had a hunch things were going to keep right on happening."

Ramsay seemed worried, which was only natural, but he took it philosophically. Maybe the curtain had been rung down, maybe this would be all, he suggested. I shook my head. I said, "You don't think that, really?"

"Why not?"

"Because nobody knows anything yet. Because Jeff Nulty is coming back into the picture. Whether you believe it or not, I didn't kill Nulty. But the case against me was so strong that the cops didn't bother looking for anybody else. I've managed to stir things up. Nulty has suddenly become important again. And I still don't know anything about him."

Ramsay said, "You knew he was an ex-convict."

"Everybody knew that. But I'd like to know more."

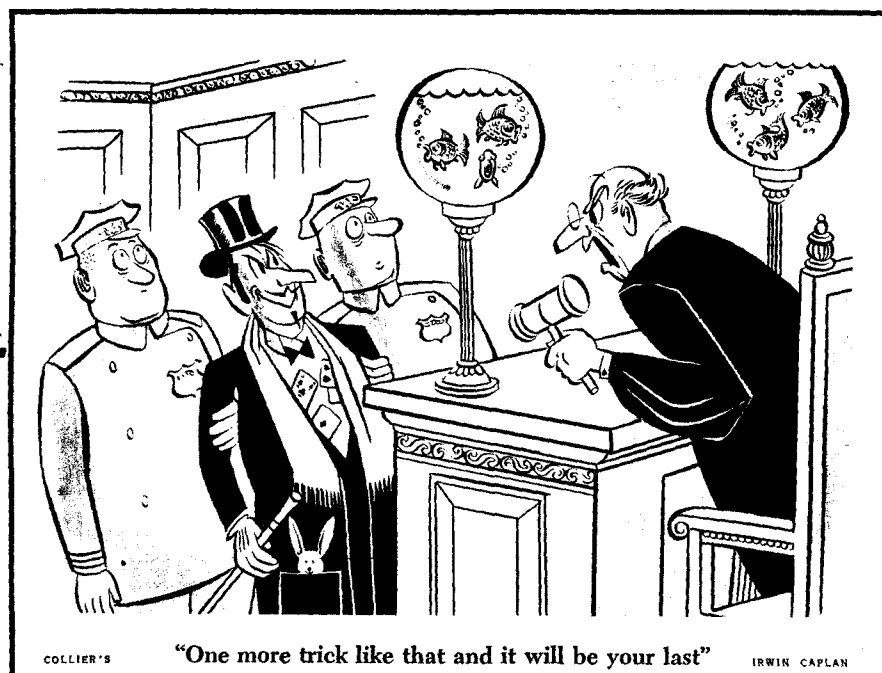
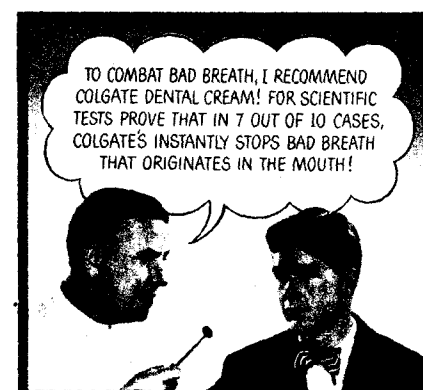
"I haven't all the minor details," Wade said, "because they never seemed to matter. He was convicted in San Francisco for armed robbery. He served approximately three years in San Quentin, from 1938 to 1941. I haven't the faintest idea what he did immediately after being released. But I do know that he went to work for my father in October, 1943." He broke off for a question. "Do you know anything about my father?"

I said I didn't.

"He was an invalid," Wade explained. "He was also somewhat eccentric. He was a shrewd businessman, of course, and a successful one." He made an apologetic gesture. "He wasn't at all like me. As a matter of fact, he didn't approve of me. He thought I didn't take life with sufficient seriousness. He was bitterly disappointed because I didn't take advantage of the profession he had forced on me. I was a graduate electrical engineer, and he wanted me to work at it. But I didn't. Oh, I always enjoyed fooling around with gadgets, and electricity, as such, amused me. But that's as far as it went. I couldn't see burdening myself with hard work I didn't like, when we had plenty of money. Result: I enjoyed myself. I went at it rather efficiently. Dad didn't have much tolerance for gaiety. But he was a charitable man. He had established the Ormond Ramsay Foundation, and he was always reaching out a helping hand."

"He suffered his first paralytic stroke in August of 1943. These apartments were new then. Dad lived here in the penthouse, alone. He had a male nurse—not a very satisfactory one. Through one of his charities he met Jeff Nulty. Nulty had worked in the hospital at San Quentin. That appealed to Dad. Anyway,

Wow! She said a mouthful!

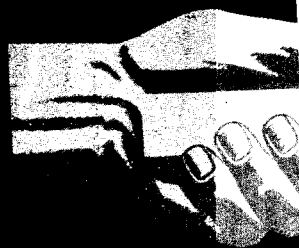


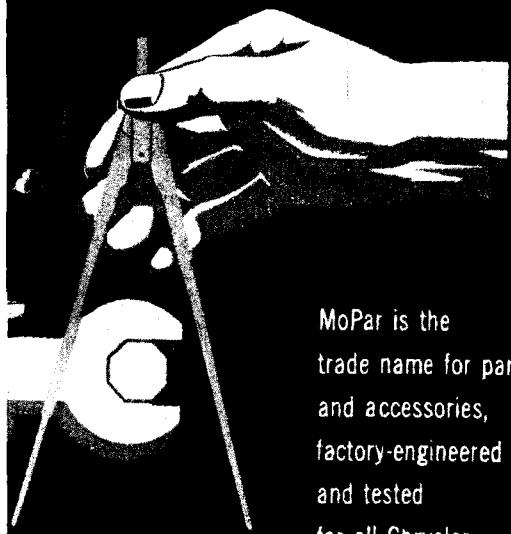


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Nulty went to work for him—as nurse—on October 10th of that year.

"For a big, tough man, Nulty was amazingly good. He was gentle as a woman with Dad. There was a housekeeper, too, of course, but Jeff apparently became a companion as well as a nurse. He was the shining star in Dad's diadem of good deeds. I didn't see very much of them, because I had the unfortunate faculty of making Dad angry when we argued about things. But from what I could observe, and what Dad told me, Jeff Nulty was tops.

"When Dad died in June of 1946, I wasn't surprised to discover that he had left Nulty ten thousand dollars in cash. He also left ten thousand dollars to Mrs. Martha Collins, his housekeeper. I got what was left, which was quite a bit. It included this apartment house.

"In spite of the fact that I hadn't been too close to my father, I was fond of him. I deeply appreciated the care he had got from Nulty. So when Jeff came to me and reminded me of the many times Dad and I had discussed a night club here in the building—a proposition which my father vehemently disapproved—I was interested. I built the club and put Nulty in charge. Anywhere but in Hollywood, it would have been a silly thing to do."

It was simple enough, and understandable. I said, "As far as you know, Nulty never slipped back into any criminal activities?"

"Never. He didn't need to. Dad had left him ten thousand dollars. I gave him a large salary, a percentage of the club profits, and an apartment on the mezzanine."

"Who lives in that apartment now?"

"No one. Not since ... " He paused.

"I remember the place," I said. "That was where I visited him the time I didn't kill him." I lighted a cigarette. "How do you like Rex Kingsley?"

"Not at all. But he was the logical choice for manager of the club."

"Why?"

"He knows show business. He probably did the actual running of the place for Nulty. I'm giving him the same salary and bonus that Nulty got."

"Who do you think killed Conchita?" He shook his head. "We'd all like to know that, Steve."

"Do you tie it up with Nulty's death?"

"I haven't any fixed opinion. But it looks that way."

"It could have been Rex Kingsley in both cases."

"I don't agree with you."

"Why not?"

"Not enough in it for him. The most you can figure he'd get out of it would be Nulty's job as manager. That's not a terribly strong motive."

I said, "Motive doesn't have to be financial. Suppose they both liked Conchita?"

"And ... ?"

"Well, if she was fond of Nulty, and if she discovered that Rex killed him ... "

Wade Ramsay got up and dropped a friendly hand on my shoulder. "I think you're squeezing that idea too hard, Steve. It could be, of course. But it's not likely. And I'd like to advise you—"

"—To stay out of the mess? It's a little too late for that, Wade. I've got to keep going. It isn't curiosity any more. It's self-preservation."

"And Pat Kingsley, perhaps?"

I nodded. "Yes," I admitted. "She probably has a lot to do with it."

THE inquest was held on Tuesday. It was brief, chatty. There were lots of questions and answers. After careful deliberation the jury decided that Conchita Montero was dead, that she had been murdered, and that they didn't know where to place the blame. I don't know much about legal procedure, but I had a feeling that Marty Walsh had engineered that. I knew he wasn't sold on my innocence, but he also wasn't starting the old

rat race again unless he was sure he could make it stick.

Tuesday, after the inquest, Brian Garland talked things over with me. He used a lot of words and said nothing. At least he said nothing I hadn't heard before. Except that now he agreed I couldn't get out if I wanted to. He said this was the damndest thing he'd ever run across, and that if we ever got it washed up, he'd stick to civil practice.

That night I ate alone in the Casa Linda. I had no intention of seeing the show. A dance team had been booked to replace Conchita, but I didn't want to see them.

There was only one thing about the meal I found hard to take. My friend with the gray suit, the sparse hair, the compact figure and the inquisitive gray eyes was at his usual wall table, watching me. He had been too inquisitive too long. He made me nervous. I had a hunch that he wasn't interested in anyone there except me.

Well, that made us all even. I wanted to know more about him: who he was, where he lived, why he made so little effort to conceal his interest in me.

I FINISHED dinner, paid my check and strolled into the apartment-house lobby. Soon thereafter the gent in gray appeared. He stopped long enough to light a cigar, looked me over once, and then went out into the street. I watched him through the slab of plate glass that served as one of the doors.

He climbed into a car. It was a convertible, one of the less-expensive makes, and the top was down. He sat at the wheel, looking back at the Casa Linda as though undecided whether to come back. His decision was evidently against that because I saw him take out a bunch of keys and fit one into the ignition.

I acted on impulse. My car was outside, not far behind his. I had parked there because when I returned from downtown the basement garage of the Casa Linda had been full. I had nothing to do, and no place to go. It might be fun to follow this man.

When he rolled west on Sunset, I followed. It was easy enough. Convertibles are as common as termites in southern California, but in December there aren't many with their tops down. I stayed a block or so behind him, being careful that he didn't lose me behind a changing traffic light.

He drove fairly fast once he passed the Beverly Hills line and traffic thinned out. Then he swung off into one of the roads that wind into the mountains.

If he was headed home, he sure lived in a wild area. The canyons of the Santa Monica mountains are all of that. The air was crisp, and it had the fragrance of fresh green that you get in southern California after the first rains.

The road turned and twisted and got more and more lonely. There were cliffs on one side and steep drops on the other. The sky was full of a million stars. Most of the time I couldn't see his headlights, the road twisted so, but there was no way he could lose me because until we reached one of the main highways, there were no turnoffs. I could afford to take my time.

I didn't see the car behind me until it started coming up fast. It came up the road behind me, and I felt myself getting tense. No reason; just an idea. I forgot the car I'd been following, and concentrated on the car which seemed to be following me.

I had a quick premonition of danger. I pressed the accelerator experimentally. My car jumped ahead, and immediately the pursuing car speeded up. I became increasingly aware of the desolate country all around me. The city was close, but it might as well have been a thousand miles away.

I had no accurate idea of where I was. I knew in a general way of course, but

Collier's for July 24, 1948

not precisely. I told myself that the car behind me was just another car, but I couldn't make myself believe it. Normally, I don't scare any more easily than the average guy, but I was scared then.

The other car was a sedan, a big one. It caught me on a curve and swerved toward the high side, pressing me against the mountain. Of course, I didn't have to stop. I could have crashed.

Two men stepped out of the other car. One was tall and lean. The lights of both cars were still on, and I got a fairly good look at him. He looked as though he had been through a lot of trouble and had thrived on it. His shoulders were broad, his forehead was narrow. The man who had been driving was shorter, stockier and looked even more dangerous. That was because he was carrying a gun. The gun was pointed at my belt buckle. He said, in a voice which sounded like a file on iron, "Out!"

I got out. I'd always wondered what the cornered rat felt like; now I was learning. Being afraid wasn't buying me anything. I said, "What is this, a stickup?"

The chunky man said to the tall one, "He wants to know is this a stickup. Him!"

That didn't make too much sense to me, but it amused the tall one. He said, "You'll find out."

Lovely situation. I got ready to do the best I could, but I suspected that it wouldn't be half enough. They converged on me from both sides. The tall man spoke. He had a nasal rasping voice. He said, "Listen, Blake—you ain't in no healthy spot."

I agreed with him so completely that there didn't seem to be any sense in commenting. Tall boy went on: "You're mixin' up in things that ain't your business."

"What?"

The short lad said, "What? Listen at that, Slim. He wants to know what."

Slim said, "You're clean on that thing you was tried for. You better stay that way."

"Did you chase me way out here to tell me that?"

Shorty said, "Listen at him. He asts did we chase him way out here to tell him that. He asts the damndest questions."

"From now on," said Slim, and his voice was flat and deadly, "you're mindin' your own business. Otherwise you get hurt. Bad."

"How bad?"

"Slim, look . . ."

"I know," I snapped. "Tell Slim I said, 'How bad?' Maybe his hearing isn't so good."

"Wise guy," murmured Shorty in a hurt tone. "Always wise guys I run into."

"You been buildin' up trouble," Slim said. "You keep on throwin' fast ones, an' you'll be in a nasty little jam."

"Who are you working for?"

"Just us. Just me and Ernie. We work for ourselves."

"Did you know Jeff Nulty? Or Conchita Montero?"

"Fella, you ain't takin' us serious enough. Ernie, you show him how serious he oughta take us."

I didn't see Ernie move. He swung with his right hand, and the barrel of his gun slammed against the side of my head. I staggered. The blow hurt so badly that I forgot to go on being afraid.

"We got to teach the guy a lesson," stated Slim from what seemed like a great distance. "He ain't reasonable."

THIS time I saw Ernie's right hand move. I ducked and hit. It was a nice, satisfying blow, though it didn't seem to hurt the stocky guy. I stepped in and grabbed the gun hand, and at the same instant a pair of steely arms closed around me. That was Slim, attacking from the rear.

It wasn't a very even battle, nor a spectacular one. Slim was strong. Ernie was vicious. He let his gun drop, wrenched his left hand loose and swung at me. The blow caught me on the cheek, the cheek the gun hadn't hit. It hurt plenty.

Ernie slugged me again. Before I went down I kicked him in the groin. Slim did something to me and I hit the road like a sack of meal. I hurt all over. Ernie jumped on me and I started butting and kicking. He said, "I'll kill you, you so-and-so," and I didn't question his sincerity.

Slim kicked me in the side while I was down. He said in his harsh, grating voice, "This ain't only a sample. Next time you get it all the way."

I'm fairly powerful; but either of these men could have handled me alone. Ernie quit punching me. He reached for his gun, but Slim picked it up. He said calmly, "We'll save that for later, Ernie."

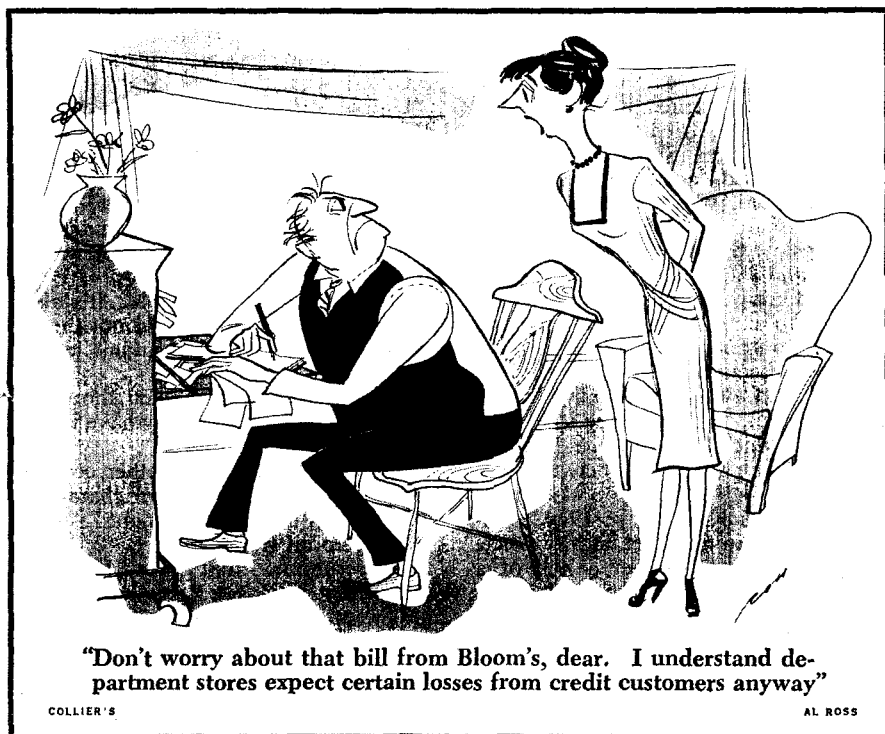
A car whirled around the curve, coming toward us, coming straight into our headlights. Brakes screeched, a door opened and a piece of human dynamite landed on Slim before he could produce the gun again.

This guy was good. He fought fast and he fought hard. I tried doing a little better than my best. I don't know whether I shook Ernie off, or whether he got off by himself. The battle between the stranger and Slim was sizzling. Ernie yelled, "Let's get the hell outa here." He jumped

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"Don't worry about that bill from Bloom's, dear. I understand department stores expect certain losses from credit customers anyway"

COLLIER'S

AL ROSS

for the car and I was too bruised and wobbly to follow.

The motor was still running. I heard Ernie mesh the gears. Slim's right hand came up. He hit the stranger with something. The man sagged long enough for Slim to make the car. It roared away. The stranger stood looking after them, swearing steadily in a low, intense, bitter tone. He spoke to me without turning, "You hurt bad, Blake?"

I got a good look at him. It was my friend of the gray suit, the man whose car I had been chasing. There was a thin trickle of blood running down from his forehead. I said, "I'm not hurt at all. I feel lovely. I..." Then I fell flat on my face.

When I came to I was stretched out on the road, a seat cushion under my head, and the stranger was giving me the business. I struggled up to a sitting posture, and said, "I'm all right now. Really."

He said, "Stickup?"

I started to say, "Look, Slim, the guy wants to know is this a stickup," but it didn't seem funny enough, so I didn't say it. I said, "They were working me over, trying to scare me. They succeeded on both counts."

"They know you?"

"Yes." My face felt like forty-two cents' worth of ground round. I said, "I owe you plenty."

"Forget it."

"How'd you happen to come back?"

He grinned. "I wondered why you stopped chasing me."

"Oh! So you knew?"

"Hell, yes. Can you drive?"

"I think so. If I go slow and use only one eye at a time."

"You go first. I'll follow." He grinned again. "You were doing all right, Blake."

"You just say that to be sweet. I was having the tar knocked out of me." I lurched toward my car and climbed in. I said, "I don't even know your name."

He fished out a card and handed it to me with a flourish. I glanced at it in the glow of the dash light:

FLOYD ANDREWS

Insurance

"Insurance," I said. "I'm the wrong guy, Andrews. On the basis of what those monkeys promised, I'm the world's worst risk."

I CAME out of the bathroom, seated myself opposite Floyd Andrews, knocked off a slug of straight Scotch, and tried to make believe that I didn't feel like a disaster. Andrews had a knot on the side of his head, and his natty gray suit wasn't natty any more, but otherwise he didn't look too bad.

"I'm supposed to be sore at you, Andrews," I said. "But after what happened..."

"Hell!" he said, "I'd have done that for anybody." He lighted a cigarette, blew a long, thin streamer of smoke and looked me over. "Nothing wrong with you that time and sleep won't cure. How serious were those guys?"

"I don't know."

"Know 'em?"

I shook my head.

"What'd they say? What gave you ideas?"

"They didn't say much. Just that I'd better start minding my own business or it would be just too bad."

"Why were you chasing me?"

"Because I wanted to know who you were and where you lived and why you were spying on me."

"I wasn't spying. You're a famous person. I like to look at famous persons. That's why I dine in places I can't afford."

"You're really an insurance man?"

"What else would I be?"

"A private detective, for instance."

"Naah! I was almost one once. Insurance adjuster. You learn the ropes that way."

"You didn't," I said. "You were as obvious as a crinoline girl in a burlesque chorus line."

"That was the idea. I thought maybe you'd brace me eventually."

"If you were that anxious, why didn't you introduce yourself?"

Floyd Andrews shrugged. "And have my ears pinned back for impertinence? That wouldn't have been very smart. I wanted you to do just what you did do. The two mugs and the battle royal were just icing on the cake."

"Did you hire those guys?"

He shook his head and said, "No."

I said, "What's it all about? Try telling me as much of the truth as you can."

"I will. But not all of it. Let's have that understood. I'm interested in you."

"Why?"

"Private reasons. I'd like to ask you a question."

"You haven't been shy so far."

"Who told the truth on the stand—

"What's it to you?"

"That's the thing I'm not telling."

"I thought you were a cop."

"I'm not. I never was. But I think it's a hell of a good profession. Shall I tell you a few things about Pat Kingsley and why she stays hitched to a louse like Rex?"

That was something I really wanted to know. I massaged a couple of my sorest spots, and listened.

"Pat's old man," Andrews said slowly, "is Carey Maxwell. He's nice people. He's also rich. He never handled the reins right on his daughter. He'd let her run wild for a while, and then try to check her. It didn't work out so well."

"About four years ago—she was twenty then—she met Rex Kingsley. He was a lovable louse, and one of the best tap dancers in the world. He was drawing top salary, and had made a picture. Maybe he was going to make others. He was hell with the women. One word

"Between Barstow and the Nevada line the road isn't too good. It's smooth enough, but it's narrow. Maybe she dozed off. Maybe she was careless. Maybe it was the truck's fault. Anyhow, there was a bad accident. Rex Kingsley's foot was crushed. He had a half-dozen operations. He came out of it with only a slight limp, but with the certainty that he'd never dance again. Perhaps he could do a simple tap, but certainly never an acrobatic tap. That accident took away from him the one thing he'd ever had."

"He's a whiner. He started blaming it on Pat before he was ever out of the hospital. She had been driving. It was her fault. She had ruined his career. He couldn't get a job dancing; he didn't know how to do anything else. He sold her on the idea that she was responsible. He never let her forget it. And no matter what she really thought about him, she never let on. She took it on the chin, and is still taking it."

"She supported him. Probably she had always supplied most of the luxuries, but from the day of the accident, he contributed absolutely nothing. Her old man knew Wade Ramsay. When Ramsay decided to install a swank night club after his father died, Pat made a pitch for her husband to be manager. The one thing he knew was show business."

"But Jeff Nulty got the job because he'd been Ormond Ramsay's pet. He got the job plus ten thousand dollars. So the best Rex Kingsley could get was assistant manager. I'm making a point there, an important point. To the average man being manager would be just a job; to Rex Kingsley it was more than that, it was getting somewhere again in show business."

ANDREWS paused, obviously expecting me to say something, so I obliged: "You mean a job wouldn't be much motive for one man's killing another, but that *this* job meant a lot more than that to *this* man?"

"Something like that. I'm not saying it was enough motive for murder, but Kingsley has become nasty and belligerent since his accident."

"Why couldn't Pat leave him?"

"That's not the way she stacks up. For better or for worse—that stuff. She's not the sort who would stick with a man when he was riding high, wide and handsome—then throw him over when he'd had his teeth kicked in. Especially since she felt responsible. She's got a loyalty streak a mile wide. Maybe a stubborn streak, too. My guess is that their romance died long before the accident, but that he's her albatross. Which is why I never got the angle of her public humiliation of him by testifying that you and she were playing games. Unless..."

"Unless what?"

"Unless she *knew* that you hadn't killed Nulty."

"How could she be sure of that?"

"Only by knowing—actually knowing—who did kill him."

"And she would protect a man she didn't love even if she knew he was a murderer?"

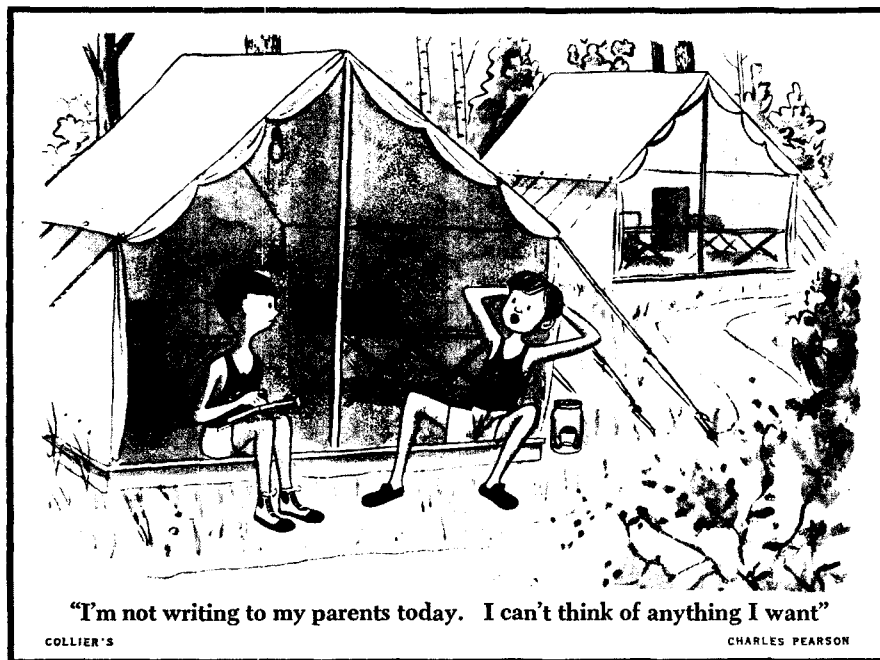
"That's more than possible. It's also possible that while she would not throw him to the wolves, she wouldn't let an innocent man take the rap."

I said, "I've thought—even though I didn't want to—that she may have killed Nulty."

"It doesn't hold. She'd rather confess a killing than wreck her own character. Which brings us back to tonight."

"What about it?"

"Let's assume that Rex Kingsley killed Nulty. Let's say Pat knew it. You and she start going together—right in the open for anybody with the price of a Casa Linda cover charge to see. Kingsley wouldn't like you. Perhaps it would be jealousy. Or hurt pride or something. But more than that, you've proclaimed



when you were being tried for Jeff Nulty's murder: you or Mrs. Kingsley?"

"It's none of your damned business."

"Granted. But I'd still like to know."

"You a friend of hers? Or Kingsley's?"

"I don't know either one. Never even met 'em."

"Then where do you fit in?"

"I don't. I'm merely trying to find out things. Maybe I'm on your team. I'm not sure yet."

"What would make you sure?"

"A word-of-honor answer to my question: Who told the truth on the stand, you or Pat Kingsley?"

"I did."

His eyes looked straight and hard into mine. "I'll buy that," he said. "You wouldn't make a good liar. So that puts me on your side."

"So you say."

"Believe it or not. It doesn't matter to me. But if you've handed it to me straight, then I can give you a lot of information."

"About what?"

"Pat Kingsley. Her husband. The general setup around here. How much do you know about Pat?"

"Nothing."

"Like her?"

I felt a slow flush mounting to my face. I started to say something and found myself looking right into Floyd Andrews' grin. "That's enough answer, Blake. You like her. Or you could, easy as pie. I don't blame you."

I said carefully, "I don't know why I'm talking to you like this. Just because you saved me from a really prime beating—and maybe saved my life..."

"If it'll make you talk, go on being grateful. Talking and listening might make things easier for you. You say you want to learn the score. So do I."

from him and they'd fall flat on their faces and yell, 'Uncle.'

"To Kingsley, Pat represented the things he hadn't been able to win for himself: a million dollars, social position, the works. He wasn't the marrying type, but this was something extra special. He slung his personality at her in chunks. She either fell in love with him, or convinced herself that she had."

"Her old man went wild. He wasn't class-conscious or anything like that. If it was what was good for her, she could have married the iceman. But Kingsley was a wrong Joe. He was wrong clear through: crammed full of ego, big in the head and small in the brain. A guy with a good torso and a pair of clever feet. Carey Maxwell warned his daughter a dozen times. He tried every form of parental persuasion. She accused him of being prejudiced, and he admitted it. They quarreled, which was bad tactics on the old man's part. She up and married Kingsley. He prophesied that she'd regret it, and she said if she ever did, no one would know. And she's just the kind of girl who could take a beating and keep her mouth shut—which is precisely what's she's been doing."

Floyd Andrews was making things clear as crystal. He was doing it with an earnestness which interested me. I figured there had to be something between him and Pat.

"Pat married Kingsley in 1944," Andrews went on in his quiet, steady voice. "I don't think it took her a hell of a long time to discover that she had drawn a blank. But she wasn't the kind of gal to advertise it. In 1945, he got a two weeks' date headlining the show at El Rancho in Las Vegas, Nevada. They drove up together. She was doing the driving. In her car."

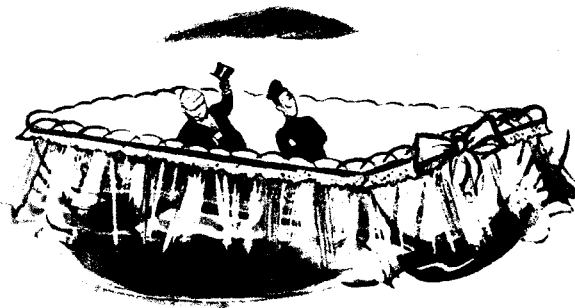
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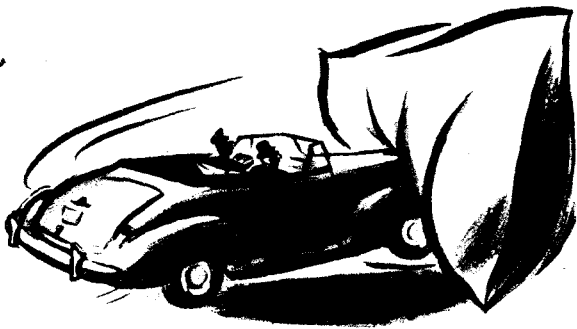
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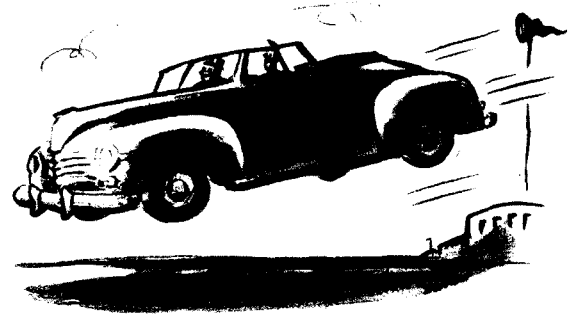
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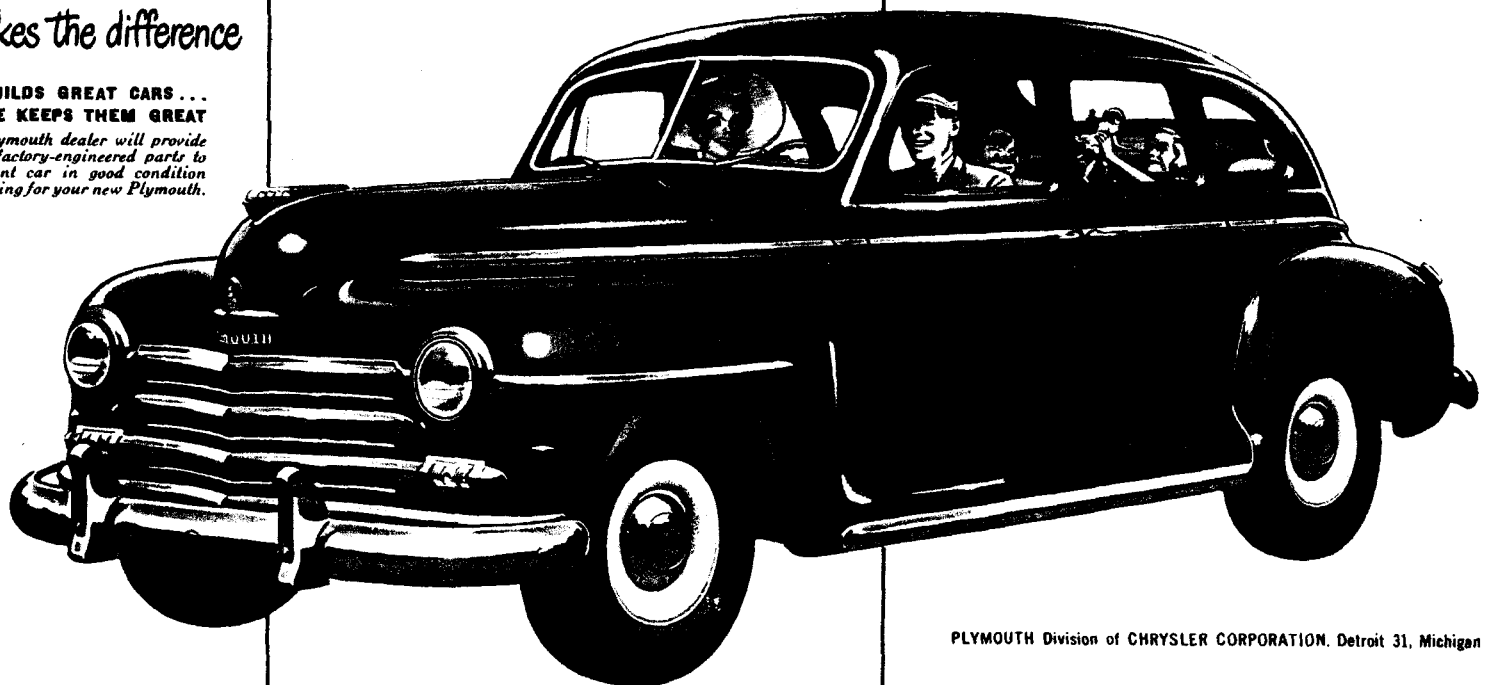


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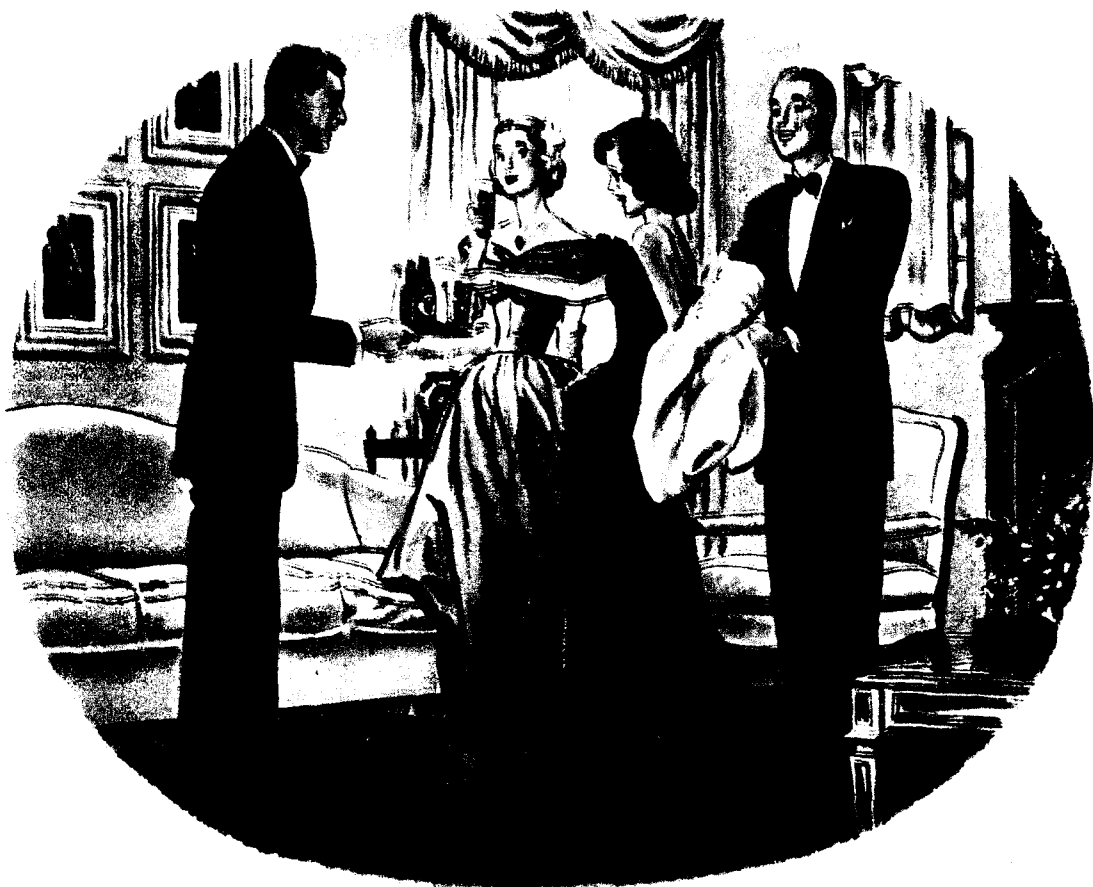
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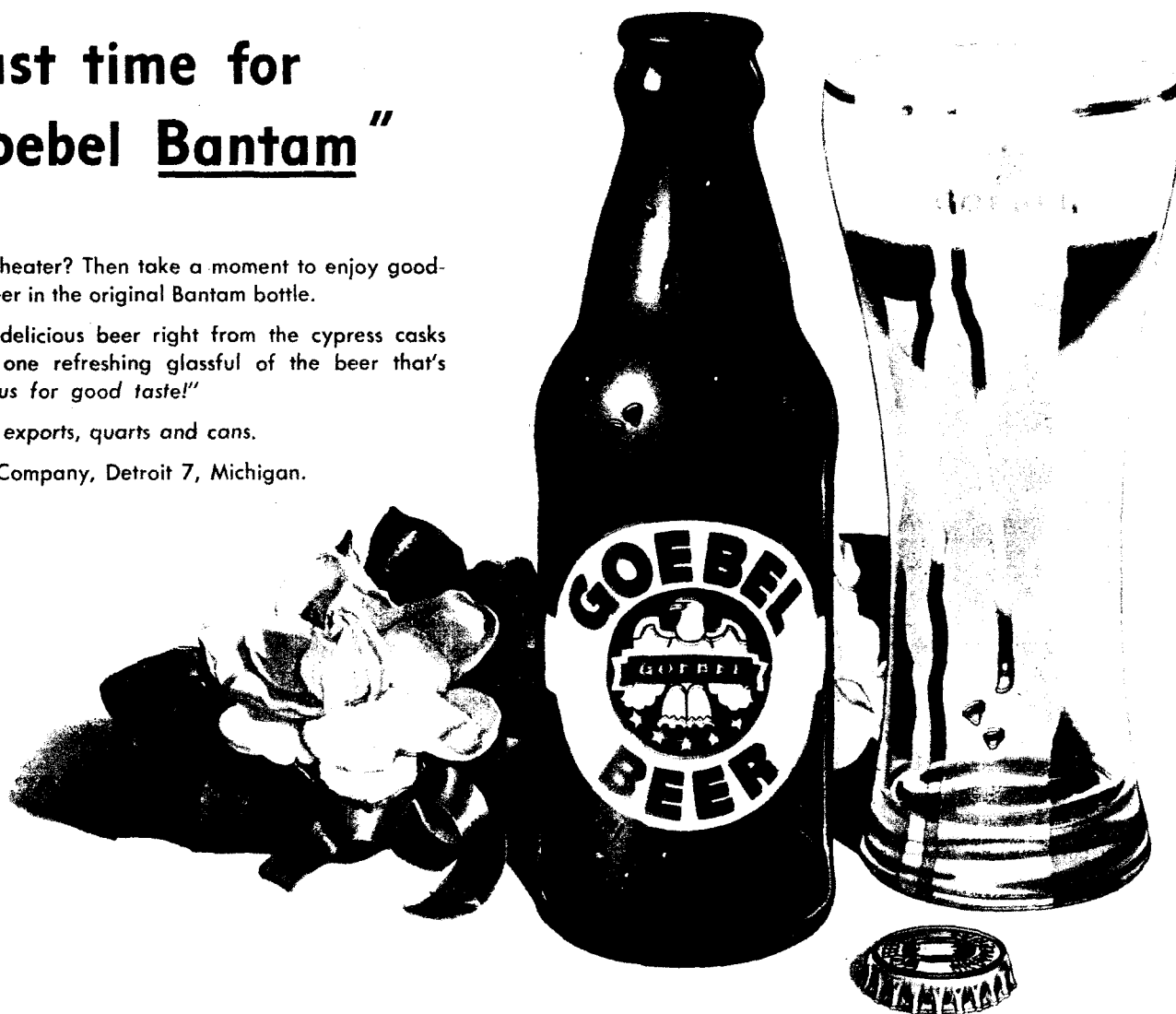
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that you intended to find out who knocked Nulty off. The more intimate you became with Mrs. Kingsley, the better chance of learning whatever it is she knows. So who's to say he didn't hire these two guys to scare you off?"

I couldn't see any flaw in the conclusion, provided the premise was correct. I said, "Suppose I continue being seen with Mrs. Kingsley—what's your idea of his next move?"

He looked me over. "You'd make a cute corpse."

"What would you advise?"

"Tell the cops. Those two monkeys who worked you over probably have juicy records. They can be picked up. You might also get a permit to carry a gun."

That struck me as funny. "Sure," I said. "I'm just the kind of applicant they're looking for. Just freed of a murder charge on perjured evidence."

We freshened our drinks, took more cigarettes and looked at each other. I said, "For a guy who never met Pat or her husband, you seem to know a hell of a lot about them. You told me everything except what I really want to know. Where do you fit in?"

"I fit. That's all I'm saying. I'm sticking around, whether you like it or not. If I can help again, don't hesitate to call on me."

I said, "I won't need any more help."

He threw back his head and laughed. "You aren't that dumb," he said. "All I'm telling you is this: You'd better keep your guard up every minute. For my money, you're in a dangerous spot."

THE week before Christmas, Los Angeles gets pretty excited about the holiday, but nothing the merchants could do, nothing the chamber of commerce could cook up, no mike-amplified greetings from the phony Santa Claus in the super-duper float, could imbue me with Christmas spirit. I felt lonelier than I'd ever felt before in my thirty-one years.

Not that I had to be lonely. That was the funny part of it. Rusty Mason was still giving an excellent imitation of a beautiful woman pursuing a homely man. I was the man.

She wanted me to talk about myself. Why, I couldn't guess. An aeronautical engineer hasn't got much to talk about socially. She certainly wasn't interested in drafting board development of supersonic planes, or of jet-propelled commercial transports. But I played along the best I could because there were things to know about the voluptuous Miss Mason: her relationship to the gone-but-not-forgotten Jeff Nulty, what personal interest she might have had in his demise, where she had been at the moment Conchita Montero had been murdered in my apartment, what went on between her and Rex Kingsley. Those two ignored each other so obviously that it looked unnatural.

I had talked to a couple of detective lieutenants, Marty Walsh of Homicide Division and Bert Lane of Hollywood, about the slugging I'd received out in the hills. They thought they knew the two men, and all detectives and prowling cars had been instructed to watch for them. I had agreed to identify in case they were brought in. The cops didn't make me feel any more comfortable by suggesting that I'd be wise to keep my guard up at all times. They told me they had checked on Floyd Andrews and that he really was in the insurance business. Neither had any theory—so they said—about why he had taken so much trouble in my behalf, or why he had told me as much as he had. They said they couldn't peg him at all—didn't know why he was interested, or where he fitted in. Sure, he might be in love with Patricia Maxwell Kingsley, but then again he might not. Maybe he was just one of the many people who didn't like Rex Kingsley. He certainly wasn't a private detective—or

a public one. And he had been very much present the night Conchita had been killed. Where he might have been when Jeff Nulty journeyed into the hereafter no one could do any more than guess. They asked whether the whole affair in the canyon could have been staged by Andrews—whether it looked like one of those things—and I said I didn't think so. They didn't tell me what they thought. They went away and Marty asked me to get in touch with him as soon as I stumbled over my next murder victim.

Another thing that puzzled me was the obvious friendliness of Pete Connolly. He was another stranger who suddenly liked me for no apparent reason. I figured I ought to write an essay: How to Make Friends and Murder People.

Pete Connolly was one of the best jockeys in America. That rates high in any book, in California it puts you two up on the Emperor of India. Pete was presently taking treatments for a sinus condition and getting himself in shape for the opening of Santa Anita. Most people sought him out because they fig-

Then one night it happened. It wasn't exciting to anybody except me. I had come in from the plant, and as I passed through the lobby, I saw Rex Kingsley chatting amiably with the cuddly little number at the switchboard back of the lobby desk.

I went up to the seventh floor. I stood outside my apartment and fumbled with my keys. That was when I heard a woman crying. In 7-A. That had to be Pat. Maybe she was alone, maybe not.

I entered my apartment, closed the door, and stood there thinking. The more I thought about what was happening next door, the more I wanted to do something about it.

I picked up the phone and asked the operator for 7-A. I didn't realize until later that Rex might still be downstairs trying to make time with the operator. I heard Pat's voice. It sounded nice—awful nice—but kind of choky.

I wasn't at all adroit in my approach. I said I thought it was time for us to get together without spectators. I said I wanted to take her out to dinner. Any-

proached a huge, brilliantly lighted drive-in. We ordered sandwiches and got productions. And coffee. And salad. The order came on two trays. Mine was hooked onto the steering wheel, hers on the side of the car. Nothing was important except that nobody seemed to know us, nobody was staring and we were not under any strain.

I paid the check and gave the waitress a fancy tip. She gurgled her delight and invited us to come back soon. We backed through the crowd of cars, and I turned toward Hollywood.

I drove right past the Casa Linda. I glanced at Pat and thought that she pointedly refrained from looking at it. We rolled along Sunset to the Strip and climbed a curving road lined with snug homes which all seemed a little surprised at finding themselves up so high.

WE CAME to a promontory and I pulled over to the side of the road and parked.

The view was impressive. The soft air crept in through the open windows so that you couldn't believe it was December. We were close to, and above, a great city; we were surrounded by homes with lighted windows . . . and yet we were alone.

I said, "I'm going to do a little cheating, Pat."

She looked at me, as if not understanding.

"It was my suggestion," I explained, "that we have one evening together without talking about things we'd like to forget. But I'm not strong enough. One question has been hammering at me."

She said, "Go ahead, Steve. What is it?"

"This. The thing that gave me the idea of calling you tonight was that I heard you crying. It worried me."

She didn't look at me. Finally she said, "I was crying about Conchita."

That didn't register very strongly. I said, as gently as I could, "That doesn't make much sense, Pat. Sure, you were fond of Conchita. But not to the extent that you would suddenly begin crying about her."

She said, "I was reminded . . ." Then she turned and looked at me. "Lieutenant Walsh had been visiting me."

"Oh!" I said. "Walsh."

"He was there quite a while. He was talking about Conchita. Questioning me about her. As though he thought I might know a lot of things I wasn't willing to tell. He's a shrewd detective, Steve. By the time he left, I was pretty badly upset. I started crying."

I said, "Did he find out anything?"

"There wasn't anything to find out . . . except what I'd already told him."

Pat dabbed at her eyes with a filmy bit of handkerchief. She was trying not to cry. For a few minutes I sat there like a dope, wondering why I felt the way I felt.

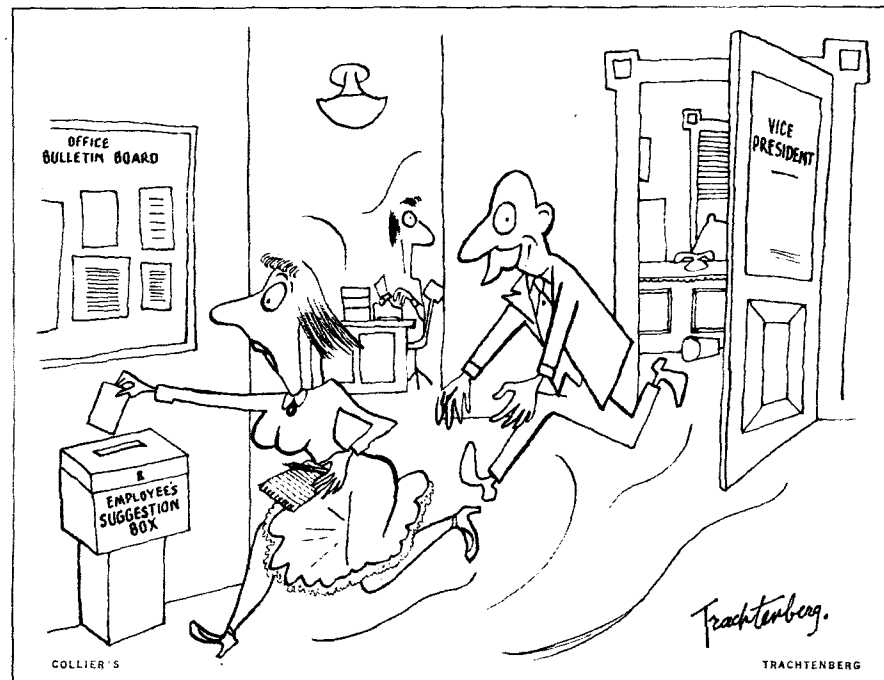
I was doing flip-flaps inside. Timidly, I reached over and took her hand. She sighed, ever so lightly, and relaxed against the cushions. After a while she said, "This is nice."

I said I thought so, too. We sat there, not talking much and it wasn't too difficult to cast unpleasant thoughts aside. What was happening to me was new and exciting. I didn't even warn myself that I had no right letting myself fall in love. It wouldn't have done any good, anyway. It was something completely out of my control.

I was afraid to try to kiss her. I'm not the bold type, and I had a lurking fear that she might not like it. The fact that we talked very little made small difference. We were alone in the world; that was what counted.

After a long time she said, "I feel better than I've felt in months."

I pressed her hand and she gave mine an answering squeeze. I knew what she meant and she knew I knew. That was



ured he had private conversations with the horses and might be prevailed upon to tell them profitable things once the racing season got under way. Others enjoyed being with him because he was just naturally a right guy. And—in or out of silks—he was a celebrity.

I liked him. He was so small that I looked on him as a kid when actually he was a year older than I. He had a terse, graphic manner of speech and an astonishing vocabulary. He was hard as nails, yet ingenuous as a kid. If I hadn't felt sure that he was cultivating me for reasons of his own, I'd have let myself go and enjoyed a most unusual companionship.

That was where Rusty Mason intruded again. No matter which way I turned, there was Rusty. She was making a play for me, for no discernible reason. She was obviously fond of Pete Connolly. And the little jockey was completely overboard about her. Like a high-school kid in the throes of his first grand passion. There were times when he just wanted to talk about her, there were other times when he seemed worried. Of only one thing I was sure: He and Rusty were not having an affair. I don't know how the lady might have felt about that, but Pete had other ideas. What he was thinking of in connection with Miss Mason was matrimony.

I saw Pat Kingsley occasionally. I hated the thought that she was all wrapped up in trouble. I had a lurking fear that what I was doing might not be so good for her. We met around the building, chatted casually, said nothing serious, and went on.

where except the Casa Linda. Where we could talk. Where we could perhaps get to know each other a little better. I sounded silly, even to myself, and was actually surprised when she said yes. I asked her when, and she said I could name the time. I did some lightning calculation, figured bathing, shaving and changing time down to a split second, and said I'd rap on her door.

SHE was waiting when I did. She was wearing a natty little maroon outfit, with an ascot at the throat. She had on a cute little hat that looked like a beret but wasn't. She looked young, fresh, lovely.

I said, "Let me explain something before we start out. I've wanted to do this for a long time. But I never had the courage. Then I heard you crying . . ."

She looked embarrassed. "I get that way occasionally. Not often. I'd been thinking about Conchita. It got me."

"I understand. But my idea is this. We'll get out of this goldfish bowl. We'll find a place where nobody knows us. We'll agree not to talk about anything unpleasant. Right?"

She put her hand in mine and said, "Right." Her eyes were eager and lovely. We went down to the basement garage and climbed into my car. It wasn't much of a car, but it was nicely tuned and easy to drive. We went out Sunset to Beverly Glen and cut across toward the valley.

This was my real introduction to Pat Kingsley as a person: as a nice, wholesome, attractive, pretty girl. Nothing we talked about was important, yet somehow it all seemed important.

Out Ventura Boulevard we ap-



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enough. I said, "I'd better watch my step, Pat."

"Why?"

"I'm getting too fond of you."

"Is there any such thing as being too fond?"

"I don't know..."

Not much brilliance. But people in love aren't usually brilliant. They feel things too deeply to say them well.

I don't know why I was taking so much for granted. All I was positive about was the way I felt. And I was sure that her mood matched mine. Perhaps I'd merely done her a favor, making it easy for her to forget trouble.

A lot of time passed swiftly. We still hadn't said anything, and we'd said everything. I started the motor and started downhill toward the Strip.

We rolled into the garage without meeting anyone we knew. We rode up to the seventh floor together, and I went to her door with her. I knew she wasn't going to ask me in.

She put her hand in mine and said, "Thanks, Steve."

I felt myself flushing. I said, "Now that you're safe, I'll confess something."

"What?"

"When we were parked up yonder... I wanted to kiss you."

She said, "I would have liked that."

AFTER a solitary dinner a few nights later, I was about to leave the Casa Linda, when someone beckoned me from the bar. It was Pete Connolly, looking smaller, more wiry, more dapper than usual. He was alone. On the bar in front of him was a glass of ginger ale. Pete wasn't a drinker.

I liked the little jockey. He was a rough, tough character, but I'd gotten to know him well.

He motioned me to a place beside him, and insisted that I order something. From the moment I sat down, I sensed that Pete had something on his chest. He was a long time getting around to it, but finally it came out.

He said, "I'm asking you something, Steve—just between us. Have you noticed that I'm kinda crazy about Wilma?"

"Wilma?"

"Rusty."

I said that a blind man could have noticed it. I also raised my guard a trifle because I figured he might have observed the play Rusty was making for me, and maybe he didn't like it.

"You think she likes me?" he asked.

"Of course..."

"She runs with a lot of men. They won't leave her alone. But I don't mean that. I mean more."

I said I didn't know, that Rusty had never discussed him with me. He said, "She's a funny babe. I can buy her dinners and drinks. I can take her stepping. But that's all. She won't let me give her any presents—except just cheap stuff."

I didn't think that was in character, but I didn't say so. Rusty had impressed me as a young lady who knew the score, and would not be too reluctant about accepting presents: the more expensive the better. I said, "Maybe she's in love with you."

"Then how come she won't marry me?"

Another surprise. I hadn't known for sure that that was what he wanted. I said, "Have you asked her?"

He gave me a twisted grin. "Hell, I always ask her. It's gotten to be a gag. I meet her and I say, 'Evening, Wilma. Will you marry me?' And later maybe I say, 'How about another drink? Will you marry me?'"

"What does she say?"

"She stalls. She says, 'Maybe' and, 'Perhaps.' She says if she ever marries anybody, it'll be me. That's all I got to hang onto. It ain't enough." He leaned forward confidentially. "Look, Steve, I'm spillin' my guts on account I know Wilma likes you. She thinks you're real

people. So maybe you can do something for me, huh?"

"What?"

"The only argument she gives me against this marriage business is her job. She says it wouldn't be fair to Mr. Ramsay if she walked out on him, and she says she likes to stand on her own feet. But the more you think that over, the less sense it makes. She earns maybe seventy-five bucks a week. That's peanuts. I make around twenty thousand a year. So if she likes me, why won't she marry me? I ain't that repulsive."

I wasn't saying anything. Not right then. I never had been able to peg Rusty Mason to my own satisfaction. She hadn't impressed me as the sort of girl who would refuse fancy presents or say no to a twenty-thousand-per-year marriage bid. There had to be a reason.

Pete was talking again. "I got an idea, Steve. It ain't as screwy as it sounds. You and Wade Ramsay are like that..." He held up two fingers, close together. "You throw a lot of weight with the guy. I got an idea that if I upset her applecart, she'll leave me to pick up the apples."

I said I didn't get what he was driving at, which was an understatement.

"Okay. So I'll lay it on the line. Supposing you was to go to Ramsay and ask him to fire Wilma. Then she couldn't go on giving me this malarkey. She'd either have to marry me or think up a new excuse. But I ain't figuring to do her dirt, either, see? If Ramsay will play ball, why, you explain the setup. And arrange that if Wilma still doesn't marry me, he's to give her back the job. So you help us—maybe—and no matter what gives, nobody gets hurt. How's about it, Steve?"

Instinct told me to keep out of this, but there wasn't any logic to go with the instinct. I said I'd do what I could. I had the feeling that Rusty Mason wasn't good enough for him. Okay as a playmate, perhaps, but not as a wife. But she hadn't been gold-digging...

I didn't get hold of Wade Ramsay until the next morning. He was out on his terrace enjoying the warm sunshine of a December summer. He said, "Who could believe that Christmas is only a couple of days away?"

We settled ourselves in a couple of wicker chairs with fancy cushions, and Wade asked me what was on my mind. I told him. It sounded silly, but there it was—just as Pete Connolly had dished it out to me. He didn't start talking the instant I'd finished. Instead he thought it over as though it were a major problem. Finally he said, "I don't quite see myself doing that, Steve. I think she'd be lucky to land Connolly. From what

you tell me, he's really in love with her. I'm too fond of both of them to rig the machinery."

I told him I didn't get it.

"If she wants to marry him, she can say yes. But if they're ever going to have a chance to be happy, it should be that way." He smiled apologetically. "You know, Steve—every once in a while I find a streak of my father's righteousness cropping up in me. This is one of the times. I wouldn't feel right about playing Cupid with brass knuckles."

"You can tell Pete that I think his approach is all wrong. I can replace Rusty if she wants to get married. I wouldn't stand in the way of her happiness. But I'll be damned if I'll try to shove her into something she doesn't want."

"Your answer is definitely no?"

"That's it. The scheme seems just a little too sly and underhanded." He smiled pleasantly. "I hope you'll tell it to Pete so he won't be sore at me."

THE buzzer sounded. Wade's Filipino boy came in to announce Rex Kingsley. I got up to go, but Ramsay waved me down. Rex and I said hello to each other, but without cordiality.

Rex and Wade plunged into a discussion of a Christmas Eve gala which was scheduled for the club. Fun and souvenirs for all. Personal visit from Santa Claus promptly at midnight. Make your reservations early. When they finished discussing it, Wade surprised me by saying to Kingsley, "Is Rusty Mason in love with Pete Connolly?"

He said, "Hell, how would I know?"

"Pete wants to marry her," Ramsay explained. "She isn't having any. Pete's been confiding in Steve Blake. It's an odd situation."

Kingsley said, "I thought they were just having fun."

"Maybe that's the way Rusty would like it. But Pete has different ideas."

"Wants to make an honest woman of her, eh? Well, that'd be a novelty!"

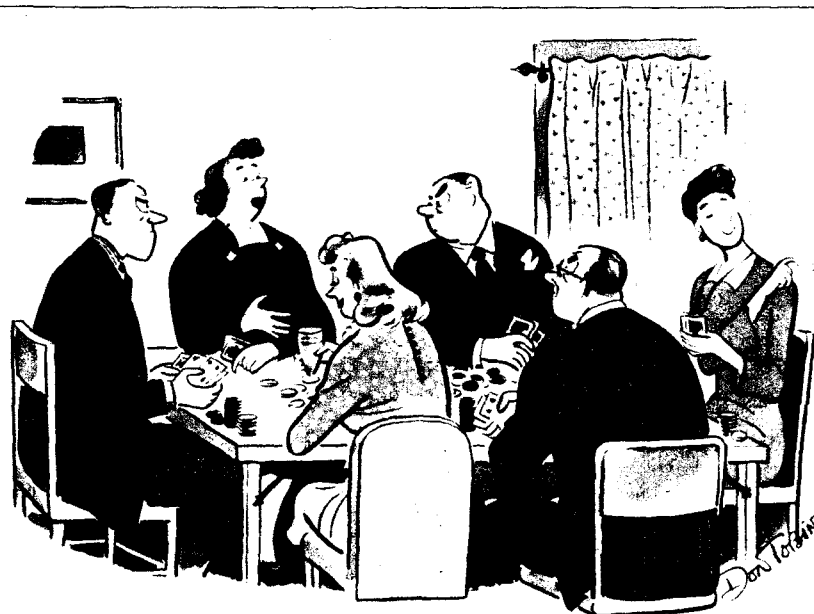
He didn't look at me when he said it. But the thought of his wife passed between us like an electric current.

I figured this was a good time to get out. When I left, they were still talking. I took the elevator and asked the girl to let me off at the seventh floor.

I could have telephoned Pete Connolly, but I didn't. His romantic little scheme had laid an egg. I thought it would be nice to stall him for a few days.

I had some sentimental notion about not wanting to spoil his Christmas. I could have saved myself a lot of worry if I'd known what was about to happen.

(To be continued next week)



"No, no, I thought I explained it! Sixes, nines and the jack of spades are wild; fours give you an extra card, except the four of diamonds, and that puts you out. Now, if you get the queen of spades..."

COLLIER'S

DON TOBIN

HUMAN GYROSCOPE

Continued from page 6

The old gentleman was vastly annoyed when the quip was printed as a serious remark. "I just figured Earle could be more valuable sitting beside me on the bench, that's all," Connie explained.

In some quarters, the move to the bench was interpreted as the next to last step in Earle's succession to the managerial post held by eighty-five-year-old Connie. But Earle doesn't look at it that way. Says Earle, "Baseball has been good to me. I don't particularly want to be manager. I'd be satisfied to go on like this forever."

Philadelphians think he may have to. Connie certainly won't retire until he has won a pennant and/or sold off the \$1,000,000 Cinderella team he has assembled with shrewd expenditures totaling \$75,000. That could be 1954, the year Earle celebrates his golden grooming anniversary.

► DAVIS CUP DILEMMA

The United States Davis Cup committee had a full schedule of tournaments waiting for Jack Kramer when the world's No. 1 tennis player returned from winning the All England tournament at Wimbledon last summer. But Kramer was tired.

"Look," Jack said to the committee. "You want to beat Australia and keep the cup and you know I can play tennis. So what's the use of making me play two tough weeks at Orange and Sea Bright? The tournaments will do me more harm than good. Just let me rest and I'll be in shape."

As promised, a refreshed Kramer walloped the Aussies with the help of Ted Schroeder. Ted wasn't refreshed. He had spent Kramer's vacation period clinching a position on the team in cut-throat competition at Sea Bright. Ted probably will have to do the same thing

again in a few weeks—and that could be fatal to America's Davis Cup chances.

Kramer, now a pro, sizes up American prospects this way: "Schroeder should be told definitely that he is the No. 1 singles man. We know what he can do. He can raise his game higher than Parker or Mulloy or any other American amateur—Ted's record in the last two cup challenge rounds proves that.

"But if Ted has to win a couple of grass-court tournaments before the cup matches to win a job on the team—and that's the story you hear in California—he may be worn out physically before the first Davis Cup shot is fired. He's a nervous, intense player with definite physical limits. He should be allowed to stay out of tournaments before the cup battle and gradually build his game up to a peak.

"We'll probably have to beat Australia again. Adrian Quist has regained top form and Jack Bromwich is much improved, according to reports. Schroeder—at his rested best—can beat them both, but he's probably the only American who can. Schroeder and the right doubles partner—my choice would be Billy Talbert—have an even chance against Quist and Bromwich. So we have to count on Schroeder's winning three matches on successive days—perhaps all three of them five-setters. He won't be ready for that much work if he has to raise his game to top tournament pitch in August."

Kramer's plan makes sense, but there probably would be a player revolt if the cup committee followed it. There is excellent reason to believe that several leading Americans with Davis Cup ambitions have delivered an ultimatum, roughly as follows: "It's us or Schroeder. Make him earn his place."

It adds up to a nice Davis Cup dilemma.

► TYCOONS ON WHEELS

Amateur harness-horse drivers have their problems. If they go too slow, they lose. Naturally. If they go too fast, they lose. Not so naturally. To win, they must pace their horses just right—not faster than 2:12 on a mile track or 2:15 on a half-mile track.

At Milwaukee last summer, wealthy sportsman Octave Blake drove Brittanica across the line in first place, but was disqualified for exceeding the speed limit by one fifth of a second. Blake didn't carry a stop watch—mechanical timing aids are against amateur rules.

An instinct for timing is more important than wealth or social position in harness racing. During the 1947 Du Quoin, Illinois, meeting, a groom named Jimmy Fitzgerald rode home in front of four drivers whose combined assets topped \$18,000,000. Oddly enough, Fitzgerald looked like a Driver of Distinction among the poor beaten millionaires. There's something about the Grand Circuit that brings out the worst in a wealthy wardrobe.

One Middle Western tycoon allegedly makes the circuit on one dark wool shirt. As a gag last summer, a Grand Circuit official warned the shabby eccentric: "You'll have to change that shirt. We've had complaints."

"I suppose," he replied, "that (name of millionaire with two shirts deleted) has been making trouble again."

"No," the official said, "this time the horses are complaining."

► GOLF TRAGEDY

Craig Wood once played a par-4 hole in 11. When asked to explain how it happened, Craig declared, "Well, I had a long putt for a 10, but I missed."

THE END

YOU'LL FIND OUT

Continued from page 19

started and began to wander around, saying hello to everyone. Someone stuck a drink in my hand and I took it automatically. Then, remembering my interview with the colonel, I started to look around for a place to set it down.

"I see, Captain, that you now have all the vices, including liquor," said a very familiar and very cool female voice.

I turned around. She was sitting on a couch, studying me very calmly. Mary was sitting beside her.

"Hello," I said, equally cool. I turned my head very obviously away from her and spoke to Mary. "It's good to see you again, Mary. How are big and little Ed?"

"Fine, Jim," Mary said. "Ed just got back this evening. He's around somewhere. There's a sitter with little Ed." A smile wrinkled the corners of her innocent, blue eyes, as if she had some secret joke. "And I understand that you and Joan have already met," she said.

I turned toward Joan. "You might put it that way," I said dryly.

Suddenly those big eyes filled with a glowing warmth. "Apologies are futile, Jim," said Joan, smiling at me, "particularly since you deserved what you got. I couldn't resist the temptation."

A sudden joy ran through me but, somehow managing to fight down the wild grin that threatened to cover my face, I figured my next few moves coolly. "But, as I understand it, you can resist me," I said gravely.

"That is a correct summary of my position," she said, equally grave.

Collier's for July 24, 1948

Bowing slightly, I took her right hand in mine and smiled into her eyes. "But you would dance with me," I said.

"I would." She rose and slipped into my arms.

She was a fine dancer and, of course, I'm not so bad myself. So we got along pretty well. I told her a little about myself and she seemed interested. All in all I was pretty impressed with her.

Ed and Mary left early—the sitter had to get home herself—so when the party broke up, I walked Joan back to Ed's house.

When we got to the door, she unlocked it, turned and said, "Thank you very much, Jim. It was very nice."

"Good night," I said softly, extending my right arm at the same time.

She slid smoothly around and through the door, and said, "You're nice to play with, Jim, but I meant what I said the first day I met you." The door snapped shut in my face.

Most of Sunday I spent sitting in my room, staring at my phone. Again and again I reached out my hand and then drew it back. Lighting one cigarette after another, I paced up and down. What if she said no? It would be too humiliating.

Monday morning I took a jet up on a test hop. She checked out fine so I went on up to ten thousand feet and did a few slow rolls, a dozen to the right, a dozen to the left. During the last few rolls I could feel my mind clearing—acrobatics always clear my mind. I built up a little speed and pulled back smoothly. The

nose of my plane came up past the horizon, climbing up and over, and I rolled her right side up at the top to finish the Immelmann turn. Then I knew; I would call Joan. I nosed over and headed for home.

A half hour later I was on the phone. I didn't waste any words.

"Why don't we go out and play tonight?" I said.

She didn't waste many words either. "If we're agreed on the definition of the word 'play,' all right," she said.

"We're in complete agreement," I assured her.

And we went out that night and every night for the rest of the week.

Saturday evening, as I was walking down the road to Ed's house, I thought about the last week. We hadn't done much—gone walking, played bridge with Ed and Mary, sat in the club and talked. Those nights that we talked I told her about my family, my childhood, my schooling, my war experiences, my hopes for the future and the like. She was certainly a fascinating girl. It had been a wonderful week.

"And believe it or not," I said to the nearest tree, "I haven't made a pass at her." I was amazed at myself.

About midnight, after the dancing at the club was over, we walked back to Ed's house, hand in hand, swinging our arms like school children. We tiptoed up the steps to the porch; she opened the door, and I stood back, as usual. Joan hesitated, then turned to me and reached up and brushed my lips with her lips. I



It Takes
TWO HOLES
to make a
PUNCTURE!

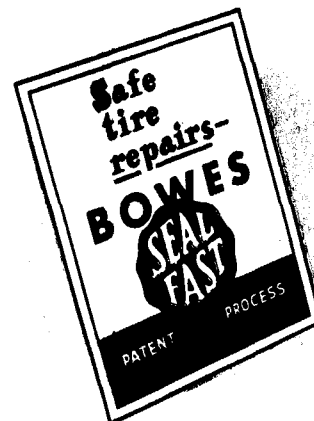
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stood there, stunned. She twisted around and inside, and the door closed.

"Hey!" I finally managed to shout. The door opened a crack. "Quiet," she said. "You'll wake little Ed."

I stuck my right foot in the crack. "Open up."

"Good night!" she said emphatically, and a sharp pain shot through my toes.

"Ouch!" I jerked my foot out of the crack. "You stepped on my toes."

"Thanks for a very fine time," she said, without a trace of an apology in her voice.

I tried to think of something to say, but all that came out was "Tomorrow night?"

"All right," she whispered and the door closed with a definitely final snap.

SUNDAY night finally came. We went dancing at a little inn near town. We didn't talk much for a change. I didn't want to, preferring the quiet, confidential mood which I had found so successful in the past. Joan was very quiet, too. She kept glancing at me, an odd look in her eyes, as if she were waiting for me to say something.

We walked back to Ed's house slowly. Neither of us said a word. Then we were on the porch. She fumbled in her pocketbook for her key, found it after a few long seconds, then opened the door. She turned toward me and very confidently I extended my right arm, slipped it around her waist and drew her toward me.

Suddenly she stamped her foot. "Oh!" she said. She jerked around, flung open the door, and *Wham* it slammed in my face.

I stood there, hands on hips, mouth open. I started to knock, then I thought: Well, if that's the way you want it, that's all for me. I turned and got out of there.

But the next week didn't go so well. On Friday I was notified that the colonel wanted to see me. I walked into his office briskly, held my salute until he looked up from the letters he was signing, and stood at attention.

"At ease, Captain," he said.

"Yes, sir," I said.

The colonel carefully put down his pen, leaned back in his chair, stared out the window, and ran his fingers through his graying hair. "Captain," he said in that same quiet voice, "you know, when the war ended, we thought everyone would be peaceful and happy."

"Yes, sir."

"They aren't."

"No, sir."

"And because they aren't, Captain, our country feels that it is still necessary to maintain the various military services, including the Air Force."

"Yes, sir."

"And airplanes are, of course, a vital part of the Air Force."

"Yes, sir."

"And, although there is some dispute about this, it is generally conceded that we don't have enough airplanes."

"Yes, sir."

"Particularly modern airplanes, such as the jets."

"Yes, sir."

"And our squadron has the latest-type jet planes."

"Yes, sir."

"And we must not be careless with them."

"No, sir."

"And part of the job of observing that duty of care belongs to the pilots."

"Yes, sir."

"And you're a pilot."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, holding what we have just discussed in mind, Captain, you will of course remember that I have told you before of the great admiration I have for your ability as a pilot."

"Yes, sir."

"But, Captain, the last week has done much to destroy that admiration."

"I understand, sir."

"On Monday, I watched you make five passes at the field before you got in, and, when you did land, well . . . those were rather vicious bounces."

"Yes, sir."

"On Tuesday, in spite of such things as radio, maps and perfectly clear weather, you managed to get lost, you had to land at an airport some one hundred miles from here, and we had to fly up a supply of fuel for you."

"Yes, sir."

"On Wednesday I watched you make a very nice landing . . ."

"Thank you, sir."

"And run off the end of the runway."

"Yes, sir."

"But the plane wasn't damaged much and it's all fixed up now."

"That's good, sir."

"And I know that you are a good pilot, I realize that these were merely temporary lapses on your part, and we'll forget about them."

"True, Captain, true. You know, Captain, I am a lieutenant colonel."

"Yes, sir."

"I'm not going to be a full colonel, Captain."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"And you're a captain."

"Yes, sir."

"You're not going to be a captain much longer, Captain."

"They wouldn't push me down to first lieutenant, sir?"

"Second."

"That's a rather horrible punishment, sir."

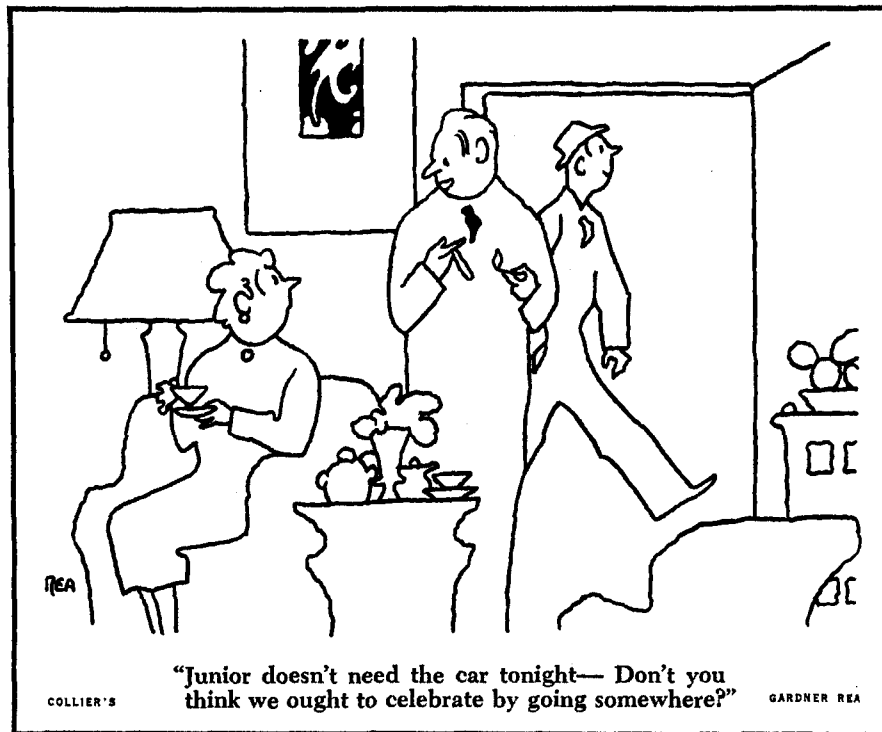
"I'm sorry, Captain."

"Thank you, sir."

"Good day, Captain."

"Good day, sir."

I walked outside and just kept on walking. It was a lovely day—for some. There was a bird somewhere for happy people to hear. It was all my fault. And the colonel was in trouble because of me. That was the really bad part be-



"Thank you, sir."

"That brings us to Thursday, Captain."

"Thursday?"

"Yes, Thursday."

"Nothing went wrong on Thursday, sir."

"You might say that, Captain, and you might not. Do you remember that Thursday you were up flying around to the northwest of the field?"

"Yes, sir."

"There was another plane that passed by very near you, Captain."

"I didn't see him, sir."

"I know you didn't, Captain."

"Did I come close to him, sir?"

"Very close, Captain."

"The pilot must have been irritated, sir."

"Yes, Captain, the general was irritated."

"General?"

"General."

"Oh."

"Yes, Captain, Brigadier General Ramsey Thompkins Wilder. He has been here for the past week, inspecting the new air base."

"I knew that, sir. I didn't know that he was flying Thursday, sir."

"He needed flight time for flight pay, Captain."

"Of course, sir."

"And, Captain, the general is pleased with the new air base."

"That's good, sir."

"He is displeased with our squadron, our pilots, and particularly one of our pilots."

"That's bad, sir."

cause you have to like the colonel. A straight guy. The kind you can always talk things over with.

I wandered through the streets of the town. And then I was in front of Ed's house. I stood there a moment, just looking. Then I decided I might as well drop in—just for a visit. I walked up the sidewalk and up the front steps. And the last thing I remembered was my foot up there above my head with a roller skate stuck to it.

THINGS were black, then gray, and all I could think of was that I had let the control stick slip out of my hands when I blacked out pulling up from that dive. I reached out and grabbed for the stick. Then I opened my eyes and there was Joan about two inches from my face.

I searched for something to say. I said, "Are you going to marry me?"

"Of course, darling," she said soothingly. "After you let go of my jacket." She reached down and untwisted my hand.

"Oh, sorry."

"Hush," she said and leaned forward. She didn't just brush my lips this time.

A minute or so later I loosened my arms and let Joan draw away, and I found myself staring straight up into the smiling faces of Ed and Mary. They were shaking hands as if they had just been introduced.

"Oh, hello," I said.

"Congratulations," said Ed.

"Yes, congratulations," said Mary.

"Oh, thanks," I said.

"Joan and I will get our hats," said Mary.

"Hats?" I said.

"Yes," said Mary. "Ed knows a fine place near here."

I saw her kick Ed's ankle. "Near here?" I said.

"Of course," said Ed. "I'll get the car."

Frankly, I never realized it was so easy to get married. A wonderful feeling. . . .

Several days after we were married, while we were waiting for my leave papers to come through, Joan and I went for a walk. Down the street came the colonel and another officer. I took a good look at that granite face and knew who it had to be: Brigadier General Ramsey Thompkins Wilder. I cursed my luck. The colonel had told me yesterday that the general had made no formal complaint. We were praying that he'd forget it. If he didn't, I didn't know what I was going to tell her.

But there was no way to duck out now. I saluted, hoping they wouldn't stop. Both the colonel and the general answered with a salute, and I could see the colonel was walking a little faster past me. Joan stopped and said, "Good day, Colonel." The general stopped. The colonel stopped. I stopped. What could I do? She didn't know. It was my fault—again.

THE colonel smiled rather feebly and introduced us. "Captain and Mrs. Nelson, this is General Wilder."

Blood suddenly covered the general's eyes. "The one who . . .?" said the general, but he restrained himself as he looked at Joan.

"Oh, are you the General Wilder," said Joan in a thrilled voice.

"Why, yes," said the general suspiciously. "I believe there's only one."

"The one my uncle speaks of all the time?" said Joan.

"Your uncle?" said the general.

"Yes. You know, Senator Cartwright. I think he said he met you when he was dealing with appropriations or something like that."

"Senator Cartwright!" said the general in a stunned voice. His face went white. A shudder ran through him. "Of course!" he said emphatically, struggling for time. "My old friend, the Senator. Well, well. What a shock . . . surprise."

The colonel and I stood shoulder to shoulder, staring at Joan in awe. Then everyone was laughing and talking all at once. Then the colonel reminded the general that they had to get to a staff meeting. As we parted, the colonel glanced back and winked at me. I winked back, whisked Joan around the corner, stopped and kissed her.

"It's all right by me," she said wonderingly, "but why here, Jim?"

"Tell you later, darling," I said. "Kiss me again."

"Hello, Captain," said an amused voice.

I turned and there was Doctor Rasmussen. I hadn't seen him since we'd had that talk. "Oh, hello, Doctor. Glad to see you. I don't believe you've met my wife," I said.

"A pleasure, Mrs. Nelson," said the doc, nodding his head very politely. "I imagine you'll be going away on a honeymoon shortly."

"That's right," I said. "Bermuda."

"That's a fine place," he said encouragingly. He glanced at his watch. "Well, I must get on. Have a nice time. I'll see you both when you get back. Socially, I mean," he said.

"Well, thanks, Doc," I said. "But, say, that reminds me. You know when we had that talk, I never did understand what you meant by that 'You'll find out.'"

The corner of the doc's mouth wrinkled up in a smile. "You've found out, Captain," he said. Then he nodded to both of us and walked on down the street. An odd guy. But a nice guy.

THE END

THE AMAZING ARMADILLO

BY LEWIS NORDYKE



He is invading our southernmost sector. Thousands of years ago he was taught what man learned to do only a few years ago: when beset by enemies, burrow, deep and fast!

The sharp-clawed armadillo, dangerous when cornered, befriends this tot

IN THE early evening of a summer day down in Texas a hard-shelled old armadillo and her four daughters amble about an open glade. Grunting hungrily, they root and dig. Occasionally a long, slender tongue darts out and licks in a bug, grub or worm. A man, dog or beast approaches. The armadillos leap into the air. They throw off a strong, musky odor which warns all of their kind in the vicinity; then they dash with amazing speed into the thorniest brush at hand.

With his heavy, hard shell that looks like carefully tooled mail, the armadillo is America's only armored animal and is much older than man. He is a native of South and Central America—a descendant of a family of dim-witted, toothless anteaters. Counting the foot-long tail, the Texas variety is between two and three feet in length. His coat of mottled mail makes him heavy for a small animal. Males, slightly larger than females, weigh up to 17 pounds. More than half the weight is in the armor.

No smith in the days of the knights ever hammered out so perfect a piece of mail, or one with as delicate lines and even patterns, as that protecting the armadillo. The best of man-made mail squeaked at the joints and had weak, vulnerable spots, but not that of the armored pig. Even when in full flight, his mail doesn't rattle. The shell is not a part of the skeleton, but a full suit of bone-hard armor in precision-joined pieces.

One saddle-shaped piece that is studded with bumps like the rivets in an airplane wing fits over the neck, shoulders and front legs. The middle section is a series of nine horny bands that work like a telescope when the armadillo bends his body. Another bump-lined piece of plate fits over the lower part of the back and hips. The separate tail piece is made of fourteen bands that taper from the body like a stack of ice-cream cones. There's a separate plate over the forehead, eyes and long snout, and the ears are covered with tough hide that feels like the pebbled surface of morocco leather. Alligator-like hide protects the legs down to the root of the long, sharp claws.

Even the skin of the belly is studded with warty scales that grow tufts of coarse hair. The bottom of the armor barely clears the ground when the armadillo walks or runs. When he retracts his head, curls up and throws his tail under his belly, he is completely covered by armor, which is a quarter-inch thick and as hard as heavy bones.

Only the nine-banded armadillo has invaded the United States, and Texas Game Department experimenters have never been able to make him curl up in a ball and roll downhill, as hunters claim they have seen armadillos do. He curls tightly—but not in a round ball—only when exhausted or disabled so badly that he can't kick or run.

Contrary to popular belief, the nine-band doesn't

play dead when attacked. He has a more clever use for his armor. He dashes into thorny underbrush that discourages or delays even the most vicious animal. In the time gained he can dig himself out of sight in the earth. I have seen an armadillo dig into sandy earth so rapidly that it looked as if he had run into a hole already there. Once in a burrow, even a shallow one, the animal braces his strong legs and sets his claws, and it is almost impossible for dog or man to pull him out.

Although he looks awkward and weighted down, the armadillo is agile; he can climb over a high net fence with ease, but he never attempts a tree because it offers him neither food, refuge nor shelter. He's so swift he can outrun a man for 150 yards. Dogs can overtake him, but his hard armor and fast movement make it difficult for them to nab him; it's about like trying to stop a ground-skinning baseball.

Only the trained 'dillo dog knows how to knock the animal over and sink teeth into the comparatively unprotected belly. And that isn't the safest thing in the world; many a trained hound has been gutted by the sharp claws of an armadillo. Like other anteaters, the armadillo has no fighting teeth—only embryo pegs of molars far back in the mouth. The armadillo never picks a fight, preferring simply to escape trouble, but he's a tough scrapper when cornered.

A Neat Trick for Swimming in Armor

For a long time, naturalists had known the animal could cross narrow and shallow streams by walking on the bottom under the water, but they didn't think he could negotiate broad, deep rivers, which seemed too formidable for so small an animal. But the 'dillo has his own trick, which he picked up long before man made a stone ax. When he wants to swim, he pumps up his intestines with air. The added buoyance compensates for the heavy armor. In several conclusive experiments by the Texas Game Department, an armadillo placed in deep water could barely keep his head out at first; but after several pumping gasps, he floated high in the water and swam like a dog.

The armadillo's manner of reproduction is baffling to biologists. There are always four young ones and all are of the same sex. It is one of the biological puzzles of the animal world. After the mating there is no development in the embryo for 14 weeks; then the gestation period starts. Most of the mating is in July, and the young arrive in March. Deducting the 14 weeks of inactivity of the embryo, this means the gestation period is much longer than that of most animals of equal size. The opossum requires no more than two weeks and the much larger hog only about 115 days.

The young are born with their eyes open. The mother suckles them for a few weeks and then takes them with her on her foraging trips. The father doesn't hang around and never lives with the mother and young.

Only the burrow in which the young are born has any furnishing. The 'dillo enlarges the interior end of the burrow and carries in about a half bushel of leaves and small sticks for a bed.

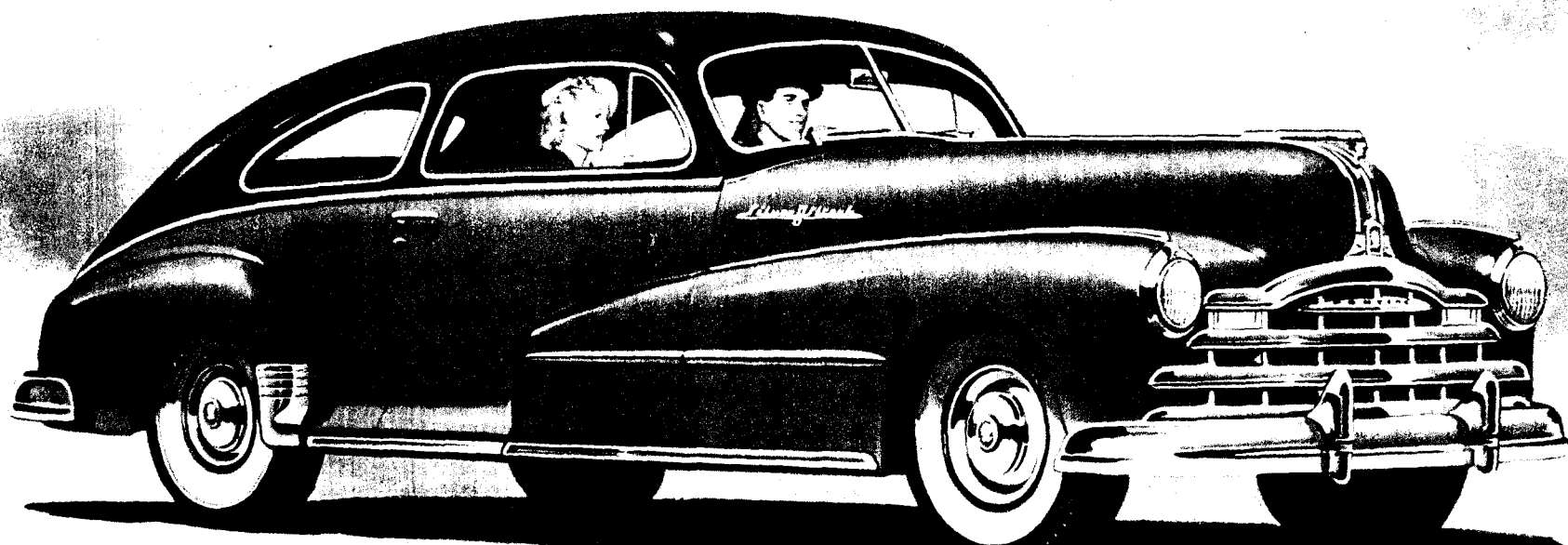
The 'dillo, like the little prairie dog of the Western plains, is forced to take in boarders. Excavation of one burrow in southern Texas uncovered a rattlesnake, an owl, a cottontail and five armadillos.

The 'dillo isn't vigorous in his habits. As a rule, he snoozes during the day and forages at night. On cloudy days he crowds the clock and starts his hunt for food by midafternoon. In places where he has not been molested by man he often emulates his friend man, and stays out all day.

In his search for food the armadillo is guided by his keen sense of smell. When he uncovers a bug, grub or worm or spots a beetle on the surface, he licks it in with his long extensible tongue, which is covered with a substance as sticky as glue. His diet consists mainly of insects and their larvae, and the armadillo's appetite is enormous. One stomach analyzed contained more than 3,000 different insects.

In several communities in Texas and Mexico the armadillo is considered good food. The meat has a pork flavor. During the economic depression of the 1930s, the eating of armadillos became a widespread practice, and the animal was generally known as "the poor man's hog." One 4-H Girls' Club in Texas preserved more than 2,000 cans of armadillo meat. ★★

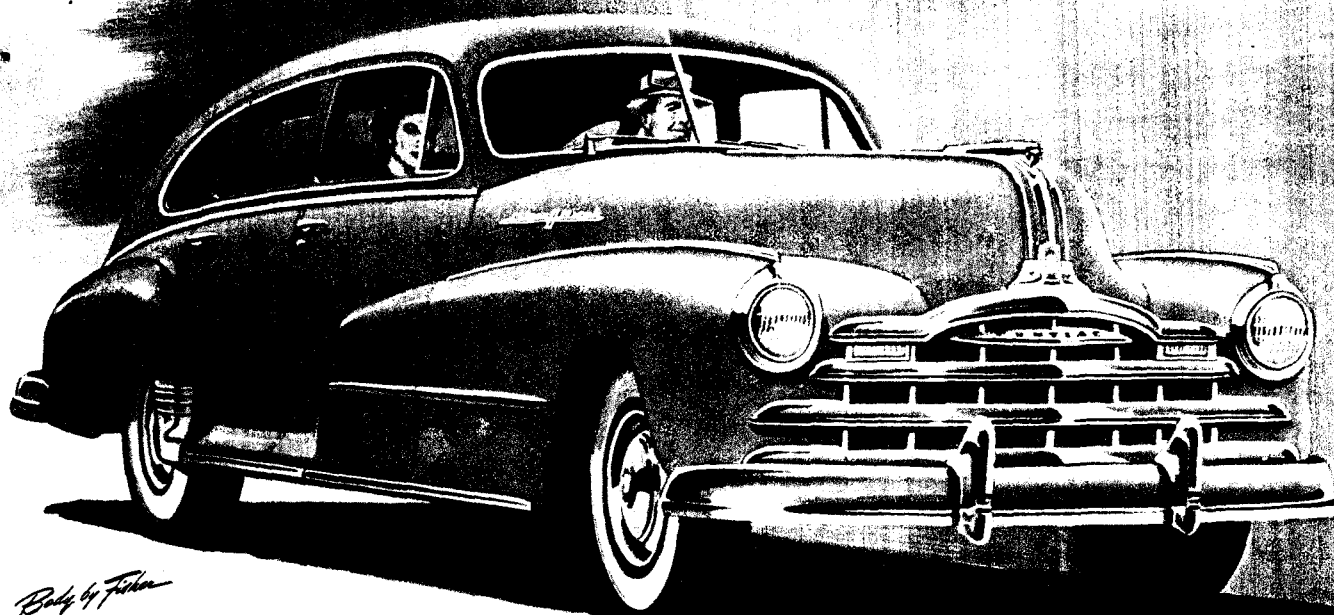
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.



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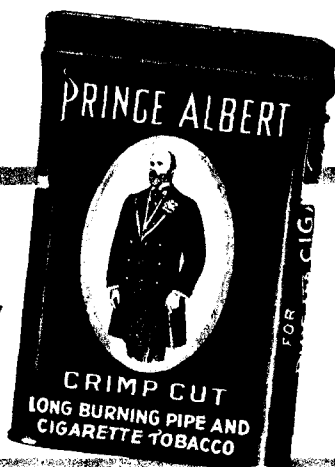
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WINDOW TO THE UNIVERSE

Continued from page 16

us and the glowing solid body, we have a combination of effects: black lines cutting across the colored band of the continuous spectrum. This third type is the dark-line or absorption spectrum. Most of the spectra of stars are this kind.

Now, the number, thickness and arrangement of these black lines are determined by the sort of gas through which they pass, and by pressure and temperature. Hydrogen gives one set of lines, helium another, and so on. These line arrangements were all charted years ago and it is a simple matter to "read" on the spectrograph of any star just what that star is made of. By measuring the relative intensity of the lines we can even tell in what proportions the gases exist in a star.

We now have the stars' distances and their chemical make-up. Next, we want to find their temperatures. We all know that as a body is heated it turns red, then yellow and finally white. So if we get a star spectrograph showing an oversupply of red, it is safe to assume the star is of a comparatively low temperature. More blues and violets in the picture tell us that the star is at white heat.

We would like to know where the star is headed: Is it coming toward us or going away, and how fast? This we can also tell from studying the spectrum. If the lines shift slightly to the red end of the spectrum (compared with the lines made by a stationary object), the star is rushing away from us; and vice versa.

The spectrograph consists of a narrow slit with an opening only a few thousandths of an inch wide, which rejects all light except that of the star under study. After passing through the slit, the star's light reaches a prism (or occasionally a grating) that sorts out the light.

This is brought into focus with appropriate small lenses. The result is then recorded on a photographic plate.

In studying nebulae, the 200-inch telescope is used as a giant camera to obtain a photograph showing many of the individual stars in a nebula. With most telescopes the great outer galaxies show as nebular spirals or undefined masses. It takes the largest telescopes to resolve these into the individual stars of which the galaxies are composed, and to show that they are not gaseous—as once supposed—but are similar to our Milky Way, composed of millions of separate stars.

Measurement and interpretation of photographs are done in the observatory offices in Pasadena, which are equipped with comparators that can measure the position of a star image or a spectrum to within a few hundred thousandths of an inch. Microphotometers measure quantitatively the blackening of the photographic images, from which the brightness of the star or the strength of the spectrum line can be determined, and hence distance and chemical make-up of a star calculated. Often the plates taken in a single night at the telescope may require weeks or even months to measure and interpret adequately.

The 200-inch telescope will practically never be used for visual observations. Very few, if any, astronomical discoveries will ever be made looking directly through the telescope itself. The new astronomical facts will be brought to light often months or years after the photographs are taken, when they are measured, interpreted and compared with other photographs in the Pasadena laboratory.

THE END



"I cannot speak for all of you but, for myself, I can say with firm determination that neither I, nor the glorious traditions of John Paul Jones Preule, Commodore Perry and Dewey will be relegated to obsolescence by a bomb based on something which cannot be seen with the naked eye"

COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE

Collier's for July 24, 1948

A BEAST FOR THE TEMPLE

Continued from page 25

loudly as it went. When this happened, Bayin, Bayini and Rama stepped off the road until the car had passed. Bayini stroked Rama's trunk and whispered to him as the huge animal fidgeted at the unaccustomed noise and strange sight.

By midmorning they had almost reached Kandy. In its last few miles, the road left the shade of the forest and ran beneath the hot sun. Stone buildings began to appear and twisting side roads and people hurrying on their way into the city. Bayini was getting nervous.

"May I ride on Rama now, Father?" he said finally. "He does not like the heat and I could keep him quiet."

"Perhaps we should both ride, if Rama will allow me on his back."

"If I tell him to, he will let you ride," laughed Bayini delightedly.

The boy hissed at Rama who wrapped his trunk gently about his waist and lifted him up to his neck. He hissed again and Rama's trunk snaked out to clasp Bayin and lift him up behind his son. The elephant shook his enormous head with pleased gravity. Then, as Bayini reached down and tweaked his ear, he shuffled slowly forward into Kandy.

KANDY is a lovely town lying in a shallow cup atop its mountain. Bayini gazed in amazement at the paved streets, the shops with great sheets of glass in their windows, the hundreds of stone buildings, the tall English hotel, the sahibs and mem-sahibs in white suits and dresses walking along the streets. He had never known there were so many automobiles in all the world! They stood by the curbstones and roared up and down the streets, honking and blowing as they rushed by. Rama's ears quivered as he walked in this confusion, his small eyes bulged as the automobiles passed close to him. Bayini leaned down and crooned soothingly in his ear. Even Bayin was upset by the speed and noise.

"There are many more cars than when I was last in Kandy," he said wonderingly. "Pah! How they stink up the air!"

Bayini did not answer. He was too busy trying to keep the elephant calm. He did not even notice the policeman's shrill whistle or the extra-loud honking in the middle of the city.

"Bayini! Bayini! Make Rama stop!" His father was shaking him suddenly.

Bayini called to the elephant and continued to stroke him. Rama stood stock still and shivered.

"What is the matter, Father?"

"The policeman! He whistled for us to stop! I should have explained before we came into the city that there is so much traffic where these streets cross that a policeman must stop the traffic on one street while he lets that on the other pass. I had forgotten it myself in the bustle. But we have stopped in time."

Bayini looked at the policeman in the middle of the intersection. He was a Sikh, with a tall white turban and curling black beard. He wore a white shirt, white shorts, white shoes and white socks that were rolled just below his knees. A wide leather belt crossed his chest diagonally, holding a pistol in a leather holster. Bayini saw that he was standing on a little wooden platform, waving for the cars to come on the intersecting street. Truly, Kandy was a splendid city where a man must spend his whole day just telling the cars to stop and go, because there were so many of them!

Taking advantage of the halt, he looked down into a shop window on the corner. It was filled with fine silk and cloth of gold. Bayini wished he had a rupee so that he might take a present home to his mother. He was lost in this reverie when his father shook him again.

"Bayini! The policeman is telling us to come!"

Bayini looked up with a start. The Sikh was waving his arms for them to move. All at once, the horns of the cars that were waiting behind Rama began to blow impatiently. A man leaned from the window of the car directly behind Rama and shouted.

"Come on! Get a move on! You're blocking up the whole road!"

Bayini did not understand the English words but their meaning was clear. But to Rama, the horns and shouting were just another annoyance. He curled his long trunk high in the air and trumpeted wildly. His ponderous front feet stamped the road in irritation. Quickly Bayini told Rama to move and leaned down to comfort him. The huge beast trembled all over in his excitement. He trumpeted angrily again as they passed another elephant. Bayini was glad when the roads widened and the buildings and shops fell

The temple was dusky and cool. Shaven-headed priests in loose, saffron-yellow robes glided up and down the corridors, their sandals slap-slapping on the smooth stone. Singhalese stood in the shadows, chatting in low tones, their voices making a dim, indistinct murmur throughout the ancient building. Bayin and Bayini walked hand in hand through the halls, the father pointing out the sculptured frescoes of the damned and demented in the Buddhist hell, the saints in their ageless nirvana.

At last they came to the Shrine of the Tooth.

The cubicle seemed to be sheathed in gold; fretted, embossed and pierced with countless symmetrical patterns. The broad steps at its base were banked with flowers. There was no noise in this part of the temple. The walls seemed to exude a slow, smothering quiet. The boy and his father stood silently before the shrine for a few minutes; and then they turned

"I am afraid that cannot be, Bayin. You have had the beast for ten years and now he is full-grown. The temple has need of him. But do not grieve. He will be pampered and cared for here, without work or trouble. He must serve the temple, in his way, just as you serve it in yours and I, in mine. Come, let us have a look at him."

Mahinda led the way out through the yawning mouth of the temple's main entrance, followed by Bayin, whose heart was filled with sorrow. The dread moment of telling Bayini had come at last.

He did it manfully, as he knew he must. Calling the boy to him while Mahinda admired the massive bulk of Rama, he sat beside Bayini on the worn steps of the temple and told him that the elephant must stay behind. Bayini did not speak or move, but his father knew that the joy had gone out of the day for him. Clumsily, he tried to console his son.

"It will be best for Rama, don't you see? Here he will be kept in a splendid stable and given the best and tastiest food. The priests will hang him with fine cloths and jewels for the processions. Why! He will be the most magnificent elephant in the world!"

Bayini looked sadly at his father. He was too well bred to cry.

"But he will not be happy here, Father. Rama likes the fields and the jungles, not this noisy city with the automobiles hooting by!"

"That we cannot judge, Bayini. He is the temple's elephant and he must do as the temple commands. Come! You must pay your respects to Mahinda."

THEY walked over to Mahinda. Bayini saluted him deferentially. Rama was uneasy in the nearness of this stranger who walked all about him, poking his thick legs and smooth sides experimentally. Mahinda seemed pleased.

"He is a splendid specimen, Bayin. There is not a finer animal in all of Ceylon. He will be a great addition to the temple elephants. Is he well behaved?"

"Yes, Sire. He is gentle and well-mannered. My son, Bayini, has trained him to work and obey. He will answer to no one else."

"Well"—Mahinda patted the boy's cheek—"we will find him another mahout in the temple's stables. It will not take long to train him to a new master. But now I should like to see him walk, to judge how he will move in procession." He smiled down at Bayini. "Will you ride him for me, boy?"

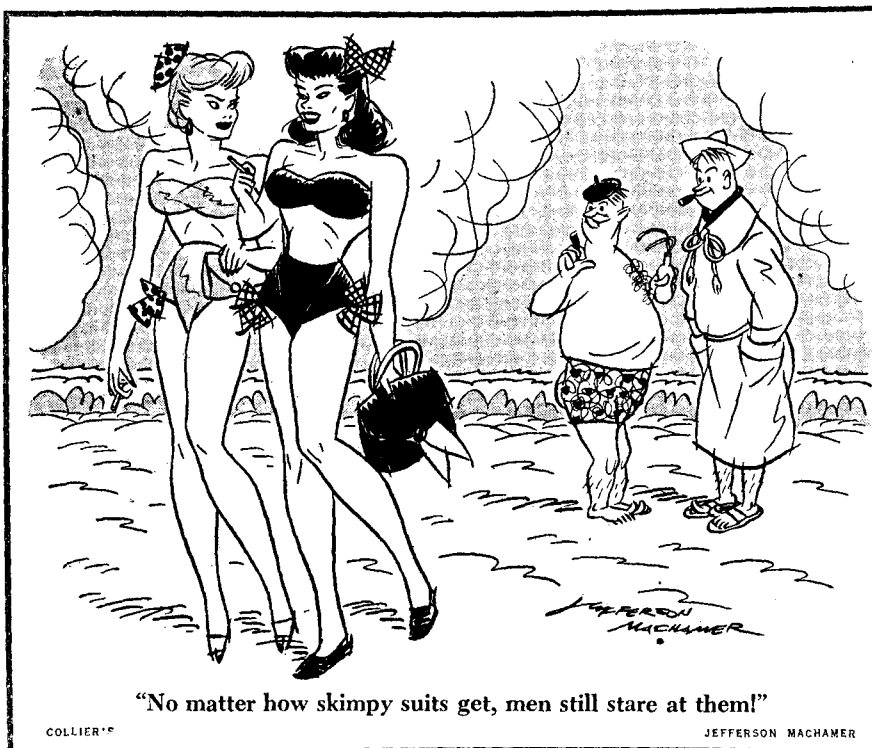
"Yes, Sire," said Bayini numbly. His feet were like lead as he dragged them over to Rama, loosed the tether and hissed to be lifted. Joyfully the long, gray trunk curled down and deposited the boy behind the domelike forehead.

"Where shall I ride, Sire?" Bayini called down to Mahinda.

"Into the town. Your father and I shall go beside you on the sidewalk. I wish to see how the beast handles himself with others about."

Chirruping and tweaking a waving ear, Bayini turned Rama down the road back into Kandy. The elephant moved with cumbersome grace, slowly and methodically, as Mahinda and Bayin walked by his side appreciating his fine points. Bayini took no pride in Mahinda's admiration. The blow of losing Rama was almost too much to bear. He sat dejectedly on his perch, small brown head sunk on his chest, his black eyes hazy. He did not know where Rama was going, nor did he care. For one wild instant, passing the lake, Bayini was tempted to turn Rama into the water and swim away. But he knew that escape was hopeless. Rama, his friend and companion, was lost.

And, although Bayini was too numb to



behind. Rama stopped shaking and walked more slowly.

"See," said Bayin pointing, "there is a lake on the right. It was built by a king many years ago. But it is only the smallest puddle compared to the mighty lakes that were built in the north. One of those was forty miles around."

The lake lay beside the road, a calm, shimmering sheet of water, bounded by a fanciful stone balustrade, overhung by tall clumps of eucalyptus trees and conifers. Bayini had never seen such a large body of water before.

"And there," said his father reverently, "is the Temple of the Tooth."

The temple was a low, rambling building of gray and yellow stone. Vines grew along its weathered walls; a great, spreading tree rose above them from an inner courtyard and cast a deep shade far out into the road. The main entrance faced the road, looking across the lake. The lintel was friezed with worn sculpture.

They tethered Rama to a stone post before the temple, and Bayini spoke to him before they entered the building. The elephant stood with immovable delight as the boy patted his trunk and whispered softly to him. Bayin's throat choked, his chest constricted with pity watching the small boy soothe the massive animal.

I must tell him soon, he thought, sadly, but first I shall plead with Mahinda and he shall see the Temple and the Shrine.

and walked back the way they had come.

"Now," said Bayin gently, breaking the spell, "I must see Mahinda. That is the reason that we have come to Kandy."

"What about, Father? He came to look at the land only a few weeks ago."

"I know. But we have some business to talk over, son. Run out and stay with Rama until I am finished." Bayin watched the boy glide softly out of the dark corridor into the sunlight beyond. Then he turned to seek Mahinda. He was determined to see if he could not convince the overseer to let the elephant stay with them for a little while longer. It would be so much easier for the boy.

BAYIN found Mahinda in the overseer's room. He waited respectfully outside while a temple attendant went in to announce his presence. In a few minutes the attendant returned and told him he might enter. Mahinda inclined his head kindly toward Bayin.

"You have brought the elephant, as I asked?"

"Yes, Honored Sire. He is tied at the main gate." Bayin looked hopefully at the overseer. He must speak now or lose the chance.

"I beg that you let him remain with us for a year or two more, Sire. He is such a help in the fields. My—we have grown so fond of him."

Mahinda shook his head sympathetically.

notice, Rama was also nervous. As he shambled nearer to the center of Kandy, the horns began to blow again and the cars whizzed by his flanks. His ears vibrated uneasily. He lifted his sensitive trunk to catch the disturbing scent of other elephants, and a strange, sour taint that—although he did not know it—was the smell of horse. Wicked things on wheels cut in front of his path, making alarming noises and smothering him with acrid fumes. People with queer clothes and scents ducked in front of him and watched him on the street. He thrashed his trunk nervously.

RAMA did not walk fast but, even so, they were a little ahead of Bayin and Mahinda by the time they came to the traffic policeman. This time Bayini saw that the Sikh had his hand up. He was glad for a reason to halt. He hissed softly into Rama's ear and the great beast shuddered to a stop. Bayini sank back into his unhappiness. He thought dolefully of Rama, dressed in gorgeous hangings, filing along this same street with the other temple elephants. He closed his eyes as if to shut out the sight in his mind.

The heavy folds of skin on Rama's legs twitched peevishly.

Bayin and Mahinda were coming down the sidewalk, Mahinda full of praise for the elephant. He was praising Bayin also, for the careful training he had given the animal and had just promised him fifty rupees for such excellent care and devotion. Bayin would gladly have given them, and the small store he had saved in addition, just to keep Rama for another year. He was looking at his son, almost lost on the tremendous back looming up before him, and thinking of the gloomy walk home.

Suddenly the horns in the street began to blow. The policeman was motioning for the traffic to move ahead. Bayini evidently did not see his waving arm. Bayin called frantically to his son.

Bayini emerged from the depths of his misery to hear his father calling. He turned swiftly to reply. Then he noticed the line of cars behind, the drivers blaring their horns and yelling at him to move. He bent quickly to Rama's ear, but he was too late.

The car directly behind the elephant was trying to pull out of line and pass. Its fender scraped painfully against one of Rama's back legs.

The street was filled with wild, angry sound as Rama loudly trumpeted his fury. He remained rational but for one instant and in that time he plucked Bayini from his back and dropped him softly on the sidewalk. Then, as irresistible as the tide, he turned to demolish the hateful thing that had struck him.

It takes a good deal of provocation to turn a domesticated elephant wild. But once turned, there is no more terrifying living thing on earth. Rama's ears lay back against his head, his eyes burned like red danger signals, his trunk curled fifteen feet above the street and shrieked with clamorous malice. Every one of his thousands of pounds shook with violent rage. Gone was the ponderous walk, his heavy shuffling movement. Rama turned in the narrow street, agile as a cat.

Once more before he attacked the car, he trumpeted. The high, insistent bleat blew down the street like the wind of a monsoon. Then he rolled his trunk inward, to protect it while he attacked, and made for the car. Fortunately the driver had opened the door and run into a shop when he saw Rama turn. The crowd on the sidewalk had prudently followed his example. Peering from windows and doorways, they watched in breathless wonder.

Rama reared high above the car. His forefeet smashed down on its top like twin pile drivers. The automobile buckled with a noise of rending metal and broken glass. Disdainfully, Rama kneeled on the car and pressed his tre-

mendous weight upon it to complete the ruin. A fender fell off in the road. He picked it up with his trunk and tossed it contemptuously into the gutter. Still shaking with fury, the mastodon bore down on a line of cars at the curb.

Bayini had stood dazed on the sidewalk during this instant of carnage. He could not believe that this was Rama wreaking such destruction. Never had he imagined that in his gentle friend could lurk such untrammelled savagery. Gazing in horror at the twisted remains of the car, he called fiercely to Rama to come to him.

He might as well have whistled at a hurricane. If Rama heard, he did not heed him. The elephant was intent upon wrecking every automobile in sight.

"Come here! Quickly!" Bayin shouted

"Stop! Stop, you fool!" Mahinda called sharply to the policeman.

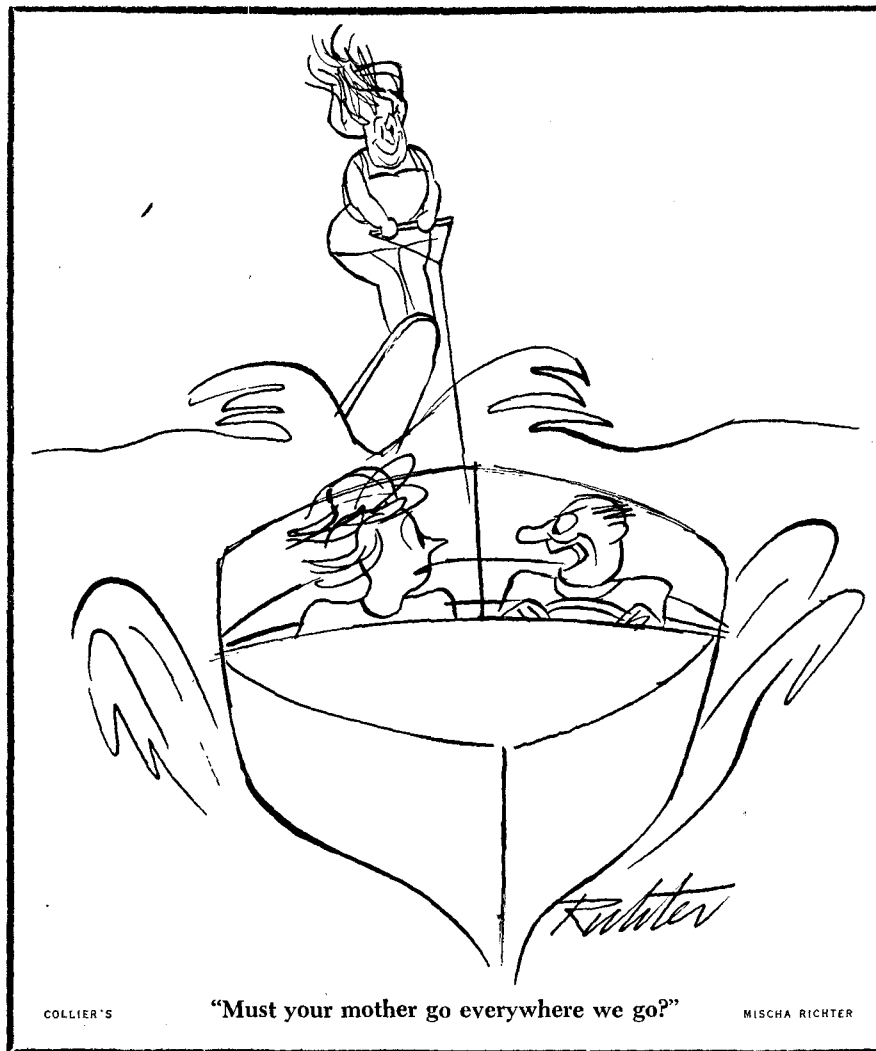
Startled, the policeman turned.

"What do you mean, 'Stop'?" he bel-lowed. "I must shoot this beast quickly!"

"You shall do no such thing!" Mahinda stepped from the doorway to argue. "You know the law. No elephant shall be shot without a permit, even if running amok! The animal belongs to the temple and I insist that the law be kept!"

"I cannot stay and quibble about the law, old one! The animal is doing damage and must be stopped!"

"With your revolver?" Mahinda's cry was scornful. "You can but wound him with that and goad him to greater evil. He will turn on you and the rest of us and grind us beneath his feet."



"Must your mother go everywhere we go?"

to his son from the doorway where he and Mahinda had taken refuge. "He is running amok!"

Shocked and still unbelieving, Bayini obeyed his father. Crouching in the doorway he watched his friend vent his frightful wrath.

Rama carried out the destruction of his enemies swiftly and implacably. He trotted down the street, trunk swinging and eyes blazing, toward the parked cars. Before each one he blew the terrible trumpet call of the young bull elephant, reared swiftly on his hind legs and fell with a ponderous crash. Then he kneeled on the crumpled metal to flatten the car to the road. He moved like the wind at his work. His ears flapped angrily, the round feet pounded with ominous, hollow sounds, as he moved from car to car. One, that took him longer to demolish than the others, he flipped over with exasperation to thump its motor and underpinning to bits.

He was starting on the fifth car when Bayini saw the policeman sidle around the corner, a heavy revolver in his hand.

"Father!" Bayini pointed in terror. "He's going to kill Rama!"

Bayin looked helplessly at the approaching form. The Sikh was trying to get near Rama without attracting his attention.

"Yes! Yes!" Other voices took up the argument. "Do not anger him further or he will kill us all!"

The Sikh hesitated, struck by the truth of the cries. He knew, like the others, that he could empty his revolver into that tough hide without even slowing the elephant down. And the overseer would be a hard antagonist in the courts, if one of his shots was lucky enough to drop the beast. The elephant was temple property, and the laws of Ceylon were strict about the killing of elephants. Even to kill a mad one required a permit from the governor's office. The animal must be running mad when shot and the shooter must carry a signed permit. He slipped the revolver back into its holster.

"Very well, old one!" he called to Mahinda. "I shall go to the government office for a permit and come back with an elephant gun. Then you may quote the law all you wish!" Satisfied that his honor had been upheld, the policeman ran swiftly around the corner.

"Hurry, boy," Mahinda beckoned to Bayini. "You must calm your elephant before the policeman returns. Are you afraid?"

"No, Sire!" Bayini smiled eagerly. "Rama will be quiet when I speak to him. You will see!"

Without another word, the boy darted

down the street toward Rama. He looked like a flickering bird flying toward a mountain—a David approaching Goliath. As he ran, he began to sing in a high, honeyed chant.

Rama had crushed the last car in the street. He stood in the middle of the road, legs apart, like a victorious champion bracing himself for another glorious battle. He weaved rhythmically like a clever boxer, his trunk high in the air scenting the smell of man-things, searching for the gassy smell of automobiles. The round eyes were glowing embers, set in his massive skull.

As Bayini approached, Rama's trunk reared threateningly. It paused in the air as he heard the boy's lulling song. Finally it wavered and fell slack. The elephant cocked his huge head to listen more closely. Watching him from the doorway, Bayin and Mahinda could see Bayini come closer to the mad animal, singing louder as he walked forward fearlessly. Now the song rose and fell. It seemed to reach out and comfort Rama, to soothe and lull him hypnotically. Gradually the elephant relaxed. The fire faded and died in his eyes. His trunk reached out tentatively and rested in Bayini's hand. The boy stroked it gently.

Rama's ears dropped. The massive legs ceased trembling and stood still. He bent his head toward Bayini. The boy hissed and Rama lifted him gently to set him behind his head. The gesture seemed to be at once an act of contrition and a sign of defeat. Slowly, at a nudge from Bayini, Rama shambled down the street and stopped in front of Bayin and Mahinda.

THE crowd, which now clustered around the elephant, cheered. The people of Ceylon are highly sentimental and are more impressed by the redemption of an elephant than the destruction of a dozen motorcars. Bayini smiled proudly down at the people from his throne.

"Good work, boy!" Mahinda called up from the street. He turned to Bayin and spoke with a conspiratorial air.

"Take the elephant back to the fields," he said quietly. "He must not remain in Kandy. After seeing him amok today, I do not think he could be trusted to walk through the city in processions. So he shall work for the temple with you and your son."

Bayin thanked the overseer with a quick look of gratitude. Then his face sobered as he gazed ruefully at the twisted shapes of the cars. Mahinda smiled reassuringly.

"Do not worry about the damage. Most drivers in Ceylon are insured against such accidents. No one but God is responsible when an elephant goes amok."

"But the policeman and his permit!" Bayin remembered him with alarm.

"He can do nothing now, for the animal is not mad. He will not lightly break the law to kill a temple elephant. But, for safety's sake, do not bring the beast to the city again. He is too nervous to walk among the cars."

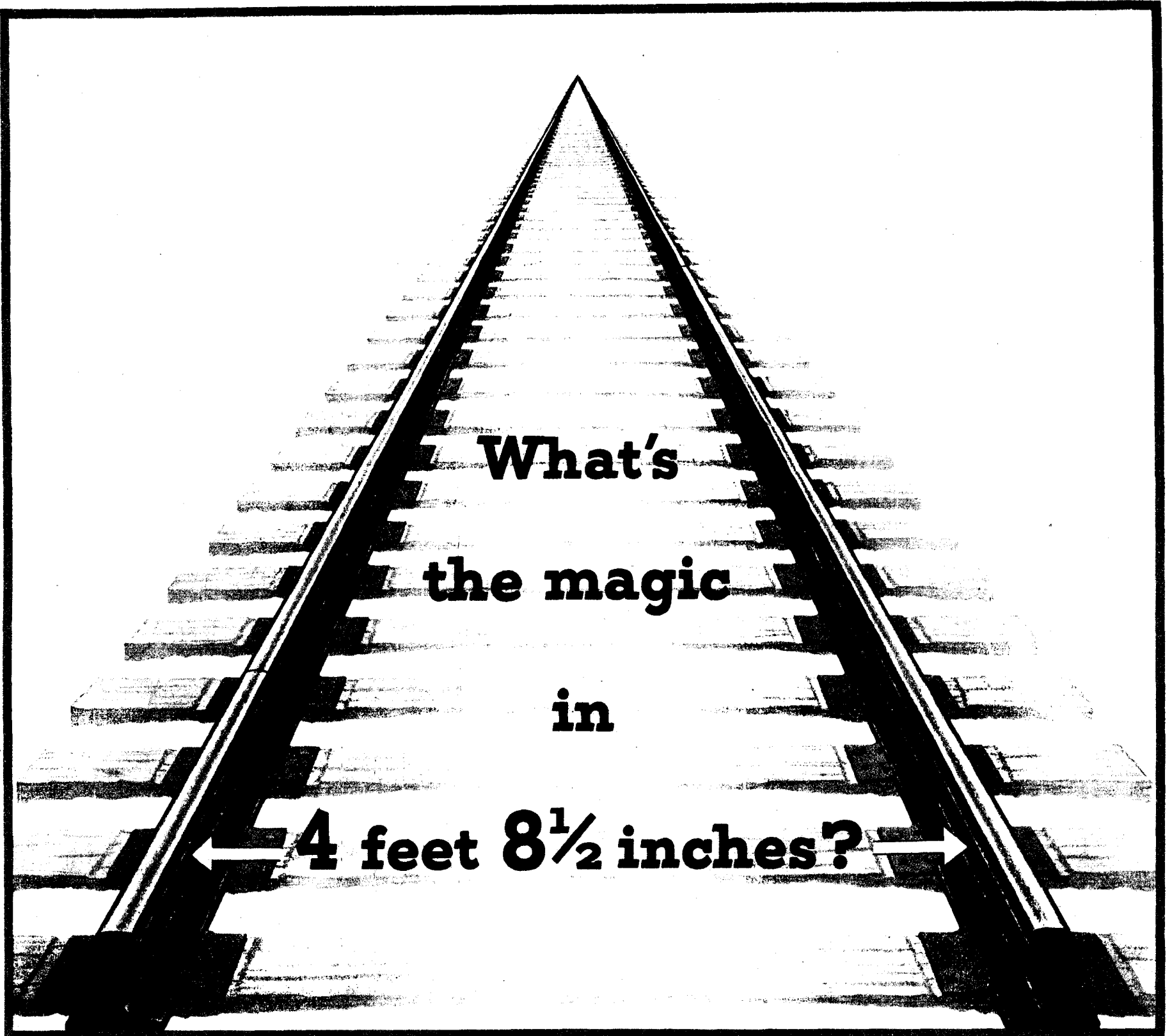
Bayin shouted the good news up to his son. The boy's face radiated his happiness. "Let us go, Father. The Sikh had a mean look when he ran for the gun."

"Yes, Bayini."

They waved to the overseer as Rama started down the road. This time they went rapidly through the streets; past the shops, the tall buildings, the hotels and the people. When they reached the outskirts of the city, Rama broke into a lumbering trot without urging; so glad was he to quit the smells, the noise and the automobiles he hated. Swiftly he topped the slight rise beyond the last house. Then Rama, Bayin and Bayini vanished beneath the arch of trees and dropped down the mountain road away from Kandy.

THE END

Collier's for July 24, 1948



The magic in 4 feet 8½ inches lies in this: that's the exact distance between the rails of virtually all railroad tracks on the North American Continent.

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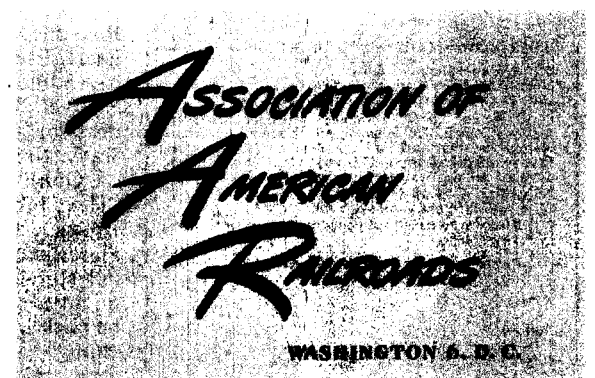
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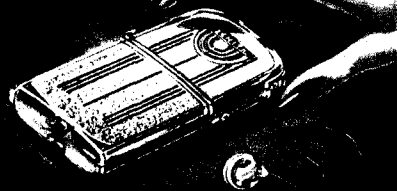


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THE LODGE BROTHER

Continued from page 28

went down to 718 and Will knocked and directly the hollering let up and the door opened and there, in his lodge robes, stood the high and mighty Mr. L. T. Smyth with a glass of whisky in his hand.

"Enter, brothers!" he cries. "Enter! There's plenty of chairs and free seegars and whisky! And if it gits too crowded we'll just knock out a few walls!"

So we went on in and sure enough there was Fred and Barky and E.W. sitting around drinking.

WHEN I'd shook with them Will puts his hand on my shoulder and says he'd like to introduce his old business partner and good brother in the Loyal Order of Eskimos.

"Welcome, brother Karcher!" booms Mr. L. T. Smyth. "Just as long as old L.T. has a single drop of liquor left in his bottle and money in his pants for more there'll always be a drink for any brother in the lodge!"

Then he give me the lodge password "Mush!" and the lodge grip and dragged over a straight-backed chair for me. Now Will Zerby knows I haven't touched a drop of hard stuff since I married Jessie and took the pledge and he don't mock me for it and I don't censure him for having himself a nip now and then for his throat trouble. Back when I was single I just couldn't get enough of the stuff but then I married Jessie and never touched it again. So when Mr. L. T. Smyth shoved that glass in my hand I started to open my mouth to explain how it was and to thank him just the same but Will shot me a look as much as to say I'd be a bum sport not to take it. So I took it and sat down and felt like a derved fool. Mr. L. T. Smyth grunts and plops down in the easy chair and throws his feet up on the bed.

"Did yuh hear?" he booms, waving his glass in the air, his face all red and beaming. "Did yuh hear about the cross-eyed schoolteacher?"

He leaned forward and looked us over with a wild look in his eyes.

"She couldn't keep her pupils together!" he bellers out directly and then goes to pounding his knee with his empty glass. "Got that one, did yuh! Did yuh get that one?"

Will and the boys was laughing fit to be tied and I reckon I was, too, for I didn't want to seem like a bum sport, though I couldn't see it was so extry comical. But directly I took a little sip of whisky and before I knowed it me and the mighty Mr. L. T. Smyth is jawing away like a couple of lawyers on a fishing trip. He said how he'd started out when he was a boy as a tool-dresser in the Taylor County oil fields and how he'd married into the coal business and he said he'd be danged if he wasn't happier back then—thirty-seven years ago—drinking beer in the bar of the old Traders' Hotel with only fifteen cents in his pocket.

"It ain't money, friend!" he roared. "That don't make a gentleman! It's like the poet says: 'A man's a man for a' that and wimmen is sisters under the skin!' It ain't a fancy hundred-dollar suit like this one here I'm wearin'! It's in the heart, friend! It's in the heart!"

And he whacked himself on the chest. "Well," I says, clearing my throat and crossing my legs. "Well, you can't always tell a mare by her saddle."

"Oho!" hollers Mr. L. T. Smyth. "Hey, brothers! Did yuh get that one! Brother, that's the best one pulled yet! Here, lemme fill up your glass!"

I stood up real quick and said I was mighty sorry but I'd told the missus I'd be back in half an hour and she'd be sore enough as it was for me staying this long and Mr. L. T. Smyth said he was

sorry I had to go and he give me a thirty-five-cent Havana. Fred and E.W. and Barky and Will said they was leaving, too, as they wanted to go down on Pike Street and see who all had come in. So Mr. L. T. Smyth sticks his bottle in his coat pocket under his robes and grabs his lodge cap and says he's going, too.

"Look out, gurlies!" he hollers, prancing down the hall ahead of us. "Your dingdong daddy is comin' to town!"

Will and the boys done their best to get me to go along but I said I'd just go down as far as the cigar counter with them to get me a stick of clove gum to cover up that drink.

"Friend!" hollers Mr. L. T. Smyth when we steps off the elevator. "I want to see a lot of you durin' the meet this year! And I want your missus and mine to get together! Tomorrow, by damn! How's about breakfast? I want to talk some more about the old days in the oil fields. You know what they say! There's no fool like an oil fool! Got that one did yuh! Did yuh get that one!"

Well, with that, him and Will and the

I swallowed and I said, "This here is my missus. Jessie, this here is Mister and Missus L. T. Smyth. We—him and me—"

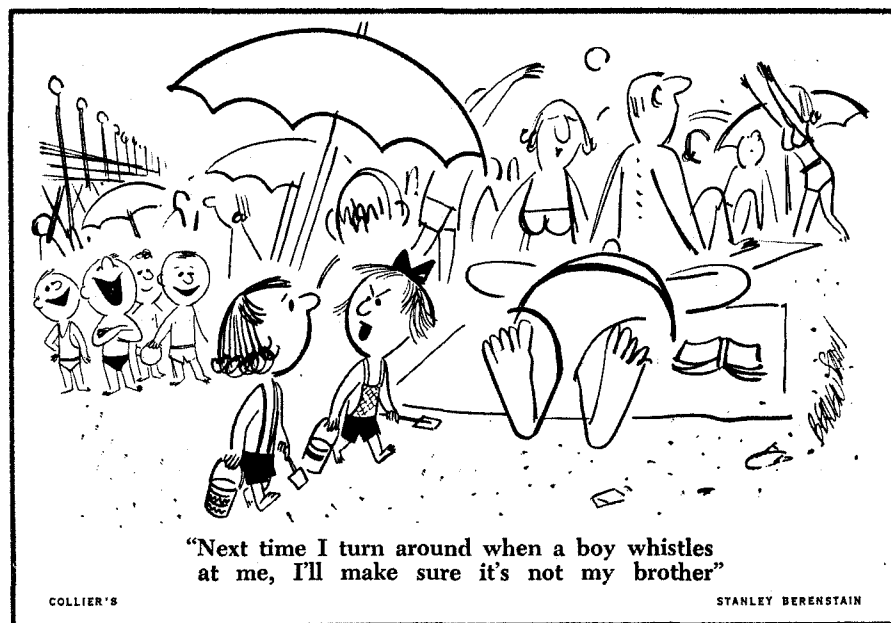
"Charmed," says L. T. Smyth's missus with a voice like a spoonful of banana ice cream sliding down your back.

"We'd ask you to join us, brother Karcher!" says Mr. L. T. Smyth. "But we're expecting some guests. Ah! Here they come now!"

And with that he jumps to his feet and across the dining room come all the big-wigs and high potentates in the West Virginia Igloo of the Loyal Order and all their women and directly everybody's standing around the table pumping hands and clucking and chirping and I'm doing my best to steer Jessie over to the little corner table by the swinging doors.

"John!" whispers Jessie over the top of the bill of fare. "You shouldn't have done that! Those folks never laid eyes on us before!"

Right then I got sore. Jessie and me has been married for thirty-five years and never had a cross word, but right then I got sore.



"Next time I turn around when a boy whistles at me, I'll make sure it's not my brother"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY BERENSTAIN

others went hollering out through the revolving doors and I got my gum and went up on the elevator thinking what a friendly, common sort Mr. L. T. Smyth was and how nice it was going to be for Jessie to get to meet his missus.

And this happened the next morning at breakfast—the very next morning, mind you. Me and Jessie got off the elevator and went into the dining room and there sat the high and mighty Mister and Missus L. T. Smyth.

"Come on, Mother," I whispered. "I want you to meet a couple of mighty nice folks."

Jessie sort of hung back at first but I give her elbow a little shove and when we was right up by their table I cleared my throat. And Mr. L. T. Smyth's missus went to snatching around in her dress for her eyeglasses which was on a black ribbon, and the mighty Mr. L. T. Smyth himself looked up and put down his spoon and studied us, like he was trying to figure out what we was selling.

"I don't believe," he says directly, "I've had the pleasure, brother."

Them was his exact words. Jessie was there and she heard it.

Well, I was just praying for the floor to swallow us both, and Jessie was tugging my sleeve and I was so red-hot under the collar it's a wonder I didn't set it afire.

"K-Karcher," I says. "John Karcher. I— Last night with Will Zerby and—"

"Oh, to be sure!" chuckles the mighty Mr. L. T. Smyth. "I recall now. Splendid morning, isn't it, brother Karcher?"

"Mother," I said, trying to stop my hands from shaking. "Shut your mouth and order the number-three breakfast!"

Well, by suppertime I had my steam back down to normal, since most of the day was taken up with roll call and parade plans at the Igloo Headquarters in the ballroom and Jessie spent most of the forenoon with the Northern Lights Auxiliary hearing a speech on "Mattresses, Their Care and Protection" which helped take her mind off what had happened. We was dog-tired after supper and Jessie had went up to the room and I was just buying a magazine at the cigar counter when I heard a loud, familiar voice screeching at me over by the potted palms. Well, I couldn't believe my ears.

HERE he come, dancing across the lobby in his fur lodge cap and his blue and yellow lodge robes, and waving one of them trick canes with an automobile horn on the end of it and back of him here come his missus in her costume of the Exalted Princess of the Northern Lights Auxiliary and taking up the rear was Will Zerby and the boys and their womenfolks.

"Brother Karcher!" bawls the mighty Mr. L. T. Smyth, wharping me on the back and honking that fool cane in my ear. "Meet the little woman! She's from Kain-tucky, suh! Ol' Colonel Dangerfield's fairest daughter! Minnie, this here is John Karcher—a brother in the lodge and a mighty dear friend of mine!"

Well, I couldn't just walk off with her

Collier's for July 24, 1948

sticking out her hand at me with them diamonds all over it. I shook with her and dropped my magazine and before I could bend down to pick it up Barky and Will and E.W. had thrown their arms around my shoulders and was harmonizing on My Old Kentucky Home.

"Karcher!" says the great Mr. L. T. Smyth, grabbing me by the sleeve. "We're having a little old-fashioned get-together up in 718. Nothin' fancy, understand! Just plain, common folks gettin' together for a little clean fun! And we want you and your missus to join us!"

I shook my head. "Thank you kindly, Mister Smyth," I says. "You too, ma'am. But me and Jessie has put in a right hard day and—"

"NONSENSE!" bellers Mr. L. T. Smyth. "Looky here, brother Karcher! The lodge only meets once a year! And besides—if we don't let our wimmen in on the fun—they get ideas! Know what I mean! GET ME!"

He give a real ornery wink and went to whispering, but loud enough so's you knowed he meant everybody to hear.

"They think we're out chasin' the madam—oo—zels!"

And he jabs me in the stomach with that finger with the big diamond on it and then Barky and Will was on my neck—pawing me and coaxing and saying we'd only have to stay a half an hour and the women would just be drinking ginger ale.

I never said it but I wish to God I had now. I just wish I'd said, "Well, Mister L. T. Smyth, you've come a peg since breakfast." But I didn't. And like being made a fool of once wasn't enough I said I'd go get Jessie. And I did. And we all went down to 718 and everybody sang Bill Bailey and Pistol Packin' Mama and me and Jessie had two glasses of ginger ale apiece. And when we'd been there a while I could tell by Jessie's face she was having a good time and I thought to myself that the lodge conventions is about the only fun she gets all year and if she was having a good time I guess it wouldn't hurt my soul none to eat a little crow. Then directly Jessie said we'd been there nearly an hour and we'd better be getting back to our room and everybody was nice as pie to us and Mr. L. T. Smyth stuck another thirty-five-cent Havana in my pocket and he says, "Tomorrow! Tomorrow just as sure as shootin' we're gonna have lunch together! By damn, Karcher, you've been snubbin' us! What's wrong, brother? You don't hold it against me that I'm rich, do you? By damn, I'm just as common as an old shoe, Karcher! And that means I've got a SOLE! Did yuh get that one! Got that one, did yuh!"

AND after we'd turned out the light and been in bed a while Jessie says to me, "They do seem like nice folks, don't they? And he's a good-natured soul even if he drinks. Don't you think so, John? John—are you asleep?"

And I let on I was and I pretended like I was snoring and laid there not moving, with my back to Jessie, trying to think it all through. I'd have gave him the benefit of the doubt at that point. Live and let live is my motto. But just the same I figured to be kind of on my guard this time and I spent most of the forenoon in the lobby looking for Will Zerby so's I could ask him if Smyth had served him and his missus the way he done us. Will told me afterwards that he never had the chance since him and Nevada took all their meals over at her sister's. So at a quarter to twelve I met Jessie in the lobby and we went right up to the dining room. And, sure enough, there they was—the great Mr. L. T. Smyth and his missus and all the bigwigs and muchamuches in the Loyal Order sitting around the table. I hurried a little—figuring we was late. And Jessie said, "I'm just dying to show her this new quilt pattern I got down at the Palace!" And when we was

right up to their table I cleared my throat.

"Oh, hullo, brother Karcher," says Mr. L. T. Smyth, looking up just as cool as you please. "We're just finishing up coffee. You and your missus can have our table. I see the dining room is crowded this morning. We've got to be running along to the Initiation of the Auxiliary down in the main ballroom! Probably see you there!"

And with that everybody jumps up and folds their napkins and heads for the elevator.

Jessie was crying this time—not making no noise but setting there staring at me across the coffee cups and the stogie butts and the gummy plates, with her handkerchief pressed against her mouth.

"John Alexander Karcher," she whispered, "I'll never forgive you if I live to be a hundred for the way you've humiliated me these past two days!"

I never opened my mouth. I guess if I'd said anything it would have been full of words I didn't want Jessie to know I knew. So I just sat there thinking to myself: He's gone just a little bit too far this time. Two hours before, I'd have been willing to pack up my troubles in my old kit bag and smile, smile, smile, and never went home from the convention holding a grudge for no man. And even now, I guess—even setting there at that table of dirty dishes, feeling like a nut and a derved fool and with Jessie crying and sore at me, I'd have been content to go my own way in peace if it hadn't been for what was to happen that night.

IT WAS just after supper. Jessie had I went up to the room and I was standing out in front of the hotel smoking a stogie and getting a breath of air. I was watching some of the brothers playing leapfrog over in the courthouse yard and not thinking of a derved thing when all of a sudden I seen him coming. For jest a minute I thought I'd took leave of my senses. He was all dressed up in a cowboy suit and was shooting off two little cap pistols in the air and striding across the street all bowlegged and simple-looking with Barky and E. W. Snyder.

"Reach for yore shootin' irons, pardner!" he hollers, cracking them fool toy guns at me. "Thar hain't room enough in this hyar town for you and me, ombree, and one of us is a-goin' out feet fust! Howdy, brother Karcher! Did I skeer yuh?" And he wharped me on the back so hard it shook my upper plate loose.

I never opened my mouth; standing there, getting madder by the minute and trying to gum my dentures back in place without dropping my stogie. And I started to walk away but he grabs me.

"Oh no you don't, pardner!" he bellers. "Oh no you don't! If'n these hyar shootin' irons was real I'd plug ye! Deed I would! Where you been hidin' yourself all day, you danged bootlegger! Me and the little woman—"

"I seen you at lunchtime," I said.

"Oh shucks, yes!" says Mr. L. T. Smyth, pushing back his cowboy hat and scratching his bald head. "I'm right sorry about that, brother Karcher! Got my schedules all mixed up. How was lunch? Say! A feller come up to me today and says he ain't had a bite in two weeks! So I bit him! Got that one, did yuh! Did yuh get that one!"

Well, sir, it was a funny thing. When I knowed what I had to do I felt just as calm and peaceful as if the Lord had sent me a sign. And I mean no disrespect nor sacrilegion. It was just like a big load sliding right down off my shoulders.

"Brother Karcher!" hisses Mr. L. T. Smyth, shoving one of them toy guns in my ribs. "Let's go up to 718 and have ourselves a good old snort!"

I'd just like to have said, "All right, Mister L. T. Smyth. You'll see directly that you ain't the only joker in this town with a suitcase full of smart tricks!" But instead I hollered out, "Judas priest,

Does your face say "I love life"?



FOREHEAD: A love of good things is written in the expressive lines of this jutting forehead!

EYES: Bushy browed, deep-set, they twinkle with the joy of living!

LIPS: Long, thin, their satisfied curve seems to say, "I'll never grow tired of living—or of that 'Double-Rich' Cream of Kentucky!"

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TUNE IN . . . "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sunday evenings, CBS Network.

L.T.! What the heck are we standin' here for! Let's go!"

"Now yore talkin', pardner!" sings out Mr. L. T. Smyth, walking bowlegged so's folks would think he was a cowboy and poking a young girl in the back with one of his cap pistols and then ducking in through the revolving doors with an ornery holler of glee. "I'm an old cow hand—from the Ree-oh Grandel!"

"Judas priest!" I hollered. "Let's raise Ned tonight, L.T.!"

"Well, I'd just like to see someone try and stop us!" bawls Mr. L. T. Smyth. "That's what I'd by damn like to see!"

And then we got on the elevator. We hadn't hardly got started up till Mr. L. T. Smyth gives out a beller and points to the youngster that's running the thing.

"Karcher!" he hollers. "That ugly ombree there looks to me like a derved Apache Indian!"

And he pushed his hat back off his eyes so's he could get a better look and he glared at the poor youngster like he meant to eat him up.

"I'll drill him!" hollers Mr. L. T. Smyth, cracking away with both cap pistols. "I'll plug him full of holes! Has he bit the dust yet, pardner? Has he had enough?"

"Judas priest, yes!" I hollered. "I reckon he won't bother us no more!"

WHEN we got to 718 there wasn't nobody there but his missus and she must have heard us coming for she was just pouring the drinks.

"Hold her, Newt, she's a-rarin'!" I yelled, and snatched up mine and drank her down. And Mr. L. T. Smyth done the same with his, only it was derved near a water glass full and when he'd got his breath back you could see it had hit him pretty hard.

"It ain't gold in the bank, brother!" he croaked. "It's the gold of Human Friendship that makes a true man! That's the way I got it wrote down in my little book! Ain't that the truth, Minnie?"

And he wharped his missus on the back so hard she lost her balance and fell face down on the bed.

"Ain't that true!" he hollers at her. "Ain't you always found me to be that kind of a man, Minnie! Ain't it!"

"That's right, Lawrence," she said, her face all muffled in the bedclothes. "That's exactly right!"

"And when friends and lodge brothers gets together," roars Mr. L. T. Smyth, "they sure ought to raise hell and have fun! Do what yuh feel like doin' is what I say! If a man can't do what he feels like doin' then it ain't a free country! Right, pardner?"

"Why, Judas priest, yes!" I hollered.

"Is this a democracy?" he hollers. "Wait a minute! I'm askin' you one simple question! Is—this—a—democracy?"

"You bet!" I hollered.

"Then it's a free country!" yells Mr. L. T. Smyth, banging his fist down on the washstand. "Do what you want to do is what I say!"

He put his hand on my shoulder and hiccuped in my ear.

"What did you always want to do, brother Karcher?" he says. "Remember—it's a free country! You want to know what I always wanted to do, brother Karcher? Always wanted to raise alligators in Florida! Alligators, Karcher! That's the life! What did you always want to do, Karcher?"

I frowned and scratched my head like I was studying it real hard and never let on like I had it all figured out ahead of time. Then I let out my line and fed him the hook.

"Well, sir," I says. "To tell you the gospel truth, brother Smyth, I've spent most of the years of my life smothering the urge to throw furniture out of hotel windows!"

"Throw furniture—! Say now!" he hollered. "That's a dang good idea, pard-

ner! Put her there! Furniture! Get rid of it! Throw it—throw it out that dang window! Minnie! MINNIE! Open the window!"

And the great Mr. L. T. Smyth's missus went over and opened the window and leaned out waving her handkerchief at the people down on Pike Street.

"Yoo-hoo, you all," she crooned in a soft, happy voice.

"Is this a free country!" boomed Mr. L. T. Smyth.

He leaned out the window and hollered down at the people in the street, "Twenty-three skiddoo, you derved boot-leggers! Bombs away, brother Karcher!"

And we all looked over the sill, watching the little straight-backed chair spin down and kind of explode on the sidewalk with everybody standing back in a circle and gawking up at us like nuts.

"Now the dresser drawers!" bawls Mr. L. T. Smyth. "The danged bureau is too big to get through the window, curse the luck! Just like my missus! It's a lucky thing for you, Minnie, you're too big to get through the window!"

And his missus just giggled at him and pitched a whisky bottle at his head and watched it bust and the whisky run down the wall. A real crowd had gathered in the street now and they gave a big cheer when the dresser drawers and the washstand hit the sidewalk. Then out went the slop jar and the washbowl, and another chair follered that. The little bench to the dressing table was pitched out next; then the mirror, the mattress, the easy chair and the writing desk.

"Now!" hollers Mr. L. T. Smyth, dusting off his hands and swaggering around the room all simple and bowlegged. "Pardner! Le's go down and build us a campfire with all that nice kindlin'! It's mighty cold on the ranch tonight! And the fire will keep them pesky kiyotees away!"

"That's a good idea, L.T.!" I hollered.

So he stuck his whisky bottle in the blouse of his cowboy suit and went out the door waving his cap pistol in the air and shouting some foolishness about an alligator ranch. All the way down on the elevator he kept cracking his gun at the poor youngster and his missus was giving the rebel war cry. I sighed to myself and felt kind of sad for Jessie's sake—knowing how it all was sure to turn out—but knowing deep inside there wasn't no other way. And then when we went out through the revolving doors I seen the three constables. Quick as a wink I grabbed Mr. L. T. Smyth by the sleeve

of his cowboy shirt. For this time I'd really thought up a humdinger.

"Judas priest, L.T.!" I whispered. "Them fellers looks like Texas Rangers! Let's sneak up and kick 'em in the pants!"

The poor souls was standing there in the crowd—scratching their heads and looking up at the window and then looking down at the pile of busted furniture and scratching their heads some more. Mr. L. T. Smyth blazed away with both cap pistols and his missus give the rebel yell and we charged. And we caught them all square in the seat of the britches at the same time.

"I'm an old cow hand!" Mr. L. T. Smyth was hollering as they dragged us off down Pike Street.

"From the Ree-oh Grandel!" sings his missus, trying to put her arms around the constable that had her in tow.

JESSIE never did understand it and never will, I reckon. There is some things you have to do in this world that you can't explain to a woman. She come to see me next morning at the Harrison County Jail in the cell where I was with the great high and mighty Mister and Missus L. T. Smyth. He was bellering and shaking the bars and hollering for his lawyer and yelling something about the Constitution might as well be tore up and this here was a democracy, and what with all the racket I could hardly hear what Jessie was saying. And with her crying to boot.

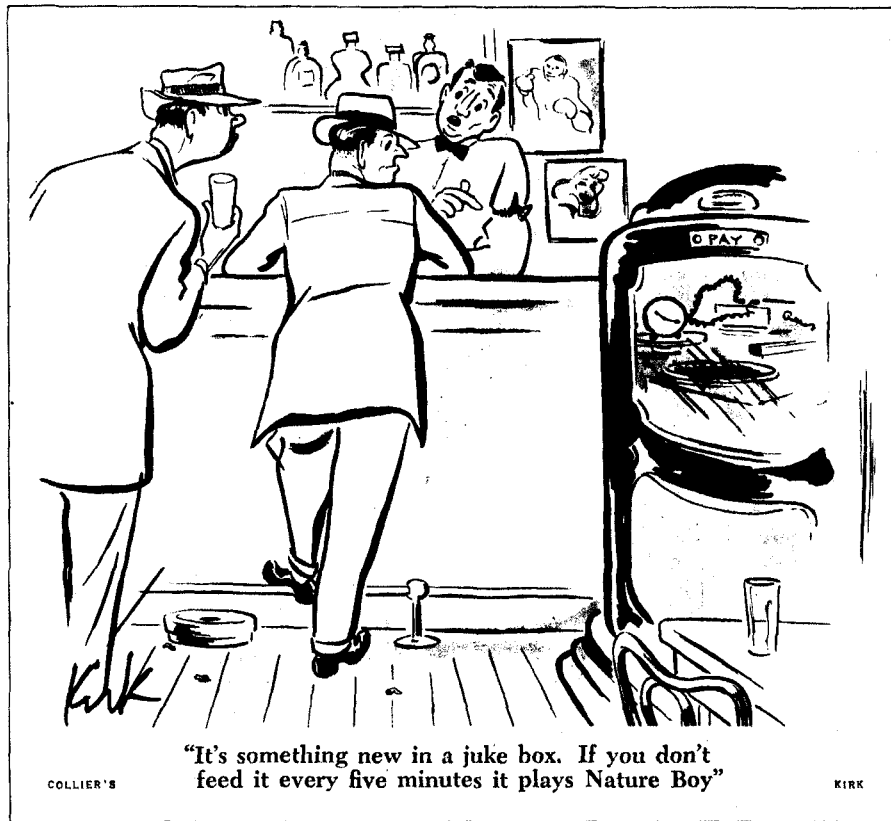
"I'll stick by you, John," she says. "Even if you get life."

Then she just plumb went to pieces and was led away sobbing and shaking and directly here comes the jailer with our breakfast. I could see out in the courthouse lobby—Jessie setting on a bench now with her handkerchief against her upper lip and Will and E.W. and Barky and Fred all standing around patting her on the head and Will's missus holding the smelling salts.

I hate to say this but I felt just grand. When the jailer shoved through the tray of hot mush and bacon and black coffee and passed out the spoons I got just as hungry as a bear. And I couldn't hold it back no longer.

"Hey there, Mister L. T. Smyth!" I hollered. "You and your missus must join me at breakfast this mornin'. Nothin' fancy, understand! But I'd be charmed if you was to have a bite with me! Did yuh get that one! Got that one, did yuh!"

THE END



"It's something new in a juke box. If you don't feed it every five minutes it plays Nature Boy"

COLLIER'S

KIRK

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

to Wallace? It just don't make sense. Will you answer just one question? Why the discrimination?

SIDNEY B. HOLCOMB, Chanute, Kan.

Collier's is opposed as always to any restraints on the rights to free speech; but is likewise opposed to anyone acting as salesman for the Communist line. If that's inconsistent, well, we're inconsistent.

MISSHAPEN IDENTITY

DEAR SIR: Read Walter Murphy's entertaining letter containing some Janeisms of Jane Ace, radio's forerunner of Hollywood's Bunny McLeod (The Week's Mail, May 15th). As Jane would say, Murphy "hit the nail right on the thumb." She claims that two heads are better than none; that love makes the world go around together; that if she saves her money for a rainy day, she'll never be regarded as a parasol; that a man who courts several women is "a regular Bluebird." When husband Goodman becomes upset, Jane advises him to "relapse," and when he disagrees with her, she assures him he is barking up the wrong dog. Yes, when your enthusiastic Hollywood correspondents hail Bunny McLeod as the originator of the tangled phrase, it's a plain case of misshapen identity.

TED STITT, New Rochelle, N. Y.

HISTORY LESSON

EDITOR, COLLIER'S: Re G.A.R. by Eric Hatch (June 5th)—were Lee's men at the first Bull Run? No! J. E. Johnston's were. Lee had not yet been placed in command.

F. M. DARBY, Chicago, Ill.

Reader Darby is right. Lee won the second battle of Bull Run.

KITEY HAWK?

EDITOR, COLLIER'S: Alfred H. Sinks' article on the subject of kites and aviation (Flying High, May 29th) contains this most preposterous statement: "The invention of the box kite by Lawrence Hargrave in 1893 led straight to the first successful flight at Kitty Hawk."

I defy Mr. Sinks or anyone else to show the slightest relationship between the box kite of Hargrave and successful flight by the Wrights at Kitty Hawk. The Wrights never experimented with box kites and never used anything original with Hargrave. The features of the Kitty Hawk machine which chiefly contributed to the successful flights on December 17, 1903, were: wings of improved design; propellers of high efficiency, designed by calculations from theory originated by the Wrights; a new system of control, still used today.

He also says that "the Wright brothers in particular got lessons in aerodynamics from kites." Neither of the Wrights ever flew but one device that could properly be called a kite after they became actively interested in problems of aerodynamics. That was a biplane glider with six-foot span that Wilbur Wright experimented with in August, 1899.

FRED C. KELLY, Author of The Wright Brothers, Authorized by Orville Wright, Peninsula, Ohio

... I enjoy making and flying kites much more than my 9-year-old son does. The most successful kite I made this spring consisted of a plastic tablecloth framework, and it stayed aloft in a pouring rain-storm. Some fun!

MRS. CARL THOMPSON, Davison, Mich.

DUST STORM

SIR: The anti-Communists to the contrary notwithstanding, the most un-American activity I have observed lately is the practice of striking at that little pile of inarticulate dust in Hyde Park by means of various memoirs and diaries by authors

Collier's for July 24, 1948

who couldn't get a hearing so long as that dust remained concrete and articulate.

Stomping a man when he's down is definitely no part of my code as an American. I never voted for Franklin D. Roosevelt. I am a Republican from the core. He was a man unafraid, courageous in personal adversity and loved by many. His family, besides, is still with us.

DORA SESSIONS LEE, Prescott, Ariz.

HOW TO GET UP IN THE WORLD

DEAR SIR: You write it's Hard To Sleep (May 29th) but some children are hard to get out of bed each morning a good way to get them up is Buy a Record—such as Off We Go To The Wild Woods Younder or When Johnnie Comes Marching Home or We Can Win—Winsokie, We Can Win—you know every souldier has something special in mind when he go to War. Songs such as thoes has a great affect it makes a person feel like marching no matter how discourage they feel—so it is with children they all has something special in mind and thoes songs has a very up lifting encouragement. Up they'll get. Also if you can't sleep and have plenty of cover on your bed and still dont feel warm—no matter how could it is—take a steaming how bath every night or day get Right in Bed from self expeared I am sure you wont be Bother about being could throuout the night—if that dont work you new to see a doctor some times your blood dont circulate jest right when relaxed is because your body has not had the exercise it should have had throuout the day—everything within should have a certain amount issus to it—so the the hot water stimulate the blood and liven up the untended parts within with everything workin promptly there be no lacking of heat. I am 25 I have children of my own but I enjoy trying to help other people with theirs.

LOUISE WALKER, Cincinnati, Ohio

FIVE-PASSENGER HORSECAR

SIR: Re Schoolmistress Phyllis Sharp's statement (The Week's Mail, June 19th)—that five passengers riding to school aboard Dobbin was impossible in Idaho—well, I ain't a sayin' how fur hit would a took 'em but their grandpappy says as how his younguns uster travel thataway in Oklahoma. So he tried my five boys on fer size. Course, these younguns are sorta big. Maybe iffen they was littler, it could be did. Poor horse.

MRS. HILDA CHANCE, Linwood, Pa.



... Perhaps Colorado horses are longer than those in Idaho. I am enclosing a snapshot, taken about twenty-five years ago, of a "school bus" horse which transported these seven children to and from a rural school in southwest Colorado ...

A former Colorado schoolteacher,
ALICE M. BURNETT, Lima, Ohio



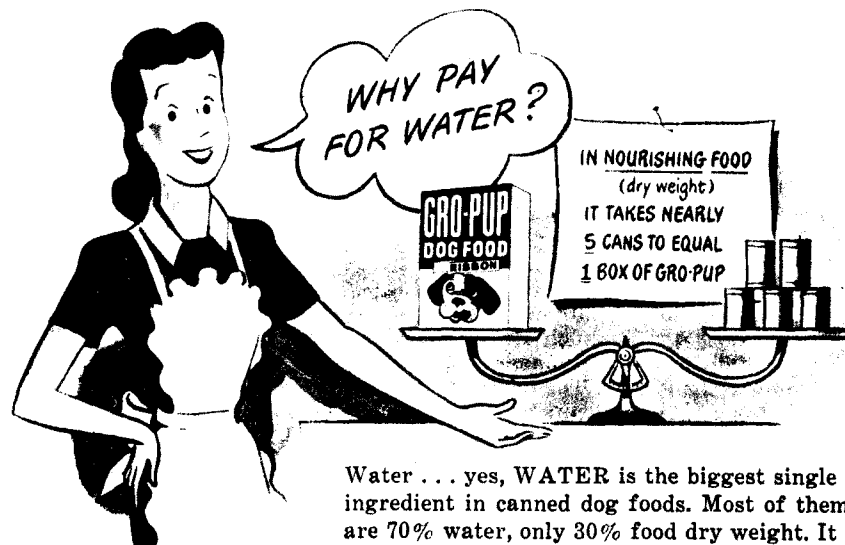
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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 20

nations, large and small, had to carry the burdens of heavy armament in order to survive. Hopkins later told me that Roosevelt was unusually uncomfortable and "his style was cramped" in these meetings primarily because of the enormous language difficulty and the inevitable waits while each statement was translated.

The next morning the President and Hopkins met with Molotov, General Marshall and Admiral King.

Angles on Aid to Russia

Professor Cross's record included:

The President remarked that Mr. Molotov had just come from London, where he had been discussing with the British authorities the problem of a second (invasion) front in western Europe. He had, the President added, been politely received, but had as yet obtained no positive commitment from the British. . . . We regarded it as our obligation to help the Soviets to the best of our ability, even if the extent of this aid was for the moment doubtful. . . .

Mr. Molotov thereupon remarked that, though the problem of the second front was both military and political, it was predominantly political. There was an essential difference between the situation in 1942 and what it might be in 1943. . . . To be sure, as was devoutly to be hoped, the Russians might hold and fight on all through 1942.

But it was only right to look at the darker side of the picture. On the basis of his Continental dominance, Hitler might throw in such reinforcements in man power and material that the Red Army might not be able to hold out against the Nazis. . . . In such circumstances the outlook would be much less favorable for all hands. . . . The decisive element in the whole problem lay in the question: When are the prospects better for the United Nations—in 1942 or in 1943?

Mr. Molotov observed that . . . if Great Britain and the United States, as allies, were to create a new front and to draw off 40 German divisions from the Soviet front, the ratio of strength would be so altered that the Soviets could either beat Hitler this year (1942) or insure beyond question his ultimate defeat.

Mr. Molotov therefore put this question frankly: Could we undertake such offensive action as would draw off 40 German divisions, which would be, to tell the truth, distinctly second-rate outfits? If the answer should be in the affirmative, the war would be decided in 1942. If negative, the Soviets would fight on alone, doing their best, and no man would expect more from them than that. He requested a straight answer. . . .

The President then put to General Marshall the query whether developments were clear enough so that we could say to Mr. Stalin that we are preparing a second front. "Yes," replied the general. The President then authorized Mr. Molotov to inform Mr. Stalin that we expect the formation of a second front this year [1942].

General Marshall added that we had the troops, all adequately trained; we had the munitions, the aviation and the armored divisions. The difficulties lay in transport.

Strategically the idea was, said General Marshall, to create as quickly as possible a situation on the Continent under which the Germans would be forced into an all-out air engagement, but they will not engage on this scale without the pressure of the presence of our troops on the ground. . . .

There was a meeting with the Chiefs of Staff Sunday afternoon, of which Hopkins wrote:

The President told General Marshall and Admiral King that he thought the matter was a little vague and the dangerous situation on the Russian front required that he, the President, make a more specific answer to Molotov in regard to a second front. The President read a draft of a cable which he had prepared to send to Churchill.

The cable referred to said: Molotov's visit has put us on a personal footing of candor and as good friendship as can be acquired through an interpreter. I think the visit is a real success.

His real anxiety as to the next four or five months has been made very clear and I think this is sincere and not put forward to force our hand. Therefore, I am more than ever anxious that BOLERO [then the code name for the invasion of western Europe] proceed to

quiring interest on wartime advances, all the United Nations should work out a plan covering a long-term repayment of capital only. He hoped Mr. Molotov would discuss the point with Mr. Stalin for the purpose of exploring it without commitments. Mr. Molotov agreed to do so. The President observed that some such arrangement would facilitate matters for Great Britain, the Soviet Union and the United States, and also prove helpful for other nations. . . .

Mr. Molotov commented that he thought Mr. Stalin would be interested.

The President repeated that we expected to set up a second front in 1942, but that every ship we could shift to the English run meant that the second front was so much the closer to being realized. After all, ships could not be in two places at once. The Soviets could not eat their cake and have it too.

To this statement Mr. Molotov retorted with some emphasis that the second front would be stronger if the first

felt that the sentence about the second front was too strong and urged that there be no reference to 1942. I called this particularly to the President's attention but he, nevertheless, wished to have it included."

The reference to the second front which Molotov wrote and which appeared in the public statement issued on June 11th was: "In the course of the conversations full understanding was reached with regard to the urgent tasks of creating a second front in Europe in 1942."

The exact meaning of those words and all the implications involved in them provoked interminable and often violently acrimonious discussion for a long time thereafter.

Hopkins later was given an *aide-memoire* which the British authorities had handed to Molotov on this subject. It said:

We are making preparations for a landing on the Continent in August or September, 1942. . . . Clearly, however, it would not further either the Russian cause or that of the Allies as a whole if, for the sake of action at any price, we embarked on some operation which ended in disaster and gave the enemy an opportunity for glorification at our discomfort. We can therefore give no promise in the matter, but, provided that it appears sound and sensible, we shall not hesitate to put our plans into effect.

Roosevelt cabled Stalin that he appreciated ever so much your sending Mr. Molotov to see me. Our visit was very satisfactory and I shall await anxiously the news of his safe arrival.

F.D.R.'s Reaction to Molotov

This same day Roosevelt cabled Churchill:

The visit greatly pleased me. Molotov warmed up far more than any of us expected and I feel confident that he has a far better understanding of the situation here than when he arrived. I confess that I view with great concern the Russian front. . . .

These two cables were sent on June 6, 1942—which was two years to the day before the real second front was at last opened in northern France.

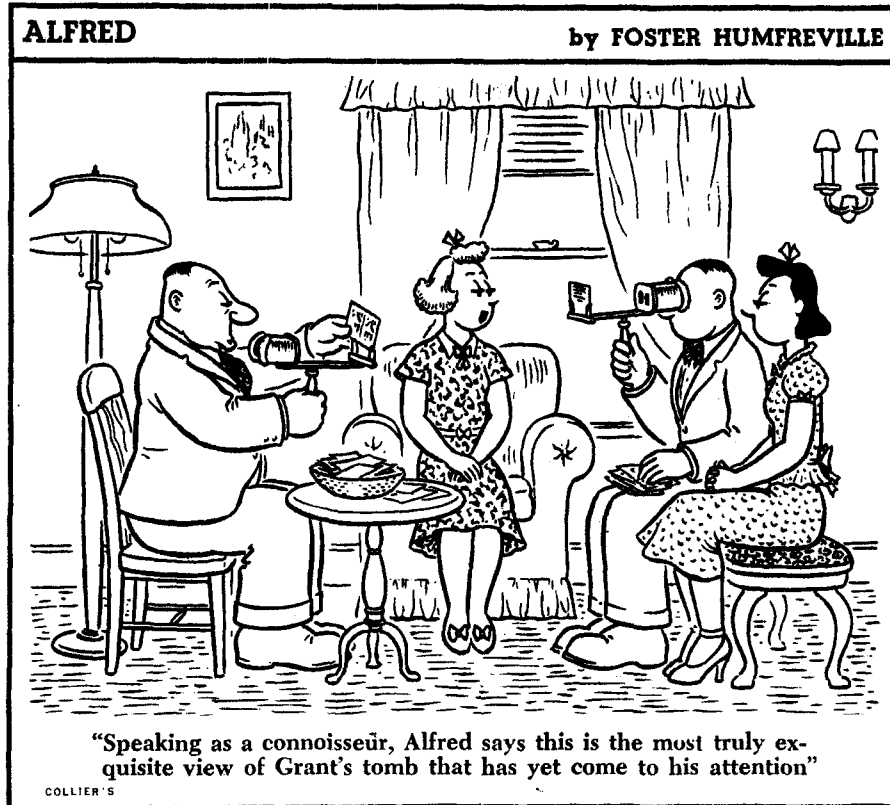
Hopkins wrote a letter about things in general to Winant:

Molotov's visit went extremely well. He and the President got along famously and I am sure that we at least bridged one more gap between ourselves and Russia.

There is still a long way to go but it must be done if there is ever to be any real peace in the world. We simply cannot organize the world between the British and ourselves without bringing the Russians in as equal partners.

June 6th brought the climax of the Battle of Midway, which was, in the Pacific, what the Battle of Britain had been in stopping the Germans on the Channel and what Stalingrad was to become in the war on the Russian front. It was, as Admiral King has written, "the first decisive defeat suffered by the Japanese navy in 350 years. Furthermore, it put an end to the long period of Japanese offensive action, and restored the balance of naval power in the Pacific."

General Eisenhower and General Somervell were then on a quick trip to London for discussion of problems of planning and supply. They returned to Washington a few days later, as did General Arnold who brought with him Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, who conveyed to the U.S. Chiefs of Staff the disturbing impression that there might



definite action beginning in August and continuing as long as the weather holds. . . .

When Molotov leaves, I will cable you and I am especially anxious that he carry back some real results of his mission and that he will give a favorable account to Stalin. At present all the Russians are a bit down in the mouth, I believe.

The final meeting of the President, Molotov and Hopkins was held at 10:30 on Monday morning, June 1, 1942. Cross's record said that:

Mr. Molotov was much more gruff and assertive than in the previous interviews, perhaps for the purpose of playing the big shot in Mr. Litvinov's presence. In this case, at any rate, he immediately became terse and pressing.

The President remarked that he wished Mr. Molotov would take up one other matter with Mr. Stalin. We knew, he said, that there would be two kinds of postwar settlements: first, those among the United Nations, and second, arrangements for the reconstruction of the other nations with a view to ensuring a more stable form of peace. The President continued by saying that he had a new thought based on old experience. He believed that, instead of re-

front still stood fast, and inquired with what seemed deliberate sarcasm what would happen if the Soviets cut down their requirements and then no second front eventuated.

"What answer," he asked, "shall I take back to London and Moscow on the general question that has been raised? What is the President's answer with respect to the second front?"

To this direct question the President answered that Mr. Molotov could say in London that, after all, the British were even now in personal consultation with our staff officers on questions of landing craft, food, etc. Mr. Molotov should also say in London that we could proceed toward its creation with the more speed if the Soviet government would make it possible for us to put more ships into the English service.

The conversation ended with decreased tension on the Russian side. The President bade Mr. Molotov a cordial farewell, wished him a safe return home and presented the commissar with his photograph.

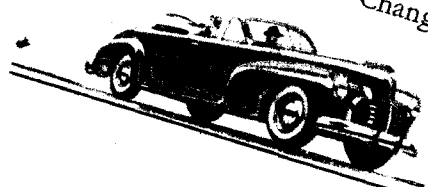
Later the Americans and Russians issued a statement about Molotov's visit, making reference to the second-front problem. Hopkins noted that he "talked to General Marshall about this and he

Top Performance

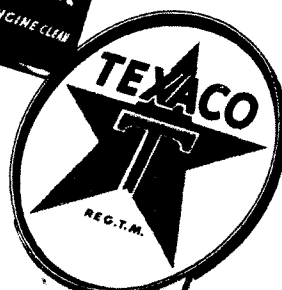


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be some question of revision of the BOLERO-SLEDGEHAMMER [second front] agreements made by Marshall and Hopkins in London six weeks previously. It was believed in Washington that Mountbatten was expressing the attitude of the British Chiefs of Staff, rather than his own.

There was an increasing conviction in Washington that the British were now inclined to dissuade the Americans from entertaining any ideas of engaging the Germans in force on land or in the air in 1942.

Churchill arrived on June 20th and stated his conception of the problems, in writing, to the President when they met at Hyde Park.

Weighing Chances of Failure

Churchill pointed out that the plans then in progress called for six or eight divisions to invade the northern coast of France early in September. At the same time, he stated that the British would be opposed to any move that was certain to result in failure. Such a failure could not in any event help the Russians, he argued, and would merely cause the Nazis to retaliate violently against any French inhabitants who assisted the Allies. Furthermore, he felt that such a failure would seriously delay a full-scale European invasion such as was planned for 1943.

Only if the Allies firmly intended to stay should they attempt any important French landing, Churchill emphasized. He then brought up the question of preparing some other operation which would directly or indirectly give relief to the Red Army. In this connection he suggested that a study should be made of the proposal known as GYMNAST which called for an invasion of North Africa.

Here, then, was the argument that the proponents of the second front had feared: the revival of the North African operation, instead of the trans-Channel assault in 1942. Stimson noted that Churchill had "taken up GYMNAST, knowing full well I am sure that it was the President's great secret baby."

This was the beginning of the protracted and often bitter dispute over the second front. Much has already been written on this extensive subject, and in most of it Churchill appears as the arch-villain from the American and Russian points of view. Certainly, in this argument, he demonstrated to the limit his qualities of indomitability, or of pig-headedness, whichever word you prefer. He was accused by some of a cowardly fear of risking British lives—and that accusation was made by Stalin in brutally blunt words to Churchill's face.

The charge of cowardice could hardly stand up against Churchill who, in 1940, had deliberately risked the lives of the entire British population, including his own, when the United States was still "neutral" and the Soviet Union was associated with the Germans in the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact; but there was no doubt about his reluctance to sacrifice British lives, and American lives, on the beaches of northern France. He persisted in the belief that Germany could be defeated by the combination of superior sea and air power *plus superior wits*. He said time and again that a disastrous defeat suffered by the Allies on the French coast would be "the only sure way for us to lose this war."

It has often been said that Churchill's advocacy of the "soft underbelly" approach to Europe demonstrated his farsightedness—that he was motivated by the long-range purpose of keeping the Red Army out of the Danube Valley and the Balkans. In the opinion of some of the American authorities who were involved in the strategic discussions, this claim gave Churchill credit for too much prescience. He may have had such

thoughts in mind in 1944, but certainly not in 1942.

The American Chiefs of Staff believed that Churchill's strategic concepts were much more easily explained: He had an incurable predilection for "eccentric operations" which depended on surprise, deception and speed. He shrank from the conception of a frontal attack.

Right or wrong, for better or worse, Churchill's arguments always made an appeal to Roosevelt, who was also interested in saving lives. One can only guess at the extent of the conflicts that went on in Roosevelt's mind and heart and soul when he had to decide whether to follow the advice of his own most trusted advisers (including Hopkins) or Churchill's warnings that the Channel would be a "river of blood."

In this period the British were suffering severe military reverses in North Africa and on Sunday morning, June 21st, in the White House, the President handed the Prime Minister a slip of paper with the news that Tobruk had fallen. There was little left with which to stop Rommel's Afrika Korps from pushing on to Alexandria, Cairo—and beyond.



"Never mind how bow-wow goes and moo cow goes and pussycat goes. How does Joanie go?"

This sudden turn disrupted the Allied staff talks in Washington even before they could be started. Churchill poured out his matchless prose in opposition to the trans-Channel operation in 1942, and in favor of GYMNAST as a means of relieving the crisis in the Mediterranean. He was vigorously opposed by Marshall and Hopkins, and Roosevelt—for all that GYMNAST was "his secret baby"—refused to depart from the previous agreement.

Thus, there was no revision of plans then, but concentration of attention was forcibly diverted from the northern French coast to the Valley of the Nile.

British Attitude Causes Doubts

On June 25, 1942, Churchill had a final dinner with Roosevelt and Hopkins and then departed for London. He left behind him a growing sense of alarm that the second front was not going to be established in 1942 or in 1943 either.

Disagreement at this stage gave evidence of becoming so acute that the United States Chiefs of Staff seriously considered radical revision of their grand strategy which called for defeat of Germany first, instead of Japan.

General MacArthur in Australia had made his own plans for an offensive in the Southwest Pacific. These were co-ordinated with Navy plans in Washington into the conception of a major operation in 1942 and 1943 along the line of eastern New Guinea to the Admiralty Islands and

up through the Celebes Sea to the west of the Philippines to Kamranh Bay in Indo-China, and Hong Kong. This would have involved committing the major part of American ground forces to fighting the war against Japan on the mainland of Asia in 1943—which would have meant leaving the war against Germany in Europe to be fought out by the Russians and British.

Henry L. Stimson has said that this drastic plan was a "bluff"—designed "to bring the British into agreement with the U.S. and Russia on plans for some sort of European invasion in 1942. Roosevelt called it "a red herring" and said that using it to force British agreement was a little like threatening to "take up your dishes and go home."

There is, however, considerable dispute as to this; the Hopkins papers shed no light on it, but it is my impression that the plan was far more than a bluff in General Marshall's mind and certainly in Admiral King's. Indeed, the first step in it—the assault on Guadalcanal—was approved on June 25th. One may indulge in some pretty wild speculation as to the consequences had the plan been fol-

lowed through—including the thought that the first atomic bomb might have fallen on Berlin instead of Hiroshima.

In any case, the situation became so critical on the Russian front and in Egypt and in the Battle of the Atlantic early in July that a showdown was enforced. With the fall of Sevastopol, the storm of German offensive broke at last in full fury and the *Wehrmacht* swept eastward across the Don in the advance that ended only in the streets of Stalingrad and the mountains of the Caucasus.

Roosevelt had to make some very rapid and difficult decisions concerning diversion to the depleted British forces of Lend-Lease material that was in the Middle East en route to Turkey, Russia and China. The most important items in this were bombers which could be used in hammering Rommel's Nazi supply lines.

When some heavy bombers that were destined for China were turned over to the British, Chiang Kai-shek made emphatic protest in Chungking to General Stilwell, who reported to the President that "both Chiang Kai-shek and Madame were bitter about this matter and they were not mincing words when they asked for an unequivocal answer to the question as to whether or not the Allies were interested in maintaining the China war theater."

On July 4th, Churchill cabled, mentioning that there were 40 A-20 bombers which were then approaching Basra headed for Russia. The Prime Minister asked if the President would feel inclined to suggest to Stalin that these 40 bombers were desperately needed by the British in Africa.

On July 7th, Roosevelt notified Churchill that Stalin had no objection to the transfer of these bombers to the British and he cabled Stalin:

I deeply appreciate your attitude. I am arranging to ship to you at once one hundred and fifteen additional medium tanks with ammunition and spare parts.

A month later when Churchill was in Moscow, he expressed his thanks to Stalin for the 40 bombers, and Stalin said, "Those were American aircraft. It will be time enough to thank us when we give you some of our Russian bombers."

In the Battle of the Atlantic, in July, Churchill advised Roosevelt that sinkings were at "a rate unexampled in this war or the last." And on July 15th, Churchill sent Roosevelt for approval a copy of a cable that he proposed to send Stalin, whom he addressed as "my comrade and friend." The cable made the painful suggestion that convoys on the Murmansk route must be suspended during the remaining summer period of perpetual daylight. Roosevelt reluctantly agreed.

July 15th was a very tense day in the White House. The U.S. Chiefs of Staff were in a "fish or cut bait" mood in regard to the British opposition to a second front in Europe in 1942. Allied unity was in immediate peril—and Marshall was a soldier who had an extraordinary appreciation of the strategic necessity of Allied unity. Roosevelt decided to send Marshall, King and Hopkins to London to settle the question.

Quotes from a Dinner Conference

On the evening of July 15th, Hopkins had dinner as usual with Roosevelt and a long conversation afterward. He made careful notes during this conversation, quoting Roosevelt directly:

I cannot agree that if it be impossible to develop BOLERO (a limited European attack) in 1942, we should turn our faces away from Germany and toward Japan.

Even though we must reluctantly agree to no SLEDGEHAMMER (European invasion) in 1942, I still think we should press forward vigorously for the 1943 enterprise. I see nothing in the message from England to indicate any lukewarmness on their part for the 1943 enterprise. I am somewhat disturbed about this readiness to give up 1942. Will they also give up 1943?

But my main point is that I do not believe we can wait until 1943 to strike at Germany. If we cannot strike at SLEDGEHAMMER (European invasion), then we must take the second best—and that is not the Pacific. There we are conducting a successful holding war. Troops and air alone will not be decisive at once—it requires the increasing strength of our Navy—which takes time.

If SLEDGEHAMMER cannot be launched then I wish a determination made while you are in London as to a specific and definite theater where our ground and sea forces can operate against the German ground forces in 1942.

The theaters to be considered are North Africa and the Middle East . . .

The conversation summarized in those notes led to the drafting of the final orders which Hopkins, Marshall and King took with them to London. These orders included:

I am opposed to an American all-out effort in the Pacific against Japan with the view to her defeat as quickly as possible. It is of the utmost importance that we appreciate that defeat of Japan does not defeat Germany and that American concentration against Japan this year or in 1943 increases the chance of complete German domination of

Europe and Africa. On the other hand, it is obvious that defeat of Germany, or the holding of Germany in 1942 or in 1943, means probable, eventual defeat of Germany in the European and African theaters and in the Near East. Defeat of Germany means the defeat of Japan, probably without firing a shot or losing a life. . . .

Please remember three cardinal principles—speed of decision on plans, unity of plans, attack combined with defense but not defense alone. This affects the immediate objective of U.S. ground forces fighting against Germans in 1942.

(Signed) FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, COMMANDER IN CHIEF

This was an expression of belief that, after the conquest of Germany, Japan's surrender could be enforced without the need for an invasion of her home islands.

Of all the instructions given by Roosevelt to Hopkins and the Chiefs of Staff, the most important—and, indeed, the ultimate determining factor—was this: *U.S. ground forces must be put into position to fight German ground forces somewhere in 1942.*

Hopkins, Marshall and King flew from Washington on July 16th.

On arrival at Prestwick in Scotland, it was found that the weather over England was too bad to permit flying on to London. Churchill had, therefore, provided a special train and asked that it stop near Chequers so that they might proceed there directly and spend the week end. However, that did not fit in with Marshall's and King's plans. They wanted to get to London immediately and start their talks with Eisenhower, Clark, Spaatz and Stark, as Roosevelt had directed. So the train did not stop at Chequers.

Shortly after their arrival at London, Churchill had Hopkins on the telephone, and the conversation about their failure to stop must have been a hot one. Hopkins reported to Roosevelt, "The Prime Minister threw the British Constitution at me with some vehemence. As you know, it is an unwritten document so no serious damage was done. Winston is his old self and full of battle." Hopkins did his best over the telephone to try to persuade the Prime Minister that no rudeness had been intended, but his best was evidently not good enough, and Hopkins finally concluded that he must go to Chequers himself to try to absorb some of the wrath. He did so.

The preliminary talks in London showed that it was unlikely the American viewpoint would prevail. During one conference Hopkins wrote on a sheet of Downing Street note paper, "I feel damn depressed." This was written as a note—to whom, I do not know, but probably Marshall—on Wednesday afternoon, July 22d.

Soon after this meeting, Roosevelt was informed that the British would not willingly go ahead with SLEDGEHAMMER. Furthermore, as Hopkins indicated, the U.S. Navy officers involved had been inclined to respect the British position.

There was sufficient unanimity on the British side and a large enough fragment of doubt on the American side to make it impossible to push through the agreement for European invasion in 1942.

A Strong Plea for "Gymnast"

Roosevelt then cabled "that some other offensive be worked out for American ground forces in 1942. Tell our friends we must have a speedy decision."

The next day, the President again cabled:

GYMNAST (North Africa) is preferable in my opinion because relative distances will enable us to obtain control of Mediterranean more quickly and more surely than if we decide on mere reinforcements in Near East. . . . Using many of our troops now in England and Ireland together with expeditionary force from the United States I see no reason why we cannot put 80,000 American troops and air into the initial operation.

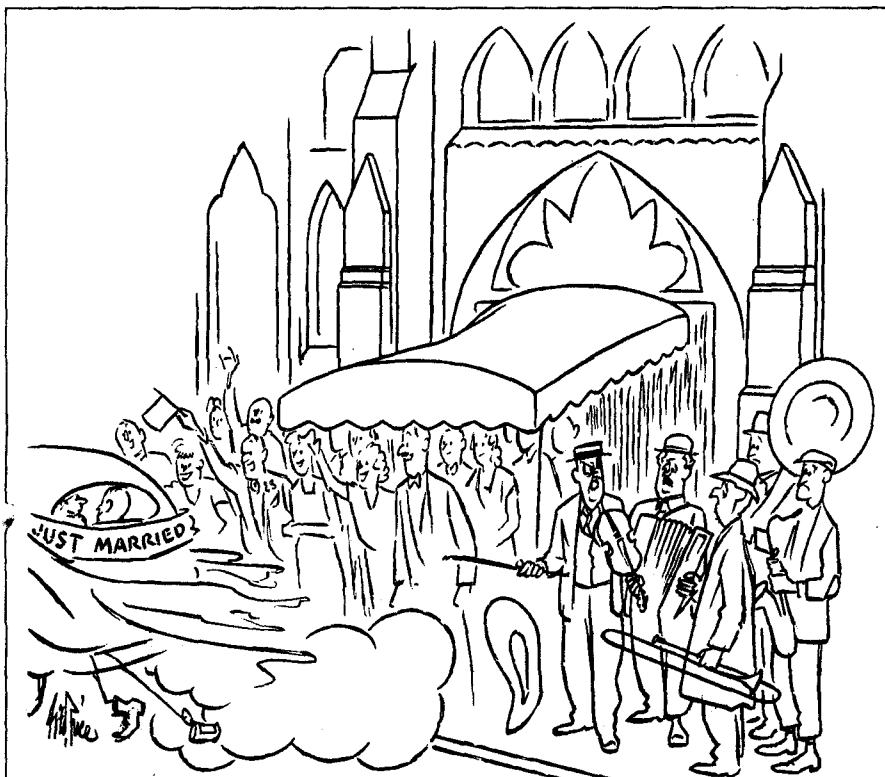
Late in July, Hopkins cabled Roosevelt that GYMNAST seemed acceptable but there was a tendency in the discussions to postpone a final decision until September 15th. He said, however, that "I urge very strongly that you recommend a date not later than October 30, 1942 . . . (as) the Russian situation is very serious."

Roosevelt replied to this:

In my opinion GYMNAST should be started with landing not later than October 30, 1942, and plans to that end proceed at once. Tell Former Naval Person I am delighted that decision is made.

In this way was the decision made to strike into North Africa instead of France.

Next Week: *The Soft Underbelly.*



"You were all right on 'I love you,' but boy, did you flat those 'trulys'!"

COLLIER'S

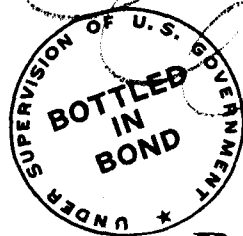
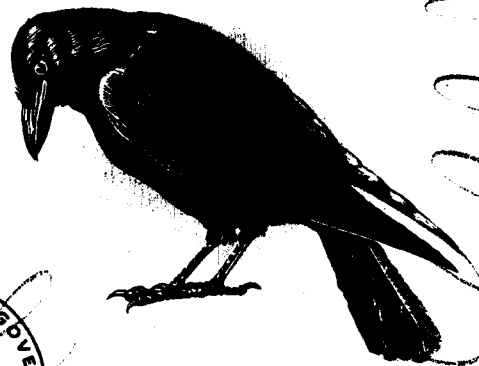
GEORGE PRICE

Collier's for July 24, 1948



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Gillette One-Piece Razor and 10-Blade Dispenser **\$1.50 VALUE \$1.00**

HERO ON HORSEBACK

Continued from page 27

arrived. Thousands of kids boast an even hundred of Roy's pictures; one girl claims the championship with twelve hundred.

No one knows how many kids belong to Rogers fan clubs, started eight years ago by an admirer—a girl, Gene Ernst, of Hammond, Indiana. The clubs, collectively known as The Roy Rogers Fan Club, get out a publication dedicated to Rogers; they also answer innumerable questions about him.

If the kids make or break Western stars they also furnish more heartbreak than any one man ought to endure. There never are weeks in which some sobbing mother or pleading doctor doesn't call Roy to come and see a desperately ill, or dying child. Sometimes, if he can, he goes; if he can't, he telephones or wires the kid, or writes him a note.

With Only Two Months to Live

There was the boy out in the San Fernando Valley, for example. He had two months to live—and no hope. All he wanted was to see Roy; it was the one thing, his parents and the doctor said, that would build up his fading morale. So one evening, after a day before the cameras, Roy rolled out to the kid's home, not stopping to change clothes or make-up. He walked into the boy's room, unholstered his guns and tossed them on the bed.

"You don't mind if I park my shootin' irons on your bed, partner?" he asked.

The kid grinned and feebly tried to lift a gun.

"You'll have to do better'n that if you're going to make a picture with me," chided Roy. "You better hurry up and get better; then have your folks come to the studio and we'll find a part for you."

The kid did get better—temporarily. He made it to the studio one day, and Roy made good on his promise, putting the boy into a scene or two. He lived eighteen months—instead of the two his doctor gave him. He was a proud and happy kid—he was a pal of Roy Rogers, and the neighborhood kids knew it.

Roy was born in Cincinnati thirty-six years ago. His father worked in the U.S. Shoe Factory at \$11 a day and the family, including sisters Mary, Kathleen and Clea, lived comfortably. When he was a year old, the family moved to Portsmouth, Ohio, and later bought a farm in Duck Run, a dozen miles from town "up in th' hollow." This was where, under his real name, Leonard Slye, the kid grew up, learned to ride and shoot and play banjos, guitars and other instruments for country dances.

Leonard had a way with wild life. Horses obeyed him; bees wouldn't sting him; his pet skunks never let go; yellow jackets whose nests he disturbed always lit out after innocent bystanders and left him alone. A pet pig won first prize in a "4-H" Club contest, giving young Lenny a free trip to Cleveland and the Slye family a cellarful of lard, ham, bacon and fat back.

On the farm the boy learned to ride on a plow horse—a little black mare named Babe.

Time went along and in 1929, when he was seventeen, the boy went to work with his father in a shoe factory in Portsmouth. This looked like a lifework until one morning they got a letter from sister Mary who had got married and gone to live in Lawndale, California. Then the California fever got them and with a couple of hundred dollars they all set out in an old sedan for the West Coast. Out around Lawndale, Roy drove a gravel truck and did odd jobs during the sum-

mer. In November they were back at Duck Run. But the West was in the kid's blood and six weeks later he was headed out again.

He worked at anything that came along and in 1931 his family joined him. The depression was on, and everybody worked at anything handy—one summer they spent fruit-picking around Merced. Meanwhile, the youngster kept working on the clarinet, the fiddle and various stringed instruments, and the notion came to him that maybe there might be money in playing and singing. There certainly was little money in anything else in those dark days.

So he got a start in show business in 1932, at a time when theater owners were leasing out stretches of the balcony for deer stalking and mountain climbing. He got an audition with a show called the Midnight Frolic at a small radio station in Inglewood, a Los Angeles suburb. No dough, but a chance to sing, yodel and play the guitar.

Figuring that six could starve as cheaply as one, he got five other lads together and they formed The Rocky Mountaineers.

Four of them lived in one small house,

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: When Jimmy Byrnes was appointed Director of Economic Stabilization he told Hopkins: "There's just one suggestion I want to make to you, Harry, and that is to keep the hell out of my business."

three sleeping in one bed. They subsisted on chipped beef and gravy mainly, eking out with tips they made by shoving cars out of mudholes. Luckily southern California was having a wet spell at the time and the boys picked up a little change by patrolling local morasses and heaving when necessary.

"The usual tip was a dime," Roy remembers. "Once we got a quarter—but a lot of times the guy just said, 'Thank you,' and drove on."

But the dry spell came on, and the mudholes vanished and The Rocky Mountaineers fell apart. One took to caddying, another to driving a truck. Roy gritted his teeth and formed a new singing group called The International Cowboys—on the strength of one Mexican and one Hawaiian in the outfit. As soon as they got a little cash together they started out barnstorming around the West.

By June, 1933, this outfit had been changed to a group of five called The O-Bar-O Cowboys, which finally landed in Roswell, New Mexico, flat broke. A radio station there let them go on the air, but had no money for them. They used part of their air time to describe the kinds of food they liked, and how hungry they were and how they wished they were back in Mother's kitchen eating those swell doughnuts.

"We must have sounded hungry," says Roy, "because people used to send in pie and cake and doughnuts and we lived on those for a long time. Sometimes we would mention sizzling steaks on the air, but we never got a sizzle. Just carbohydrates."

However, they got a few jobs playing for country dances and one week the five of them made \$97. With this they toured Texas, playing for dances and mentioning food prominently over one-lunger radio stations. Back in California in the

fall they split up and Roy organized still another outfit—this time The Texas Outlaws—in which he played as "Mesquite Slye."

The Texas Outlaws went the way of the others. Next came The Sons of the Pioneers, which went on the staff of KFWB in Hollywood and stayed. Mr. Rogers worked up to \$35 a week, playing only two hours a day, and considered economic security in sight. But when he heard that people were getting \$40 for playing and singing at the Texas Centennial at Dallas, he quit and gave his all for the Lone-Star State. After the centennial he homed to Hollywood, joined the Sons again and with them got a few jobs singing and playing in Westerns at Columbia.

He did so well in one of these epics that he got a fan letter—or at least the studio did.

The honor of being Mr. Rogers' first fan, and perhaps starting an international trend, goes to Mrs. J. A. Pent, Jr., of Little River, Florida. On July 9, 1936, Mrs. Pent viewed The Mysterious Avenger, a picture in which Mr. Rogers appeared anonymously. She sat down at once and wrote to the studio, expressing admiration and a belief that the young man would go far.

Fan mail now runs around a million pieces a year, but Roy still keeps Mrs. Pent's letter in his scrapbook.

While he was playing the guitar and singing in an occasional picture and a show called Hollywood Barn Dance, Roy one day called at a store in Glendale to pick up a hat he'd been having cleaned. At the moment, a handsome stranger—with slightly bowed legs—came in and bought a new hat, explaining that he had to hurry out to Republic Studios to take a screen test.

Mr. Rogers inquired about conditions in the oat-opera field, was told they were favorable and tagged along to the studio for a test himself.

A Short Trail to Stardom

He passed with all A grades and was signed October 13, 1937, "but I wasn't starred until March, 1938, in Under Western Stars," he apologizes, still a little ashamed that it took so long to attain stardom.

Trigger, the fourteen-year-old palomino stallion who gets equal billing with Rogers, probably is the world's best-known horse—and the most pampered movie star in Hollywood. One letter, mailed by a kid in Liverpool, England, and addressed merely "Trigger," got delivered on time. Trigger gets billed as the Smartest Horse in the World—but according to Rogers he's just a little too smart for comfort—Trigger's comfort, that is.

"Trigger has fifty tricks," explains Roy, "and each trick starts from a cue. It's hard enough for a human to remember that many cues, and Trigger is a bit oversensitive. It's seldom he misses, but when he does he gets excited and confused. I hope Trigger lives to be thirty, but if I'm still playing, the next Trigger won't have quite so many cues on him."

The horse travels by road in a blue-and-sand van, with his present trainer, Glenn Randall. He eats like other horses, about \$40 worth of hay and oats a month—plus carrots and sugar that arrive by parcel post from kids all over. He gets regular foot-and-mouth care, new shoes once a month at \$10 a quartet, special rubber shoes for parades on city streets, a thorough cleansing every week and vaccinations when necessary.

High spot in Trigger's career came some years ago when he and Rogers did Paul Revere's Ride all over again, for the

Collier's for July 24, 1948

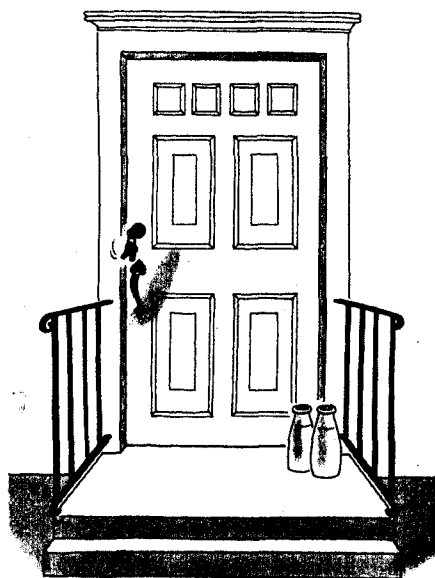
U.S. Bond Drive, leaving the governor's mansion in Boston and ending in Concord along a fifteen-mile route, with all schools closed so the children could watch. The animal also set another horse record in Texas by giving shows for more than a million people during 136 appearances in twenty days, at Army camps.

For twenty-four pictures Roy has had as his leading lady a red-haired girl from Uvalde, Texas—Dale Evans. Following the tragic death of his first wife Roy recently married Miss Evans, with the almost unanimous approval of forty million kids. It was feared by some movie prophets that the romance might work against the popularity of the pictures and that the kids would sneer, "Aw, they're married anyway!" This is not true, because romance cuts no ice in Westerns, and, in fact, only draws jeers and violent denunciation from the small fry.

The usual formula for a Western is for some dastards to be trying to steal a ranch from Miss Evans' father. Mr. Rogers saves the ranch and dispatches the villains to eternal fire—being polite to Miss Evans throughout the carnage—holsters his guns, accompanies himself in a song or two and rides off to save another ranch. Each ranch is saved at precisely 5 P.M., so that Mr. Rogers can ride off into a color sunset. Kiss Miss Evans goodbye? Perish the thought! Giddap, Trigger, ol' hoss. . .

Anyway, just at the turn of the year Roy and Dale were married back in Oklahoma, in cowboy costume. They live very simply, either in the Hollywood home or at the big Lake Hughes ranch fifty-five miles north of Los Angeles, with Roy's three youngsters: Cheryl Darlene, eight; Linda Lou, five; and Roy, Jr., born in 1946. Dale has a boy from a former marriage; he's at the University of Southern California.

Most top Western stars make huge incomes "sponsoring" various products—western clothes, shoes, guns and toys; gaudy shirts; riding tack. Besides such things as charm bracelets, neckerchiefs, bolo guns, lariats, cowboy and cowgirl suits and a radio game, Rogers is deep in literature. A dime book for very small fans runs to 750,000 an issue. Four times a year a two-bit Roy Rogers novel comes out—and sells 100,000. A color-comic monthly sells 1,300,000 at a dime. A Rogers paint book, with outline pictures for kids to color, sells a million every issue. There are already three Rogers songbooks and another is in the works, to publish amateur compositions. Then there's the Roy Rogers Dude Ranch, not far from Las Vegas, Nevada.



"Now don't get excited! If you had them last night they must be around here somewhere. Have you tried the pockets in your gray pants?"

COLLIER'S

DON TOBIN

Businessmen write Rogers hundreds of letters, though you might not believe it. They are usually apologetic; not interested themselves, but their kiddies are just crazy to have a letter from Roy, or a signed picture. Often they send him shirts—and report that their little ones are wearing outfits "endorsed" by Roy.

Endorsing products may be a dangerous thing, because if a kid gets a "Roy Rogers Cowboy Shirt" and it shrinks, Mr. Rogers' name is thereafter mud in that home. After several unhappy experiences in early days Roy now spends a lot of money testing everything before he puts his name on it.

Money Pours in from Many Sources

Just how much all this outside-the-studio money totals, neither Roy nor his manager, Art Rush, knows. It may run well over \$300,000 this year—and that figure doesn't include the rodeo, personal appearances, movie work or what the ranch may bring in. Roy keeps thirty-six brood mares and five palomino stallions busy and sells the results at handsome figures.

All this fame and fortune have not been attained for nothing. Herbert J. Yates, president of Republic Pictures, figures his studio alone spent around a million dollars in three years in publicity and exploitation for Rogers.

While Roy—as Leonard Slye—was making his first picture at Republic some aesthete balked at his name. So there was a conference between Sol and Moe Siegel, Bill Saal and Herbert Yates and somebody suggested "Rogers." Yates tossed in the "Roy"—and young Lennie was told of the decision. He took it very well, on the whole, and in 1942 made Roy Rogers his legal name.

On a barnstorming trip through Texas he and a friend saw a horse up for sale. The animal, a palomino, was rather mangy, but Roy took a fancy to it and the owner was glad to sell it to him for \$150. Roy borrowed the money, figured he should name the animal something people could remember "quick on the trigger." So that's how Trigger got his name.

While making My Pal Trigger one scene called for the birthing of a colt. One was rented from a California horse rancher who was so pleased with the deal he gave the youngster to Roy. It was an awkward, leggy, ungainly little thing and no one figured it would ever amount to much. But today, the two-year-old is Trigger's understudy. Trigger has never missed a show but there may come a time. . . So Trigger Junior, who has appeared in two pictures as Trigger's son, has been carefully trained, knows all his old man's cues and tricks and goes along on tours. Roy and Glenn Randall, who have trained him, consider him the second wonder horse of the age. Eventually he will step into the famous stallion's shoes and do all right.

Rogers and Trigger represent quite an investment in clothes and equipment. Rogers' shirts start at \$30 and run up as high as \$150; trousers come around \$65; boots cost \$75 a pair up. He designs most of his costumes. Of course a "cowboy outfit" can cost anything: One of Trigger's saddles came to \$5,500. Silver and gold embellishments on riding gear and guns have practically no limit.

Final accolade for any star is the approval of the crews who work in his pictures. The Western crew at Republic is all for Rogers.

"He's a good guy," said a grip. "You take late last year, when he was sick and under doctor's orders to lay off. It was near Christmas and he knew how the boys needed pay checks. So he goes ahead and makes the picture, just so we'll have some cash instead of a lay-off. How can you help but like a guy like that?"

THE END

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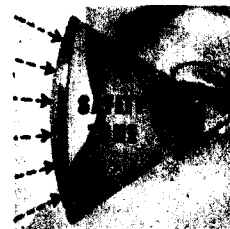


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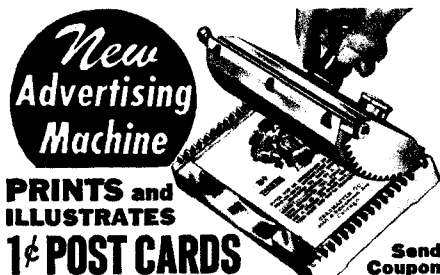
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ROYALTY UNDER WRAPS

Continued from page 22

disposition to release it. However, every month the British government sends him a check to take care of his and his family's living expenses. This income won't permit extravagance, and Umberto is now a subdued and retired gentleman. He and his wife, Marie-José separated after they left Italy.

Villa Jela, in the Smuha quarter, is the home of the widow of King Victor Emmanuel III, Helena of Montenegro. With a small income, she lives a completely secluded life. Blinded in her right eye, the tall queen never recovered from the loss of her daughter, Princess Mafalda of Hesse, who died in the Nazi concentration camp of Buchenwald.

Queen Helena's two other daughters, former Queen Giovanna of Bulgaria and Countess Iolanda Calvi di Bergolo, live in small, simple villas near by. Giovanna, a widow since the mysterious death of her husband King Boris (who was rumored to have been poisoned by either Nazis or Communists, depending on the source), is busy raising her two children, King Simeon and Princess Ludovica, and never goes out.

Her sister Iolanda, however, is gay and active. She has no servants and does all the cooking and housework herself, while her husband, a former general in the Italian army, looks for a job.

While the Savoias are poor, their former foe, ex-King Zog of Albania, is happy and fairly well off financially, despite the fact that he has four sisters dependent on him.

Zog still likes colorful uniforms and paraphernalia. At official functions, he is always covered with decorations, like a true operetta king. He dolls up his pretty half-Hungarian, half-American wife, the former Countess Geraldine Ap-

ponyi, the way he thinks a queen should look. Zog and Geraldine are in sharp contrast to some other royal exiles. He has had the unique satisfaction of seeing the king who dispossessed him of his kingdom, the late Victor Emmanuel of Italy, drift into exile himself.

The head of the czarist Russians and legitimate pretender to the throne of All the Russias, Grand Duke Vladimir Kyrylovich is now a resident of Spain, where he travels extensively, unmolested by Franco's police. But he keeps an office in St. Briac, Brittany, known as the Imperial Chancery and headed by a former czarist admiral. Here all the mail of Russian royalists is opened and answered, and here decisions of titles, morганatic marriages of other Romanoffs and questions of precedence are made.

A lover of outdoor sports, the tall, strapping thirty-year-old Vladimir looks almost exactly like his late granduncle, Czar Alexander III, a fact that his followers consider a lucky omen. British educated, he thinks it silly for him to proclaim himself czar as long as Stalin rules Russia. Grand duke will do, he says, for the time being.

To Vladimir's credit, he didn't care enough about his claims to the throne to sacrifice his honor and love of country. When Hitler offered to make him Czar of the Ukraine and perhaps of the whole of Russia, Vladimir answered: "A Romanoff will not let himself be placed back on the throne by an adventurer and a butcher of the Russian people." That took courage, as Vladimir lived in Germany during the war.

There are other jobless kings and queens and pretenders scattered about the earth. In Switzerland we find the melancholy Leopold of the Belgians and

his beautiful commoner wife, Princess Rethy. The Belgians don't seem to want them back or to place their son, Prince Louis Napoleon, in line for succession to the throne.

Montenegro has a Prince Michael, who aspires feebly to its mountainous throne. Germany has its Hohenzollern pretender, in the person of Frederick-William, the former crown prince, who lives in the gloomy 400-room (one bathroom) Castle of Hechingen in the American zone of Germany. His brother, Prince August Wilhelm, was recently condemned by a denazification court to two years of hard labor. His son, Prince Louis-Ferdinand, who is married to Grand Duchess Kyra, sister of the Russian pretender, is the Ford representative in Bremen. If you want to be technical, there are 14 former kingdoms, grand duchies and principalities which formed the Second Reich that can claim legitimate pretenders.

Also in Germany, in the British zone, we find eighty-six-year-old ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, a sad old man. One of his sons, King Boris, died; the other, Prince Kyril, was liquidated by the Russians.

Brazil has its pretender in the person of Dom Pedro of the House of Orléans-Braganza, great-grandson of the last Emperor of Brazil, whom title-conscious Rio de Janeiro society refers to proudly as "Our Prince."

There's also a Chinese pretender, a Mr. Henry Pu-yi, former Emperor of China and Manchukuo. But he's in Russian captivity and no one has heard a peep out of him these last few years. As a pretender he has less than a Chinaman's chance.

THE END

THE SMALL TIME

Continued from page 15

do," said Monte. "And you have." Boy grinned, proud of his larceny.

"Well, call me in a couple of weeks," said Monte.

"Hey, Monte," said Boy, putting on his most winning smile, "you wouldn't let me have twenty bucks, would you?"

"That's right. I wouldn't."

"You gotta, Monte," Boy cried, changing his expression to despair. "I'm gonna get ulcers eatin' in them one-arm joints."

"Wait a minute," said Monte, remembering something. "If it's a good meal you want, I can take care of you. Come to lunch with me. I got two tickets to a testimonial luncheon for Chick Hagen."

Boy leaped to his feet, his face strained with incredulity. "A testimonial for Chick Hagen? He gives a performance that smells, the show flops, so they throw him a testimonial. I don't get it."

"When a man is down and out," said Monte quietly, "that's when he appreciates a testimonial. Chick's done a lot of things for a lot of people. They want to show him they haven't forgotten."

"Aaah," sneered Boy. "If they really wanna do him a favor, they should send him to a good psychiatrist. The guy was nuts to let that young wife of his talk him into comin' back to Broadway."

"Have you ever met Nancy Faricy?" Monte asked.

"What do I hafta meet her for? A guy fifty years old marries a dame of twenty. She wants to play on Broadway. Why do you think she married the old geezer? She needles him till he crawls back to Broadway and puts her in a show. Any schmoe could figure it out."

The agent was silent for a minute. "So you don't want to go to the luncheon."

"I never said that," replied Boy quickly. "Let's go."

They walked cross-town to the Waldorf and took the elevator up to the banquet room reserved for Chick's testimonial. Boy was instantly awed. The room was crowded with great names—not only theater people, but politicians, newspapermen, professional men and clergymen.

Boy looked around him with mounting enjoyment. He had never been in such big-time company before.

A flower-laden speakers' table stood in front of the room. In the toastmaster's seat was Nelson Estabrook, a tall, thin, blond man. On his right sat Chick Hagen. He was fat and gray and hunched; his complexion was sallow. He looked like a tired, old man—except for his face. He had a wistful, helpless-looking utterly innocent face. It was the look of a man who can never be discouraged. "Indestructible cheerfulness," a critic had once called it.

Next to Chick sat a young woman of truly astonishing beauty, even for Broadway. She had none of the vacuous perfection of the typical show girl. Her smile was a little too crooked to advertise toothpaste, but there was infinite good nature in it. Her gray eyes were not made up to look lavishly large, but they shone with intelligence.

Boy's eyes, roaming eagerly around the room, came to rest on this girl. He felt a sudden strange lurching sensation inside of him.

"What's the matter?" asked Monte, noticing Boy's slack-hanging jaw.

"Nothing," snapped Boy. He was angry at himself. He did not believe in love,

particularly not love at first sight. "Is that Nancy Faricy?"

Monte nodded.

"She's beautiful," Boy said reverently. "What's the matter with you, Boy? You falling in love or something?"

"You got rocks in your head?" asked Boy indignantly.

"Well, quit gaping at her."

"I was just thinkin'," Boy said. "I had it doped out right. Now that I've seen her, I'm sure. Can you picture a luscious thing like that marrying that broken-down Chick Hagen for love?"

"She's a nice girl," said Monte evenly, "and she loves him."

"Ha!" snorted Boy. "She's a little con- niver if I ever saw one. Look, kid, I been around. I know a phony when I see one."

"Eat your chicken croquettes," said Monte.

A moment later Nelson Estabrook rose and rapped on his water glass until the room fell quiet. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we are gathered here to pay tribute to Chick Hagen, to show him how grateful we are for the happiness he has given us. I would like to call first of His Excellency, the governor."

The governor rose and began a eulogy of Chick Hagen. But Boy was not listening. He was staring at Nancy Faricy. The lurching feeling was upon him again. This time he did not try to fight it, nor did he find it unpleasant.

The governor finished his speech and was followed by the mayor. After him came an archbishop, a rabbi, the president of a university. Not a word penetrated Boy's trance. Once Monte laid a questioning hand on Boy's arm. But Boy never took his eyes off Nancy.

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Then the speeches were over and Estabrook was presenting a gold watch to Chick who was standing up. There were tears on his cheeks.

"Friends," he said in a voice made hoarse by years in the theater, and more hoarse now with emotion, "I don't know what—" He paused and wiped his eyes. "I can't tell you—" He stopped again; his tears would not abate. "All I can say—" Once more he stopped. He stood leaning over, his hands flat on the table. Then suddenly he gasped and clutched his heart and fell to the floor.

The guests jumped to their feet. There were a thousand incoherent shouts. Finally a voice made itself heard above the din. "Let me through. I'm a doctor." The crowd parted, and the doctor made his way through. Before bending over Chick, he turned and said to the crowd, "Get back to your tables."

SLOWLY the guests dispersed. They sat silently watching the doctor. Nancy stood by, leaning on Estabrook, her face contorted with anguish.

Boy sat with Monte, as quiet as the others. All at once Boy jerked upright. An idea had exploded like a rocket in his brain. "Monte," he whispered excitedly. "I can go on for Chick tonight."

Monte shot him a disapproving frown. "Sure," Boy continued eagerly. "I know Let 'er Rip. I saw it years ago when he first did it. I been usin' gags out of it for years. I tell you I know it cold. I can go on without a rehearsal."

"For God's sake, Boy, that man up there may be dying."

"So what?" said Boy impatiently. "I mean I'm sorry for the guy and all that, but this is the chance I been waitin' for."

The doctor rose from Chick's prostrate form. "Phone for an ambulance," he told Estabrook who started away immediately. The doctor faced the guests. "It's all right," he said. "Chick's had a slight heart attack. He's conscious now."

Everyone started talking at once. Estabrook, heading for the telephones, passed the table where Boy and Monte were sitting. Boy started to rise to intercept him. Monte jerked him savagely back into the chair. "Do you think you could wait until he calls the ambulance?"

Boy sat drumming his fingers on the table until Estabrook returned. "Quick! Quick!" he hissed at Monte.

Monte rose and blocked Estabrook's way. "Mr. Estabrook—"

"Not now, Monte," said Estabrook curtly, trying to get by.

Monte stood stolidly before him. "This is Boy Malverne, Mr. Estabrook. He wants to go on for Chick tonight. He knows the part cold."

"Don't be ridiculous," snapped Estabrook. "I'm closing the show tonight. I was closing it next week anyway."

"But you've sold tickets for this week," Monte protested mildly.

"Damn' few. We'll give them their money back. Now let me by."

Boy leaped up and seized Estabrook's

lapels. "But that means the cast will lose a week's salary. Chick wouldn't want to be the cause of that. He'd worry about it, and right now you shouldn't give him anything to worry about."

Estabrook hesitated. And Boy knew that he had him. "Hon-est, sir, I can do it. I worshiped Chick. I know all of his parts cold. Ask Monte. You'll believe Monte, won't you?"

Estabrook turned to the agent. Monte nodded. He turned back to Boy. "Well, if Monte says so—" He paused. "How much money do you want?"

"I'll work for nothin', sir," cried Boy. "I just wanna do it for old Chick."

Monte's eyebrows ascended abruptly. "All right," said Estabrook, plainly impressed. "I'll do it. Be at the theater at five."

Boy grabbed him again. "Sir, may I make a suggestion? I think Chick would like it if he knew the show wasn't closin' tonight. Would you announce it now?"

"I'll tell him at the hospital," said Estabrook, exasperated.

"Well, sir," Boy argued, "they'll probably give him a sedative as soon as the ambulance gets here. Why don't you announce it now so he's sure to know?"

"Oh, very well. Come along."

With a quick, and unreturned, smile at Monte, Boy accompanied Estabrook to the speakers' table. Chick was sitting in a chair, pale and shaken. Nancy held his hand. For a moment Boy felt himself falling again under Nancy's spell, but then Estabrook was making the announcement.

"This is Boy Malverne," said Estabrook, "who is going on tonight for Chick."

"Without salary," Boy whispered.

"Without salary," Estabrook added. "Boy asked me to let him go on and keep the show open until Saturday so Chick would not have to worry about making the cast lose a week's pay."

Chick reached for Boy's hand. "Thank you, son," he said weakly.

"It's nothin'," replied Boy and turned to Nancy. But at that moment the men from the ambulance arrived and Chick was carried out with Nancy and Estabrook following.

Boy rejoined Monte. As the guests filed out, they stopped at Boy's table to shake his hand and assure him that they would be present at the theater that night. Finally Boy and Monte were left alone.

Boy threw back his head and laughed with pure exultation. "I had you fooled, didn't I? Couldn't figure out why I said I'd work for nothin', could you? Well, now you know. All these big shots are gonna be there tonight to see me. And will I give 'em a show! I'll fracture 'em. They'll go outa there ravin' about me. Tomorrow I'll be up to my neck in offers. I'll be rollin' in dough. C'mon, Monte, I'll buy you a drink."

"I'll see you later," said Monte and walked out.

"What's eatin' him?" Boy wondered, but he did not wonder for long. There

was work to be done. He spent the rest of the afternoon brushing up on Chick's part. When he got to the theater at five, he went over the part again for Estabrook, and then he went down to the wardrobe department to have Chick's costumes altered to fit him. At seven thirty he retired to Chick's dressing room.

He had just stretched out on Chick's couch when there was a knock on the door. "Come in," he called. Nancy Faricy entered.

"I didn't mean to disturb you, Mr. Malverne," said Nancy. "I came to thank you for what you're doing, and tell you how much Chick and I appreciate it."

The lurching sensation began inside Boy. First love at age thirty-seven is not likely to be a tranquil sensation. Easy, Boy told himself. *Take it easy. You ain't a schoolboy no more. Keep cool. You gotta use your head to get this baby. This is a shrewd customer. This ain't one of the dopes you been used to. This is a smart cookie. You be smart too.*

"Don't mention it," he said. "How's Chick?"

"Better, thank you. He's resting quietly."

Listen to her. Somebody would think she gave a damn if the old boy croaked. It takes class to four-flush like that. This is a high-type chiseler, this baby. Nothin' small-time here.

"Of course," said Nancy, "he'll never go on a stage again. The doctor absolutely forbade it. He said Chick had to go to a nursing home for several months. He recommended an inexpensive place up in Saratoga. It better be inexpensive," she added wryly. "We're broke."

If she thinks she's gettin' any dough out of me, she's got holes in her head. Still, I gotta admire her for tryin'. She's got plenty of nerve to go with that class.

"If we hadn't sold our place out in California," she continued, "we could go back there. But that's out. I'll have to try to get a part in a show so I can keep Chick in Saratoga. And I simply detest acting."

And a cat simply detests cream. You beautiful, double-dealin' wench. I love you. What a team we'd make!

"I begged Chick not to come back to Broadway. I was perfectly happy. We had a nice little house in Encino. We'd drive over to the beach twice a week. Sometimes we had a few friends over at night. I was so content. But Chick insisted that we do a play together."

If any other dame came in here and told me big lies like that, I'd hit her over the head with a sofa. But this one is wonderful. No wonder old Chick got took. What we couldn't do together!

She gave a short, embarrassed laugh. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to cry on your shoulder. Please forgive me. I've had an enervating day."

Enervating. Such classy words she knows. Classy, that's what she is. Classy and beautiful and phony as a seven-dollar bill. My type girl.

She offered him her hand. "Thanks again, Mr. Malverne, and good luck. I'll see you on stage."

A cool, firm handshake and she was gone. Boy sat down slowly on the couch.

IN a moment there was another knock on the door and Monte entered. He looked at Boy's dazed face. "What's the matter, Boy? You in love?"

"Yeah," said Boy, nodding his head deliberately. "Yeah."

Monte lighted a cigar before he spoke. "Boy, she's Chick's wife and she loves him, no matter what you think."

"What are you givin' me?" snarled Boy. "Loves him. In a pig's eye, she loves him. She married the old creep so he'd put her on the stage. Now she's on the stage, and she don't need him no more."

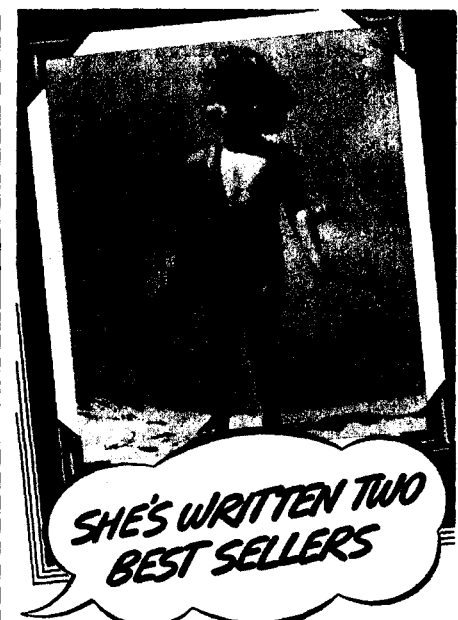
"You're wrong, Boy. Dead wrong."

"Listen." Boy prodded the agent's chest with his forefinger. "I can be wrong



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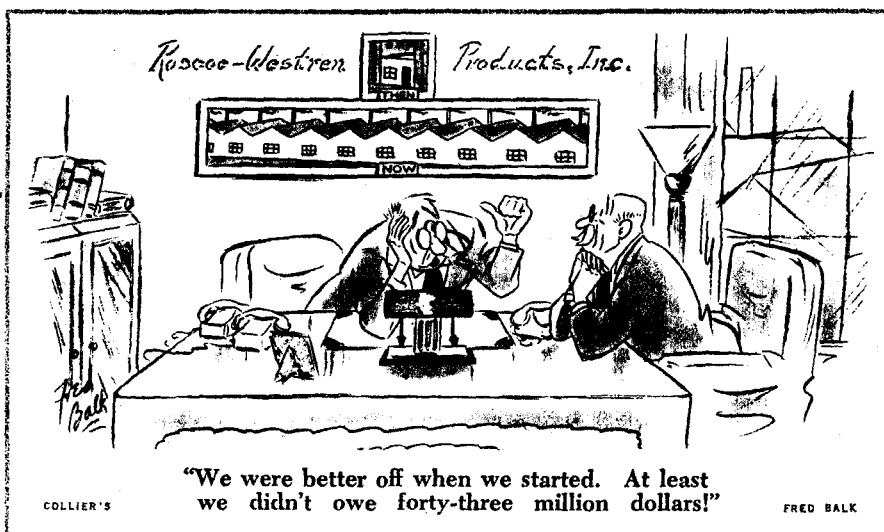


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Collier's for July 24, 1948

about a lotta things. But when it comes to spottin' phonies, I can't miss. I know phonies, Monte. Don't gimme no song and dance about Nancy Faricy. I know what she is and I'm in love with her and I'm gonna have her."

The agent puffed silently for a moment. "Look, Boy," he said reasonably. "Tonight you're getting your big chance in show business. Nobody ever played to such a distinguished audience. You can move right into the big time tonight. Why are you thinking about this girl? You've got a job to do. You've got to go out there and make yourself a star."

"That's right," said Boy, his face lighting up. "That's right. I'm gonna make myself a star tonight. Then it'll be a cinch to get Nancy. A lead-pipe cinch."

"Boy—" Boy was on his feet, striding back and forth in the small dressing room. "I ain't gonna miss tonight, Monte. I know all of Chick's business and I'm gonna do it all. But that ain't all. On the entrance I'm gonna walk like this—"

"Groucho Marx," said Monte as Boy demonstrated.

"And I'm gonna swing my cane like this—"

"Bobby Clark."

"And take off my gloves like this—"

"Walter Catlett."

"And pick my teeth like this—"

"Chaplin."

"And do that Leon Errol thing with the legs and the Frank Fay business with the coats and Bert Lahr's bit with the songs. And I know a character who can write me some S. J. Perelman-type gags. Sort of. Then there's some more stuff I can do from Red Skelton. I tell you, Monte, there ain't gonna be a dull moment."

"There sure ain't," agreed Monte.

"But clever, Monte. I mean I mix everything up so nobody recognizes it. I do little switches, combine things. See?"

"Yes," said Monte. "I see."

"What do you think?"

"I don't know, Boy. But I will say this: if anyone can do it, you can."

"First curtain," called a voice in the corridor.

MONTÉ watched from the wings as Boy went on with his potpourri of plagiarized tricks. At first the laughs were scattered; the audience was frankly puzzled by Boy's hybrid antics. Then the sheer energy of Boy's performance began to break down the audience. The laughs multiplied. They became howls and shrieks. Boy, encouraged by his reception, increased his efforts, and the audience responded by laughing louder. The more they laughed, the harder Boy worked; the harder Boy worked, the more they laughed. Everyone in the theater was helpless by the last curtain, writhing in his seat, tears streaming down his face, his laughter utterly out of control. Never in his long theatrical experience had Monte ever seen an audience so overpowered by a performer. He counted eighteen curtain calls for Boy at the end of the show.

Monte was waiting with a robe when Boy finally came off. He covered his perspiring body and rushed him to his dressing room. But before Boy could get out of his soggy costume, a riot of well-wishers had invaded the dressing room. Boy's hand was shaken until it throbbed; his back was slapped rosy. Not for more than an hour was Monte able to push and cajole the crowd out of the room so Boy could change.

Still they would not leave. Monte came back into the dressing room and told Boy, "They want to give you a party at the Stork. They're waiting."

"Fine," said Boy. "Go get Nancy."

"Now, look, Boy, she's had a tough day."

"She's had an *enervating* day," said Boy. "Now go get her."

Monte shrugged and left. Boy was

dressed when he returned. "She coming?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Monte.

Boy grinned triumphantly and joined the throng in the corridor.

At the Stork Club the adulation continued. It was, in fact, compounded. For news of Boy's performance had spread through café society, and now he was being congratulated by great numbers of people who had not been at the theater.

Boy accepted all the praise gracefully, with smiles and murmured thank-yous. Not that he had been suddenly struck modest; it was preoccupation. Across the table from him sat Nancy. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled; her frequent laughter bubbled merrily. Boy nudged Monte, who sat beside him. "Hey, Monte. If a dame was in love with her husband and her husband was layin' flat on his back in the hospital, would she be havin' such a good time?"

Monte poured himself another glass of champagne without answering.

It was dawn when the party broke up. "Go get a suite for me and you at the

It was late afternoon when Monte woke him. "Here's the papers," said Monte, throwing a heap of them on Boy's bed. "Read all about yourself. They say you're every comic rolled into one."

"They're right," said Boy shamelessly. He glanced through the extravagant praise in the columns.

"I was over at the theater this morning," said Monte. "There's a line two blocks long in front of the box office. Estabrook isn't selling any tickets, though, until he finds out if you'll sign a run-of-the-play contract. He offered \$500 a week. That's his top price."

"You got the contract?"

"Yeah, right here. But listen, Boy—"

"Nuts!" Boy interrupted. "Cimme the contract."

"Now, wait a minute, Boy. I've got an offer for you to go into the Copa for \$3,000 a week. And another one for the Colonial Inn in Miami Beach for \$4,500. Metro wants you for a picture. Max Gordon wants you for a new play. Don't sign with Estabrook; you'll be losing a fortune. And you'll be stuck with him

Boy was suddenly serious. "I gotta have her, Monte. That's the way it is. I don't care how much dough it costs me. This is the perfect way to get her, and I'm gonna do it."

"I don't suppose this matters to you, Boy, but have you stopped to think of Chick? He loves her and he needs her now, more than ever."

"You're breakin' my heart," said Boy. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna take a shower."

He walked briskly into the bathroom, singing as he went. Monte sank glumly into a chair and lighted a cigar. In a few minutes a messenger came from Estabrook and picked up the contract. A little while later Boy emerged from the shower, pink and beaming. "Nice showers in this hotel. I think I'll move in permanent. Last place I was in had one room and an adjoining mouse."

"Bob Hope," said Monte morosely.

"Who's he?" asked Boy. "Cheer up, Monte. Things ain't so bad."

"Boy," said Monte slowly, "you're making a mistake about Nancy. She's not what you think."

"Get a new bit, will you, kid? You're gettin' pretty stale with that one."

"It's the truth, Boy. You'll find out."

Boy whirled angrily on Monte. "What do you want, affidavits? You saw the way she was actin' last night. What more proof do you want?"

"You're wrong," repeated Monte stubbornly.

BOY glared furiously at the agent. There was a knock on the door. "Who's there?" shouted Boy.

"It's Nancy," came the voice from outside.

Boy laughed silently in Monte's face. "Just a minute, baby." He put on his robe and went to the door. "Come right in," he said, taking her arm possessively.

"Oh, hello, Monte," she said. "I hope I'm not interrupting anything."

"Not at all, not at all," said Boy expansively. "Sit down."

"I can't, Boy. I've got to rush. I just saw them putting your name up in lights at the theater. I had to come and tell you how pleased I was."

Boy looked smugly at Monte. He patted Nancy's hand. "Your name'll be in lights, too, baby. Just stick with me."

"Oh, no," she laughed. "Not mine. I'm leaving the show next week."

"What?" said Boy, panic rising inside him.

"Yes, I'm leaving, thank heaven. I detest acting so. Chick and I are going to buy back our old house in California. This time we can really retire. We don't ever have to set foot on a stage again, either of us."

"Now, wait a minute," cried Boy. He grasped her roughly by the shoulders. "What kinda fast riffle you givin' me? Yesterday you told me you was dead broke. Now you're gonna buy a house and retire. Where's all this dough comin' from?"

"But yesterday we *were* dead broke," said Nancy. "Chick put every cent we had into the show. Yesterday the show was a flop and we were going to lose everything. But today, thanks to you, the show is a big hit and we'll be making money for years."

The color drained from Boy's face. He groped his way to a chair and sank down. "That's swell, Nancy," said Monte, smiling broadly. "Boy and I are delighted."

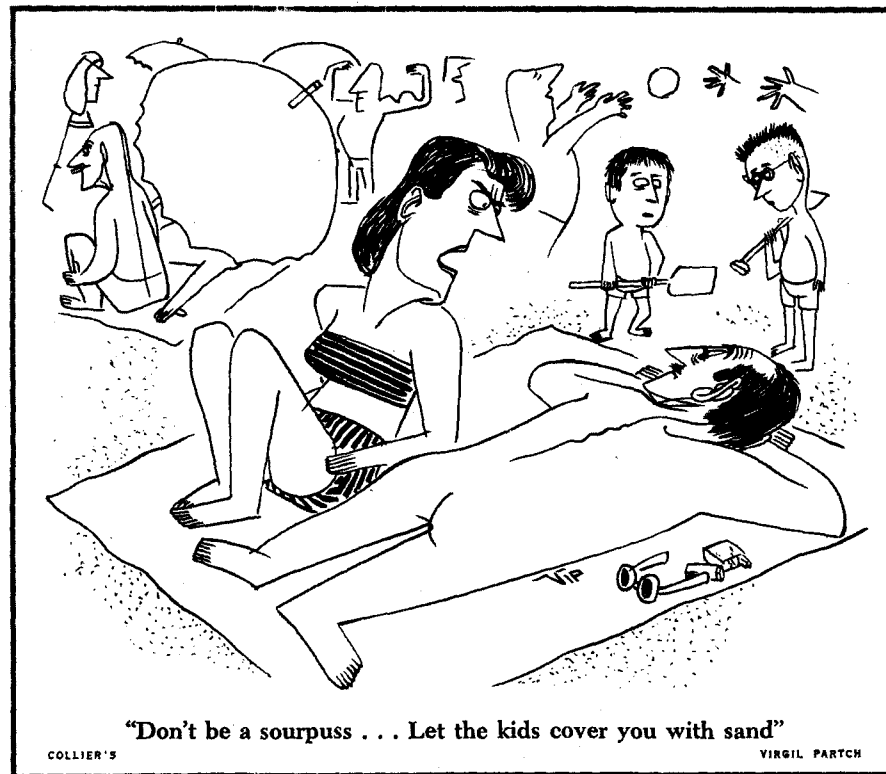
"Well, I must run now. So many things to take care of. Thanks again, Boy. Goodbye."

She left. Boy sat motionless in his chair.

Monte put on his hat. "See you later, Boy," he said softly and softly closed the door behind him. He walked to the elevator whistling. Monte hadn't whistled in years.

THE END

Collier's for July 24, 1948



"Don't be a sourpuss . . . Let the kids cover you with sand"

Waldorf," Boy told Monte. "I'm takin' Nancy home."

She readily accepted Boy's offer to escort her home. They hailed a cab and rode for a few blocks in silence, she leaning against the cushions with a smile of deep content, he examining her with a calculating eye. He slid his hand carefully across the seat toward hers, letting it brush hers as though by accident. She took his hand, held it firmly.

"Boy," she said, "you've made me very happy tonight."

"This is only the beginning, baby. I'm gonna keep makin' you happy from now on."

"I hope so," she said.

The cab stopped in front of her apartment as he was closing in for a kiss. He took her to her door, figuring how to maneuver her into kissing position again. It was easy. She turned at the door and kissed him—a hard, long kiss. "Thanks for everything," she said and went inside.

Boy rode in a glow to the Waldorf. Monte was in bed when he entered the suite. "Hey, Monte," he called.

"There's pajamas and a robe on your bed," said Monte.

"She kissed me."

"Go to sleep."

"So she loves her husband? That's a yell. This babe is mine, Monte."

Boy laughed and slapped Monte's bulging behind. Then he undressed, got into bed, lay congratulating himself for a little while, and fell asleep. . . .

for as long as the show runs. That might be two years."

"Gimme the contract. I know what I'm doin'." He wrested the contract from the agent's unwilling fingers. He walked over to the desk and affixed his signature.

The phone rang as Boy signed. Monte picked it up. "Yeah? Just a minute, Mr. Estabrook." He put his hand over the mouthpiece and addressed Boy. "You sure you want to sign, Boy?"

"Of course I'm sure. Tell him it's all set."

"Yes, he's signed your contract, Mr. Estabrook. All right. Goodbye." Monte hung up the phone. "He's sending a boy right over to get it. Listen, Boy, you can still change your mind."

"Look," said Boy patiently, "I know what I'm doin'."

"I know what you're doing too, Boy, but you're making a mistake. You're not going to get that girl, and you'll lose a fortune to boot."

"Don't make me laugh. How can I help gettin' her? While her husband is layin' up in a nursin' home in Saratoga—layin' up there at her expense, I might add—I'll be with her every night, remindin' her how nice it would be to get married to a young, healthy fella—who also happens to be a star."

"You're passing up a lot of dough."

"I got plenty of time to make dough," said Boy lightly. "I'm still a young man."

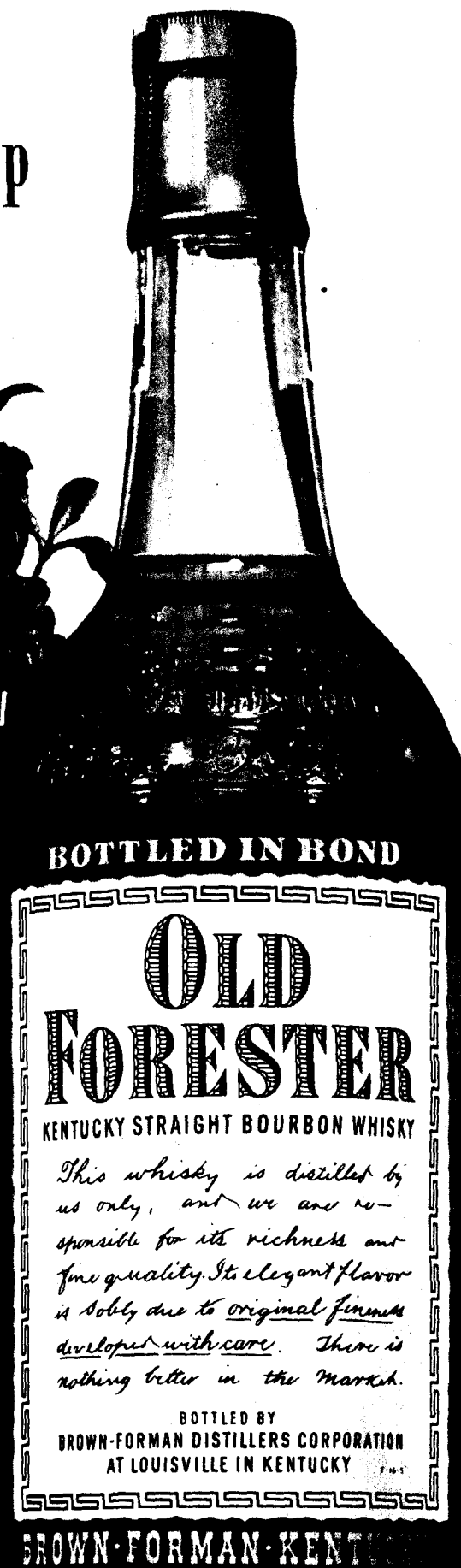
"Got yourself believing it," muttered Monte.

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dazzle!

DOES YOUR JOB MAKE YOU SICK?

Continued from page 13

causes of ills ranging from headache and upset stomach to asthma, diabetes and even heart disease.

The first thing the company psychiatrists had to overcome was an ancient prejudice about psychiatry itself. As a hang-over from days when the mentally ill were held to be possessed by devils, most employees felt shame and resentment at being sent to the "nut doctor." Managements feared to hire psychiatrists lest outsiders think their companies were infested with screwballs.

When Dr. G. H. Gehrmann, Du Pont's medical director, named Dr. Frederick Dershimer to the medical staff, the latter came as a plain doctor. Slowly, as emotional cases were directed to him by the medical department, his real function became known. When Dr. Walter D. Woodward came to American Cyanamid, he felt it necessary to "desensitize" the word psychiatrist with an explanatory article in the company's house organ.

At Metropolitan Life, Dr. Lydia G. Giberson, a motherly woman of forthright character, had to establish herself as a trustworthy human being before officers and employees accepted her as a psychiatrist and stopped sidling, shame-faced, into her office when they are in trouble.

These psychiatrists regard their work as primarily medical. Up to now, most of the psychiatry tried by industry (and largely abandoned) concerned itself with helping personnel executives screen out the emotionally unfit, determine aptitudes and guide promotions. The doctors at Du Pont, American Cyanamid and Metropolitan Life oppose the use of psychiatry for screening.

"If you do a good enough job of screening out the folk with emotional problems," one psychiatrist said, "you may get people that are as normal as hell. But you would have screened out people who discovered things like nylon. And you would screen out the men with neurotic drives for power who can carry a company to new heights."

Anxiety—A Symptom of Disease?

The company psychiatrists do no orthodox psychoanalysis but usually deal with a patient briefly in three or four visits, turning him over to outside medical aid if necessary. A careful physical checkup by the company medical department comes first, for some psychiatrists contend that early stages of tuberculosis, syphilis and even cancer manifest themselves by states of anxiety.

John Doe, the weeping executive, enters the office of the company psychiatrist. With the door closed behind him, he finds himself in a sanctuary where confidences are respected, and no judgments are passed. Here Mr. Doe can say the things he can't even tell his wife or his boss.

"I'm a failure, Doc," he begins. "I'm not half the man I should be."

"What makes you think you're a failure?" the psychiatrist asks.

"Look at me crying," says Mr. Doe. "If I were any good I wouldn't give in like this and blubber, would I?"

"You're an engineer, a technical man," says the doctor. "Technicians judge by results. Well, look at the results. You feel better, don't you?"

John Doe nods, relieved.

Out pours his story. As a child he had formed a picture in his mind of what a great engineer should be. He would be interested in his work 24 hours a day, and nothing about it would annoy him. When reality didn't fit the picture ideal, he felt guilty and depressed. The psychiatrist tried to boost his opinion of himself

a notch, move it closer to what the man actually was.

The next step was to get Mr. Doe to modify his ideal, move it down nearer reality. This cured his free floating anxiety, and the migraine and stomach-aches into which he was trying to escape.

The solution of John Doe's troubles was to get them out into the open where he could fight them himself. Uncritical listening by the psychiatrist played an important part.

In dealing with the hundreds of John Does who troop through their offices, psychiatrists have learned four basic lessons:

A mentally ill man is better off if he stays on the job and is treated as a normal human being instead of as a problem. Unless, of course, he's too ill. "If you want to turn an emotionally sick person into a chronic case," says Dr. Dershimer of Du Pont, "say to him, 'You're nervous; take time off.'"

Change of Work Isn't Helpful

Patients who say they're unhappy because they're square pegs in round holes will generally get worse if shifted to other jobs. A man's job seldom makes him ill, say psychiatrists. It's his own emotional reaction to people and things about him.

Factory accidents don't happen by accident. Most accidents happen to emotionally ill, accident-prone workers who are literally walking accidents looking for a place to happen.

When a whole group of workers is insecure and jittery, it might be well to have a look at the boss. Up the line somewhere there may be an insecure, emotionally ill supervisor who is a focus of contagion, a carrier of mental ill health for those below.

At Du Pont, where research has paid off with such discoveries as nylon and neoprene, some top-flight research executives give their emotions the same detached going over that they apply to the contents of a test tube. It's done in one of the most unusual series of meetings known to American business—a Seminar in Emotions.

Around the conference table fortnightly gather a dozen of Du Pont's Rayon Technical Division executives who hold more than 100 chemical patents between them. The sprightly sandy-haired man with the skeptical look is Dr. William Hale Charch, who made Cellophane moistureproof. The fluent man with the round face is Hood Worthington, who helps advise the Atomic Energy Commission.

In the group are Andrew Buchanan, the division's boss, and Dr. Lester S. Sinness, a six-foot-four giant who likes to deflate scientists' pretensions. Dr. Dershimer, the psychiatrist, looks like a chunky plant foreman, and by abjuring the jargon of his psychiatrist's trade, he even talks like one.

Today, the emotion before the seminar is anger. "What does anger do for you—or to you?" someone asks.

The psychiatrist gets the discussion around to fundamentals. "What are emotions anyway?" he wants to know.

The seminar chews on this for about an hour and, prodded by the psychiatrist, concludes that emotions are the nervous energy that sparks us. The psychiatrist explains that when emotions are blocked and turned inward, mental and bodily ills follow.

"Do you mean it's all right to let yourself go and get mad?" one executive wants to know.

"As mad as you like inside," the psychiatrist says; "as long as you control your behavior."

"Control your behavior but not your emotion?" a skeptic argues. "It can't be done."

"I think Doc is right," an executive chips in. "Look at the war. This was the first war in which it was generally considered all right to be afraid. The psychiatrists said so. The boys let their emotions go, but controlled their behavior. Performance paid off, not feelings."

"I wonder if we haven't been putting more emphasis on how our people feel than on the way they perform?" says an executive.

"I'll bet that's what I've been doing wrong with my children," says another. "They misbehave to beat hell, but afterward, if they say they're sorry, all is forgiven."

The executive with the misbehaving children took his seminar lesson home with him and laid down the law: "I don't care how you feel inside. But you've got to behave." To his amazement, this new line not only cleared up his children's behavior, but his allergy troubles, which some experts say are due to emotional disturbances.

Other ideas radiated from the seminar. "Performance reviews" were instituted for staff workers. Cut out were reports on loyalty, ambition and attitudes. Instead, only performance counted. Once a year the executive tells subordinates individually that work is good, fair or too poor to pass. Subordinates in turn tell the boss (or are supposed to) where he has succeeded or flopped. The review is written up and filed as a part of both men's company records.

The seminar once took apart the old admonition: "Stop worrying." As scientists, the men looked for cases to support the idea that people stop worrying when told to do so by friends or doctors. They couldn't find any.

"Go ahead and worry," the research executives decided. "You'll either think your way out of your problem or decide nothing can be done about it and quit trying."

Noting that Hollywood producers boast about their stomach ulcers, one seminar member asked, "Do ulcer-creating emotions bring success, or does success bring ulcers?"

That set off a half dozen sessions on "What is success?", which wandered off into "Who is secure?" and wound up with "Do I dare be ridiculous?"

The Seminar Defines Success

Success, the seminar concluded, is a state of mind in which you can meet anything that comes along in a manner that is satisfactory to you. In an insecure world, that is about as secure as you can be.

Since a secure and emotionally healthy boss helps keep a whole plant or office emotionally stable, the Du Pont seminar has turned out to be excellent preventive psychiatry.

"I've long noticed things like this," said one psychiatrist. "I go to a hospital, and I am met by a cheerful doorman. I check and find a mentally healthy man at the head of that hospital. The whole place reflects his personality. During the war, even troops reflected the character of their better commanders."

When a company with an exceptional safety record had a series of accidents in one plant, the management called on the company psychiatrist. He found a jittery group of employees whose uneasiness at working with dangerous materials contrasted sharply with the sure-footed and secure work done by employees in other plants.

"Look up the boss!" the psychiatrist decided. In a week of gumshoeing he

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came upon the cause—the superintendent of the plant. Insecure, the superintendent had made a shambles of his relations with his men, resorting to a "whole flock of clever tricks and schemes to keep his people submissive."

Such extreme insistence on authority, the psychiatrist explained, is usually to be found in adults who were submissive themselves as children. When the superintendent was straightened out emotionally, the accident rate in his plant dropped.

Accidents aren't always the boss' fault. In four cases out of five, psychiatrists contend, they can be traced to an "accident-prone" repeater. To Dr. Lydia Giberson of Metropolitan Life, "an accident is a telltale symptom of emotional disturbance, temporary or permanent."

Accident-Prone Employees

Some doctors say they can even predict who will have accidents. The company psychiatrist's job is to find the accident-prone worker before the accident happens.

With the accident-prone as well as with other disturbed workers, psychiatrists advise foremen and managers, "Treat 'em normal!"

After one year of service, the Du Pont Company grants full pay for illness up to three months. Other companies have similar generous provisions. Since the employee will not suffer financially, many practicing doctors tell "nervous" patients suffering from fatigue, anxiety and depression to "take a rest; go away for a while."

"What happens?" asks Dr. Dersheimer of Du Pont. "The patient already feels he's no good. Then his company, which he looks up to, also says, 'We believe you're no good, and we're willing to pay you to stay away.' You give the man greater mental unrest. The longer he's away, the worse he's likely to get."

This attitude is neither as radical nor as hard-boiled as it sounds, Dr. Woodward of American Cyanamid points out. To keep a man on the job (unless his case is too far gone) is to apply occupational therapy—healing through work—more

curative than basket weaving. For the emotional fugitive from reality, there is no greater reality than a productive job.

When company doctors could find no organic reason for the headaches and vomiting spells of employee Florence Jones (that is not her name) they sent her to the psychiatrist. Protesting that she was not insane, only exhausted from overwork, Florence Jones, a secretary, asked for a rest.

Florence, it turned out, had come recently with her husband from the Southern town where she was born. Inside, she was a caldron of boiling emotions: rage at being uprooted and moved to an uncongenial (to her) Northern industrial town, and guilt at feeling outraged.

"It's wrong for a wife to feel angry about leaving her home town for her husband," she said.

"Go ahead and feel angry," the psychiatrist assured her. "It's human to be angry, or afraid. Trying to curb such emotions is like trying to curb steam or electrical energy. We can and should control our behavior. That's one thing. But rooting out your emotions and feeling guilty about them is another."

The secretary stayed on the job. With her new understanding, her feeling of guilt and shame vanished, and with them her headaches and exhaustion. Treating her normally had worked the cure.

"Treat 'em normal," worked with the returning veterans, too.

Concerned over the ex-G.I.s' possible emotional problems, many companies prepared elaborate programs of special treatment to "fit the veteran" into civilian life.

At one company, personnel experts prepared a film, *They'll Be Coming Back*. They wrote a detailed Vets' Manual, instructing foremen how to greet the veteran "cordially," how to watch for "nervousness," "unusual fears," "self-pity," and even for evidence that "he lives just for today." Experts set up seven 90-minute sessions to teach supervisors how to handle vets.

Hard-bitten and earthy plant managers had their doubts. Asked how he would greet a returning vet, one plant man said: "Hello, you old—!"

The plant men took their doubts to the company psychiatrist, who heartily endorsed this sort of greeting.

"Why treat the veteran as a special problem?" he asked.

The company dropped its elaborate plans. The vets turned out to be normal Joes after all.

"One of our most persistent stumbling blocks in controlling mental ill health," a company psychiatrist told me, "is the well-intentioned supervisor who plays psychiatrist and treats subordinates as problems instead of as normal folk from whom he should get a full day's work."

"One of our boys was discharged from the Army as a psychoneurotic," the psychiatrist recalled. "He took the attitude: The whole Army thinks I'm nuts. When he returned to his job, the foreman asked him daily how he felt, if he needed any special help. The boy grew shyer, then morose, and finally landed in my office. We convinced the foreman that the boy would snap out of his sulk when his boss began to expect normal behavior from him. He would accept this attitude as meaning that his boss regarded him as normal. It worked."

When an employee lays his burden of fatigue, anxiety and depression before the company psychiatrist, he is most likely to say, "It's my job, Doc. I'm just a square peg in a round hole. If I could only get a transfer to another job!"

Cure Was Worse Than Ailment

One company psychiatrist studied the careers of patients who had been transferred because their jobs didn't agree with them, and he found that transfers seldom solved mental ill health. To keep a half-dozen employees happy, a foreman transferred them from night production work to day maintenance chores. Then everybody became unhappy. Management found the shifted workers the most discontented group in the plant. The union complained that the shifts had disregarded seniority and were, in effect, a reward for poor work. The psychiatrist found the shifted men were becoming tougher emotional problems.

"You're creating spoiled children," the psychiatrist told the management.

Checking back on his records, he found that about 90 per cent of emotional troubles didn't stem from the job at all. Of five patients who complained about their jobs one day, the psychiatrist found that the following were the true causes:

A secretary disclosed that her boy friend had stalled her for so long she had become terror-stricken at the prospect of losing him.

A young salesman said two girls were in love with him. He was ashamed that he couldn't make up his mind.

A foreman's wife was so depressed that she threatened to kill their two children. The foreman was sick with the feeling of guilt that he was responsible.

A patent lawyer whose mother had died of a heart attack and whose father was a paranoiac feared that he would inherit both diseases.

Flight to another job, some psychiatrists insist, is a flight from reality. When emotions of fear, anxiety and shame that have been churned up by home problems are smoothed, employees become round pegs in round holes after all.

The use of psychiatry in industry is the biggest peacetime experiment in mass mental health. From this experiment will radiate influences on all medical care so that doctors will look for the real causes of physical ills. This experiment may affect the relations between husband and wife, and between parents and children. To the many half-happy, distracted products of our civilization, mass mental health will give a chance for the fullest use of the capacities and the talents with which they were born.

THE END

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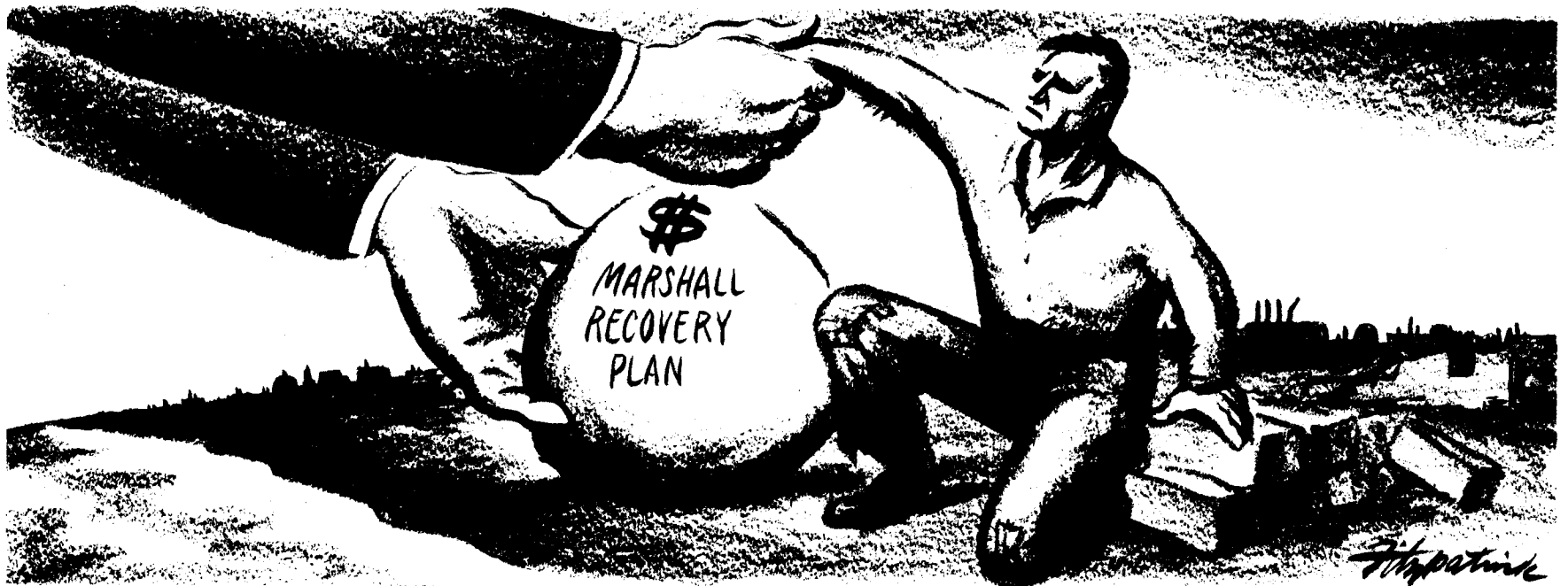
SPORTING ODDS

Big-league baseball clubs don't usually pay opposing pitchers for defeating them, but the Washington Senators did on one occasion. It happened in August, 1938, when the Nats gave Pitcher Wes Ferrell his unconditional release. With his walking papers he got ten days' pay. Ferrell immediately signed with the New York Yankees and on August 19th, with the ten-day period still unexpired, pitched against his former teammates. In an eleven-inning tussle, Ferrell pitched the Yanks to a 6-5 win. It was probably the only game in major-league baseball in which the winning pitcher was paid by both teams.

—John J. Mahoney, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Collier's believes...



...NOW IT'S UP TO EUROPE

IF PAUL G. HOFFMAN, the automobile manufacturer who is now Economic Cooperation Administrator, is as wise as his words, the Marshall Plan has good chances of success.

Soon after he was appointed, Mr. Hoffman said that the ECA would "lean toward those projects which will get reasonably quick results in productivity." In plain words Mr. Hoffman plans to use American dollars to help people who exhibit a very active determination to help themselves by work. Sounds sensible to us.

Already remarkable progress has been made in increasing production in various European countries. Coal production in Britain and on the Continent has notably expanded. Steel production in north British centers exceeds all previous records. This year's food crops still depend on the weather, but if nature smiles, food production will be increased. The British and other countries are living on lean rations in order to provide products for export. France, Italy and other European countries are already discussing the details of a customs union in order to facilitate the exchange of products. Europe, outside the Russian zone, is giving tangible evidence of a determination to increase production.

Nobody can guarantee the success of the Marshall Plan. If Russia wants to start an unprovoked war of conquest in Europe, Russia is just as free to do so (God forbid) as was Hitler nine years ago. But if Russia is not determined to start a war, the Marshall Plan well administered provides the best hope for the achievement of peace.

However we look at it, the Marshall Plan is one of the remarkable episodes in modern history. Just a year ago Secretary Marshall in the course of a speech at Harvard College made a remark that set in motion vast forces. General Marshall observed that European hunger and need would undoubtedly appeal to American sympathy and charity. He surmised that we would give, and hoped that we would give wisely, so that Europe might be self-sustaining. General Marshall also said that Europeans might well try to increase their own production.

Ernest Bevin of Great Britain read that speech and called up Georges Bidault of France. They invited other European countries to meet and make some plans for a quick recovery. Russia was invited and for a time seemed likely to co-operate. Then Russia, for reasons never clearly divulged,

decided to oppose the Marshall idea for European self-help and recovery.

Within less than a year the American people considered, debated and decided that the Marshall idea was good and useful as an insurance policy against war, as well as a plan of international aid and good will. So Congress has authorized loans of \$6,030,710,228 to nations struggling to get back to peaceful, normal living. That act of international good will is unique in history.

Paul Hoffman, who has been chairman of the Committee for Economic Development as well as a successful manufacturer, will administer this huge fund.

So we have quickly set into operation this tremendous effort to use American capital to help Europeans recover their own energies and their own productive powers. We don't expect even the loans to be repaid. All we can get out of it is a chance to be at peace with the world. The only magic in the Marshall Plan is the commonplace magic of work and thought and good will. It can fail as other nobly conceived efforts have failed. We hope we succeed. But succeed or fail, we have embarked upon a great enterprise of which we, and those who come after us, can always be proud.

—W. L. C.

... DISTILLERS ARE GETTING SMART: Ever since federal prohibition was repealed in 1933, most of the nation's distillers and brewers have been shy and timid creatures. They have cringed when the Drys have yelled at them, as the Drys are still doing. They've preferred to clam up rather than sass back at even the most blatant of the dry fabrications about alcohol.

We're glad to note that these apprehensive gentlemen are turning at long last. The Licensed Beverage Industries organization has budgeted \$180,000 for a seven-month advertising campaign to put reliable, factual information on the drink industries before the public.

No frontal attacks on the Drys are planned. But at least these advertisements will concentrate on such significant matters as the enormous taxes paid by the beverage industries (almost \$2,500,000,000, for example, in federal taxes alone for 1947); encouragement of moderation in the use of alcohol; the truth about the grain consumed in distilling

and brewing, as opposed to the Drys' wild distortions on this subject; and what the liquor industry itself has done since repeal to support law enforcement.

The general idea, according to one spokesman, is to "present a few positive points and depend on the inherent intelligence of the public to draw a fair conclusion."

All of which leads us to feel that the liquor, wine and beer people are finally getting smart. The way to fight fanatics is to stand up to them before the bar of public opinion with facts and figures; pull no punches; make no apologies. It's most encouraging, we think, to see the beverage industry make a start, though a mild and conservative one, in that direction.

... YOU NEEDN'T BE BORED: Princess Irene of Greece blew into this country recently, was interviewed by some New York reporters, and in the course of the conversation got the following remarks off her mind: "I think everybody is interesting . . . Just people I adore. I have never met a stupid person in my life."

That can be taken with a mite of salt; but just the same, we believe that Princess Irene has something there.

It is a fact that if you're determined to be interested in the people you meet or associate with, you'll find most of them interesting to you. Boredom is not a one-way affair. There has to be a person who is bored before some other person can be a bore.

As for stupidity, it's more or less a relative term. A man can be monumentally stupid or uninformed about philosophy, for example, but he can at the same time be an expert mechanic or lawyer or nuclear physicist. If you can get him to talk on whatever subject he knows, you won't find him stupid, and he'll find you an understanding, interesting person.

All that, we imagine, is about what Princess Irene meant in the clipped remarks above quoted. Anyway, it's a pleasure to pass them on to the customers for what use they may make of them; and we'd bet the lady herself gets a big and practically continuous bang out of being alive. Hope we're not boring you.

Collier's for July 24, 1948

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